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WRITINGS

OF

SEVERN TEACKLE WALLIS

MEMORIAL EDITION

VOL. III

GLIMPSES OF SPAIN

BALTIMORE
JOHN MURPHY & CO.
1896

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GLIMPSES OF SPAIN

OR

NOTES OF AN UNFINISHED TOUR

IN 1847

BY S. T. WALLIS

BALTIMORE
JOHN MURPHY & CO.
1896

TO

THE CHEV. DON JOSÉ ANTONIO PIZARRO,

H. C. M. VICE-CONSUL IN BALTIMORE.

THIS LITTLE WORK

Is Respectfully and Affectionately Inscribed.

PREFACE.

THE author would not do himself, or the country which he has attempted to describe in part, the injustice of publishing this volume, without desiring its humble pretensions to be distinctly understood. The subject was not unfamiliar to him, before his visit to Spain; and his opportunities for observation and information while there, were, perhaps, better than those which strangers commonly enjoy. The period and limits of his intended tour were, however, so materially abridged, that, if the results of his observation had been unfavorable to the country, he would have deemed it hardly fair to give them currency. The contrary being the case, he is persuaded that his conclusions are, on that account, the more likely to be just, so far as they go; and he is willing to incur the risk of their being deemed superficial and imperfect, under the conviction that they can do no harm, and may, perhaps, throw light upon a picture, which has been often, he believes, unduly darkened by prejudice and misinformation.

For the frequent appearance of the personal pronoun in the narrative, the author has no apology but the impossibility of avoiding it without assuming a graver tone than accorded with his plan. Should a lack of that "stirring incident" be noted, which is looked for in such books, he begs it may be attributed to his ill fortune in having met with nothing of the sort except what he describes. A few banditti would have made a livelier

story, and could have been readily improvised; but it is a melancholy fact that there is, now, small risk of life or limb in Spain, comparatively speaking; and the author did not feel that he would be justified, under such circumstances, in confirming the present popular impression, that life in the Peninsula is still a mixture of the adventures of Gil Blas and the exploits of Don Quixote.

BALTIMORE, *October*, 1849.

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GLIMPSES OF SPAIN.

CHAPTER I.

Departure from Marseilles—La Ciotat—Fellow-travelers—English Tourists—Arrival at Barcelona, and Tribulations at the Custom House—The Rambla and the People on Promenade—Théophile Gautier—Marseilles and Barcelona contrasted—Public Buildings—The Cathedral—Christopher Columbus.

WE had a fellow-passenger across the Atlantic, to whose untiring cheerfulness and amiability we were indebted for the most of our few pleasant moments, during a tedious and stormy voyage. Being a Frenchman, he was too true to his national character, not to find especial refreshment in an occasional scrap of philosophy, and used frequently to point his exhortations with the salutary moral from Candide the Optimist, that "everything happens for the best, in this best of worlds." A sea-sick man, in the nature of things, is eminently unphilosophical. Some Boethius occasionally writes a volume of Consolations, in a prison, but no man was ever known to do such a thing in a state-room. I confess, therefore, that, at the time, I had a higher appreciation of our companion's kindness than his doctrine. But when, after the tribulation that usually attends an invalid's experience of the

mists and blasts of beautiful France, and the snow and sleet of sunny Italy, I found myself at last on board the good steamer *El Barcino*, in the harbor of Marseilles, and bound direct for Spain, I began to think better of Candide, and to believe that even in this sorry world, the most unlucky sometimes realize their wildest hopes. From my childhood, Spain had been a fairy land to me. I remember when I would not have bartered a chance of visiting its shores, for the best rub at Aladdin's lamp. Circumstances afterward had thrown me into association with Spaniards, more frequently than is usual with our countrymen, and some of my most cherished friendships had been formed among them. Thus made familiar with their language, and interested deeply in their national peculiarities and character, I had cultivated their literature in an humble way, as far as one might venture while following a profession which gives little of practical sympathy or toleration to any learning but its own. Yet it had never occurred to me that I should tread, except in dreams, the bright land which I had so often seen in them; and now that but a single day's journey lay between my wishes and their consummation, it will not be wondered that I should have hailed, as almost a blessing, the ill-health which had sent me on my journey.

It was the first day of April, 1847, and scarce six o'clock in the morning, when the first revolution of the steamer's wheels threw custom-house boats and bores behind us. The vociferations, grimaces, and clumsy and absurd manœuvres which attend your exit from a French port, render it more entertaining than any other nautical thing, except, perhaps, your entrance into the same. I had been so busy in amusing

myself with these, and in realizing the fact of having my first cup of orthodox chocolate in hand, that I had hardly taken any cognizance of my companions. They were few, and a glance around the little quarter-deck soon showed me that they were admirably assorted for the pleasure which grows out of contrasts. Two of them were my own countrymen, one of whom had spent his life in Boston, and the other in China. There was an Englishman, of course, for of Englishmen travelling nature abhors a vacuum, and you stumble on them everywhere, in Europe, Asia, and Africa. You may know them wherever you see them, not merely by their peculiarities of costume, which are unequivocal, but by their loneliness in crowds, and their silence, especially when spoken to. "Who are those persons?" said a foreigner once to me, as we sailed along the Italian coast. "They are Americans," I answered. "Pardon my curiosity," was the reply, "my companions insisted that they were English, and I knew that could not be, for they talked to each other at table, and seemed to be enjoying themselves!"

The representative of Anglo-Saxondom, upon this occasion, was an exception to the national rule, and was no friend to restraints upon the liberty of speech. Though he talked French and Spanish with the cackle which is peculiar to some of his countrymen, when they meddle with strange tongues, he persisted in cackling at all hazards. He had Murray's Hand-Book of Spain under one arm, and being a lieutenant of her majesty's navy, carried a spy-glass under the other. He had, no doubt, read in his book of the great veneration and respect in which Englishmen and their opinions are held in Spain; and had obviously made up his mind to spy out

the nakedness and the fullness of land and water, and let nothing go unseen for lack of being looked after. By way of counterpoise to the lieutenant was a ready, fluent Frenchman, whose ideas were evidently of the "*perfide Albion*" school; for he was in a national discussion with John Bull, before we were well out of sight of the Chateau d'Yf. He was of the sort of man that you meet among scarce any but the French, and so frequently among them; a cross of the *savant* and the *commis-voyageur*, with an equal turn for trade and metaphysics, and ready to give you, at a moment's warning, a sample of the latest Lyons silks, or a disquisition on man, individual and social. An Italian marquis, from Cremona, in a scarlet cravat and foul linen, who was making a pilgrimage to the opening of the new opera house at Barcelona, and a sturdy Catalan merchant, my room-mate, completed the list of our company in the principal cabin.

I had anticipated great amusement from witnessing the process of shaking these uncongenial parts into a pleasant whole, but, alas! what is there on earth so fleeting as the happiness of a landsman on the water? The wind, which, when we sallied from the port, scarce bent the canvas of the light vessels which were everywhere about us, now drove them madly through the foam; and I began to feel, that though Spain lay near before me, the Gulf of Lyons was between. By an absurd regulation of the navigation laws of the Peninsula, no Spanish vessel, clearing from a port so near the Spanish territory as Marseilles, is allowed the full privileges of a Spanish bottom. Instead, therefore, of turning his bow toward Barcelona, our captain was compelled to make an excursion of some hours in an opposite direction, to La

Ciotat, a little town on the French coast, the scene of the *Commander of Malta*, one of the most popular and sulphurous of Alexandre Dumas' romances. This gave us the advantage of a heavy and distressing cross-sea, to which, I suppose, I owe the fact, that my recollections of La Ciotat are reduced to sundry rotary notions of white waves and white houses, and riding nauseously at anchor.

Dinner, on the Mediterranean steamers, is, strictly, what the ecclesiastical calendars denominate "a movable feast," varying from two to six o'clock, according to the increasing or decreasing appetites of the passengers, and generally coming on, as the most of them are going off. I only remember it, upon the day in question, as finding me in a horizontal position in my berth, listening to the excited voices of the Frenchman and the lieutenant, as they discussed the respective advantages to Spain, of British smuggling, on the one side, and the Bourbons and the family compact, on the other.

Next day the wind was heavy and ahead, and nothing kept us of good cheer, but the tidings which some of the more fortunate would occasionally bring down to us of mountain and promontory, as we ran along the coast of Catalonia. It was near nine, of a cloudy, gusty night, when we dropped anchor, at last, in the harbor of Barcelona, our voyage having been longer than usual, by about one-third. The lateness of our arrival of course prevented us from going on shore, so that we lost an opportunity of seeing the *entierro de Cristo*, a grand funeral procession by torchlight, which still forms a part, as we learned, of the Good Friday ceremonial in Barcelona, though it has been abolished in almost all the rest of Spain. Wretched as we were, however, we crept from our

state-rooms to the deck, to see what was to be seen: but the ship was out in the throat of the harbor, and still rode heavily, so that the glimpse we caught of the far-off lights of the city was but little worth the penalty we paid for it.

The next morning I rose as they were warping the steamer into port. The city lay beautifully in the centre of its amphitheatre of hills. Upon the left, as we faced it, towered up Montjuich, with its lofty and impregnable fortress, so famous, unhappily, in civil broil. To the right and near us, was the fine mole, behind which was the suburb of Barceloneta, with its painted dwellings and its crowd of factories and busy industry. In the inner harbor, just in front of us, lay quite a fleet of vessels, from many nations, all with their colors at half-mast, to betoken the solemnity of the religious festival. The buildings of the city proper looked white and imposing in the distance, and everything ashore was inviting enough to make us more and more impatient of the health-officer's delay. At last, that functionary came: took our papers, as if we had been direct from Constantinople, with the plague sealed up in a dispatch for him; but finding, officially, as he knew, in fact, before, that we were just from La Ciotat, and had with us no contagion, he finally gave us leave to land and be persecuted at the Custom-house. Leaving our luggage to be trundled up *in solido* after us, we gave ourselves into the hands of the boatmen, who landed us safely, charged us mercifully, and bade us "go with God."

After a short walk we reached a gate where we were told to halt and give our names to an officer. We dictated and he wrote; but I trust he may not be held to strict account for the perverted and unchristian style in which he handed

us down to posterity and the police. Many a more innocent looking word than he made of my name, have I seen (in Borrow's *Zincali*, for instance) traced all the way back to the Sanscrit. After being thus translated into Catalan we were called up, by our new titles, to be searched. This process was not very easy to bear patiently, for the custom-house officers are the principal agents through whom France fraternizes with Catalonia, in the smuggling line, and we felt that they might, with a good conscience, have said nothing about our gnats, after having swallowed so many camels of their own. Nevertheless, we all managed to keep temper, except the Italian, who, as he had never gone twenty miles in his own country, without having to bribe a custom-house squad, felt it his duty to be especially indignant at the same thing, when away from home. He had designed (he said) to give the rascals a "*petseta*" (as he would persist in calling the *peseta*, or twenty-cent-piece) but he would not encourage such villainy! The officials shrugged their shoulders, thought that something must be wrong, felt his pockets over again, and after having politely requested him to pull out the contents, begged him to "*pasar adelante*," or, in other words, get out of the way, with his nonsense. He was prudent enough to obey, but not without some very didactic observations upon "*questi Spagnuoli*," in general, and inspectors of the customs, especially. We then marched to the palace-square, upon which the *Cafe de las Siete Puertas* opened one of its seven portals to welcome us to breakfast. The Custom-house was opposite, and in due season we became possessed of our carpet-bags, and proceeded to the *Fonda del Oriente*, which had been recommended to us as the best hotel in the city.

The Fonda is a fine-looking house, fronting on the Rambla, the principal public walk, and would, no doubt, be very comfortable among the orientals, with whom its name asserts consanguinity; but as the cold spring wind still whistled from the hills, it gave us small promise of comfort, with its tiled floors uncarpeted, its unchimneyed walls, and its balconies with long, wide windows, so admirable to look out from, and so convenient for the breeze to enter. I pulled aside the crimson curtains which shut up my bed in an alcove, and there came from it an atmosphere so damp and chill, that I did not wonder at the hoarseness of the artists in the adjourning chamber, who were rehearsing what would have been a trio, had not the influenza added another part. It being very obvious that comfort and amusement were only to be found out of doors, we soon had a rendezvous in the court. The Fonda was a famous gathering-place of diligences, and there was one which had just arrived. We had made large calculations upon the grotesqueness of these vehicles, for we had all read the strange stories which travellers tell of them; but, unhappily, the one before us was a capital carriage, of the latest style and best construction, and the conductor and postillion looked and swore very much after the manner of the best specimens of their class in France and Italy. Only the mules excited our wonder. There were eight of them—tall, powerful animals, and each was shorn to the skin, from hough to shoulder-point, with little tufts upon the extremities of ears and tail. They might readily have passed for gigantic rats, of an antediluvian species with a hard name, or a new variety of Dr. Obed Batteus's *Vespertilio horribilis Americanus.*

The *Rambla*, a wide and pleasant promenade, runs from the outer edge of the city, to the water. The trees along its sides

had not taken the coloring of spring, and the weather was raw and gusty, but it was a half-holiday, and gentle and simple were taking their noon-day walk. The wealthier classes wore plain colors universally: the men enveloped in their cloaks, the women in rich, black mantillas, the lace of which just flung a shadow on their faces. The poorer people, as in all countries, furnished the picturesque. Full of leisure and independence, for the moment, they went sauntering up and down; the women with gay shawls drawn high around their heads, and their long silver or gold ear-rings, with huge pendants of topaz glancing in the sun; the men in long caps of red or purple, and striped and tasselled mantles, making lively contrast with the rich and various uniforms of the soldiers who were on the stroll. Now and then among the crowd you might discover the peaked hat so general in the south, bedecked with velvet trimmings, and tufts of black wool upon the brim and crown. Accompanying it, there would be a short fantastic jacket, with large bell buttons dangling, while the nether man was gorgeous in breeches of bright blue, with black leggings, and the everlasting *alpargata*, or hempen sandal. "Who are those troops?" I inquired of an old man, as a squad passed us, half-peasant, half-soldier in costume, their long, blue coats with red facings fluttering loose behind them. "They are the *mozos de la escuadra*," he replied. "What is their branch of service?" "To keep the province clear of thieves." "Are there, then, thieves in Catalonia?" "*O si, señor! los hay, creo, en todas partes, como vmd. sabrá*" ("Oh yes, sir, there are some every where, I think, as your worship may know,") said the old rascal, with a knowing leer.

Théophile Gautier, in his pleasant *Voyage en Espagne*, has sufficient gravity to say that Barcelona has nothing of the Spanish type about it, but the Catalonian caps and pantaloons, barring which, he thinks it might readily be taken for a French city, nay, even for Marseilles, which, to his notion, it strikingly resembles. Now it may be true, as Dumas says, that Théophile professes to know Spain better than the Spaniards themselves; a peculiarity, by-the-by, among travellers, which the Spaniards seem to have had the luck of; but I must be pardoned upon this point, for knowing Marseilles better than he, having been there twice, for my sins, and too recently to be under any illusions on the subject. Dust from my feet I had not shaken off against that dirty city, because dust there was none, when I was there, and the mud, which was its substitute, was too tenacious to be easily disposed of. Yet I had sickening recollections of its dark and inconceivably filthy port, through all whose multiplied and complicated abominations—solid, liquid, and gaseous—it was necessary to pass, before obtaining the limited relief which its principal but shabby street, *la Cannebière* afforded. In the whole city, I saw scarce a public building which it was not more agreeable to walk away from than to visit. What was worth seeing had a new look, and with the exception of a sarcophagus or two, and the title of "*Phocéens*," assumed by the Merchant's Club, in right of their supposed ancestors from Asia Minor, there was really nothing which pretended to connect itself, substantially, with the past. Every thing seemed under the influence of trade—prosperous and ample, it is true, but too engrossing to liberalize or adorn.

In Barcelona, on the contrary, you look from your vessel's deck upon the *Muralla del Mar*, or sea-wall, a suburb ram-

part, facing the whole harbor, and lined with elegant and lofty buildings. Of the churches, I shall speak presently. Upon the Rambla are two theatres: one opened during my visit, and decidedly among the most spacious and elegant in Europe; the other of more moderate pretensions, but tasteful and commodious, with an imposing façade of marble. In the Palace Square, the famous *Casa Lonja*, or Merchants' Hall, stands opposite a stately pile of buildings, erected by private enterprise, and rivalling the beauty of the Rue Rivoli of Paris, or its models, the streets of Bologna, where all the side-walks are under arcades. On the other side of the same Plaza, the palace, a painted Gothic, fronts the Custom-house, which, overladen as it is with ornament, has yet no rival in Marseilles. Toward the centre of the city, in the Square of the Constitution, you have on one side the ancient *Audiencia*, or Hall of Justice, whose architectural relics bring back remembrances of Rouen, while on the other side is the *Casa Consistorial*, or House of the Consistory, associated in its fine architecture and name, if not its present uses, with the days when the troubadour and the *gaye science* were at home in Barcelona, under the polished rule of the Arragonian kings. Every where throughout the city, you see traces of the past, and of a great and enterprising people who lived in it. Instead of the prostration and poverty which books of travel might prepare you to expect as necessary to a Spanish city, you find new buildings going up, in the place of old ones demolished to make room for them; streets widened; domestic architecture cultivated tastefully (as, indeed, from the ancient dwellings, it would seem to have always been in Barcelona), together with all the evidences of capital and enterprise, made visible to a degree, which Mar-

seilles, with its vastly superior commerce and larger population, does not surpass.

Nor, even as to the people, are the caps and trowsers the only un-French features. The Catalan, of either sex, is not graceful, it is true, or very comely. The women want the beauty, the walk, the style of the Andalusians. The men are more reserved in manner, less elegant and striking in form, more sober in costume and character than their gay southern brethren. But they are not French men or women, notwithstanding. Imagine a Marseillaise in a *mantilla!* "Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown"—even if it be but the crown of a bonnet; and it is impossible for one who has been bred to the use of those great equalizers of female head-carriage, to realize, much less to attain, the ease of motion, the fine free bearing of the head, neck, and shoulders, which the simple costume of the Spanish women teaches, and requires to make it graceful. Where, in the mincing gait on the *trottoirs*, will you find the proud, elastic step which the Spanish maiden is born to, even if it be her only inheritance? And where (to speak generally) among the loungers of *cafés*, and readers of *feuilletons*, or the proverbially brutal populace about them, do you see the parallel of that all-respecting self-respect, which it is a miracle not to find in the bearing of a Spaniard, be he high or low? It is an easy thing, M. Gautier, to condense a city into a paragraph!

From the Rambla, we went down, along the sea-wall, to the Palace Square, where we found our way into the Lonja. The chambers of the commercial tribunals were in excellent taste. In each, there hung a portrait of the Queen, and, as all the likenesses were very much alike, I fear that they

resembled her. We were shown through a gallery of bad pictures and statues—not very flattering testimonials of Catalonian art. During one of the recent revolutions, some indiscriminating cannon-balls had left these melancholy manifestations untouched, and had done a good deal of damage to the fine Gothic hall of the merchants. None but bullets fired in a bad cause could have conducted themselves so tastelessly. I would fain believe, however, that the more judicious Barcelonese have satisfied themselves, that the practical, not the ideal, is their forte, inasmuch as the extensive schools in the Lonja which are supported by the Board of Commerce, are all directed with a view to usefulness. Those of drawing and architecture are upon a scale to afford facilities, the tithe of which I should be happy to see gratuitously offered to the poor, in any city of our Union.

An attractive writer (the author of the *Year in Spain*) tells us that "the churches of Barcelona are not remarkable for beauty." Externally, he must have meant, which, to a certain extent, perhaps, is true; but as to their interior, it is impossible to understand such a conclusion. The Cathedral and Santa Maria del Mar are remarkable, not only as graceful specimens, in themselves, of the most delicate Gothic art, but as resembling, particularly, in style, in the color of their dark-gray stone, and in their gorgeous windows, the very finest of the Norman models. Indeed, the great prevalence of this similarity in the churches of the province, has induced the belief among approved writers that the Normans themselves introduced the Gothic into Catalonia. Santa Maria del Mar reminds you, at a respectful distance, of St. Ouen, in the boldness and elevation of its columns and arches, and the

splendor of its lights. It has an exquisite semi-circular apsis, corresponding to which is a colonnade of the same form surrounding the rear of the high altar; a feature peculiar to the Barcelonese churches, and giving to their interior a finish of great airiness and grace.

From Santa Maria, we rambled up to the Cathedral, through many by-streets and cross-ways, passing through the oldest and quaintest portion of the city, and occasionally creeping under a queer, heavy archway, that seemed to date back almost to the days of Ramon Berenguer. Fortunately, we entered the church by one of the transept doors, and thus avoided seeing, until afterward, the unfinished, unmannerly façade. It would not be easy to describe the impression made on me by my first view of the interior of this grand temple, without the usè of language more glowing, perhaps, than critical. When we entered, many of the windows were shaded; and it was some time before our eyes, fresh from the glare of outer day, became sufficiently accustomed to the gloom, to search out the fairy architecture in it. But, by degrees, the fine galleries, the gorgeous glass, the simple and lofty arches in concentering clusters, the light columns of the altar-screen, and the perfect fret-work of the choir, grew into distinctness, until they bewildered us with their beautiful detail. What treatises, what wood-cuts, what eulogies, should we not have, if the quaint carvings, of which the choir is a labyrinth, were transferred to Westminster, and the stalls and canopies of the Knights of the Golden Fleece were side by side with those of Henry the Seventh's far-famed chapel! The same dark heads of Saracens which looked down on us from the "corbels grim," had seen a fair gathering of chivalry,

when Charles V., surrounded by many of the gallant knights whose blazons were still bright around us, held the last chapter of his favorite order there! Perhaps—and how much more elevating was the thonght than all the dreams of knighthood! —perhaps, in the same solemn light which a chance ray of sunshine flung down the solitary nave, Columbus might have knelt before that very altar, when Barcelona hailed him as the discoverer of a world! Let us tread reverently! He may have pressed the very stones beneath our feet, when, in his gratitude, he vowed to Heaven, that with horse and foot he would redeem the Holy Sepulchre! "Satan disturbed all this," he said, long after, in his melancholy way, when writing to the Holy Father; "but," then he adds, "it were better I should say nothing of this, than speak of it lightly." May it not have been, even in the moments of his first exultation, that here, in the shadow of these gray and awful aisles, he had forebodings of hopes that were to be blighted, and proud projects of ambitious life cast irretrievably away?

CHAPTER II.

Easter Eggs—La Mona—High Mass on Easter Sunday—A ride to Gracia—Montjuich—Notre Dame de la Garde—The Plaza de Toros, and Yankee Company—Opening of the Great Opera House—Social Habits of the Barcelonese—Musical Tastes.

BOOKS on symbolism are very much in vogue now, and some of the writers in that line would not be occupying their abilities much less profitably than usual, were they to investigate the mystical connection between Easter and dyed hen's-eggs. But a fortnight before my arrival in Barcelona, I had seen old women, by the score, hawking the last-named commodity about, under the wings of the lion of St. Mark's, in anticipation of the holy season. Mrs. Butler, in her *Year of Consolation*, tells us that she saw Easter-eggs in Rome, decked with feathers and artificial flowers, but that they were not by any means as beautiful as some that she had seen, from Russia. Every one knows how deadly a blow is given to the hopes of young poultry in embryo, by the approach of the same solemn feast with us in the United States; and if therefore there be any thing in the orthodox maxim, "*quod semper et ubique*," &c., the custom in question must be as near orthodoxy as any thing profane can be. Drake says that "Pasche eggs" were eaten in England in the sixteenth century, as emblematic of the resurrection; a ceremony

which, he informs us, was recognized by the Ritual of Pope Paul V., wherein there is a form of prayer for their consecration. It would puzzle the most learned symbolist, however, it occurs to me, to fathom the peculiar system of correspondences which the Barcelonese have instituted in the premises. Not only was there every variety of hue and device upon the shells, but in the windows of every pastry-cook or baker, and at all the stalls where appetite was tempted, in the public places, there were piles of loaves, shaped very much like shoe-lasts, and having at each end, an egg, strapped and baked nicely and securely in, between two slips of crust or pastry. On Easter-eve, it was edifying to see how women, men, and children (*o dura ilia!*) not having the fear of indigestion before their eyes, thronged to possess themselves of the commodity, with the deliberate intention of eating it. They called this bread *la mona*—the monkey—and a challenge to eat the monkey—*comer la mona*—is one which all the world is ready to give or to accept. A kind acquaintance, native and to the *mona* born, gave me its history, and commended it to me as a special luxury. Even my Spanish predilections, however, were not equal, I confess, to such a test, and I thus began to learn, what is not altogether useless to an American, that a stranger must be excused, at first, if he is not able to swallow "peculiar institutions" with a relish.

The crowd continued, late and busy, on the Rambla, and when I retired, the lights were still blazing in gay vistas along it, though the watchmen were crying "*Ave Maria purissima,*" in token that it was midnight. I strove to win slumber within my red bed-curtains, but a love-lorn troubadour of a cat, with a strong smack of the Limousin in his

accent (and who had probably come up, like my friend the marquis, to the opening of the opera), sang serenades in my sleepless ear till it was almost morning.

Our first enterprise on Easter Sunday was to endeavor to mount one of the Cathedral towers, and to have, as it was a bright day, a bird's-eye view of the city and its environs. In prosecution of our plan we entered the body of the church, about half an hour before high mass had ended. The aisles which we had seen all lonely the day before, were crowded with zealous worshippers—the high altar was blazing with a multitude of soft lights; the ceremonial and vestments were very rich; the choir was full, and a fine orchestra (for Barcelona is very musical) aided the sweet-toned organ. High over all, the morning sun streamed through the painted windows, and you could see the incense which was fragrant before the altar, curling around the capitals, and clinging to the arches. The whole was deeply impressive, and I could not but observe the contrast of the congregation, in its silent and attentive worship, with the restless, and sometimes noisy devotions of which I had seen so much in Italy. Here were no marchings to and fro; no gazing at pictures; no turning of backs upon the altar; no groups, for *conversazione*, round the columns; nothing to mar the solemnity of the occasion, or break the echoes of the majestic music, as they swept along the lofty roof, seeming almost to stir to motion the old pennons that hang above the altar, so high, and now so much the worse for time, that their proud quarterings are visible no more. At last, the service came to its end, and the people went their ways to—buy tickets for the theatre. At all events, we met a considerable portion of the congregation,

thus occupied, when we went down the street soon after. The sacristan would not allow us to ascend the tower without a permit, which it was then too late to procure, so that after straying a little while through the beautiful cloisters, where fine orange and lemon-trees and bright, fragrant flowers charmed away the sadness of the worn gray stone, we returned to our Fonda, to seek the means of visiting some of the environs.

After we had waited for an hour, a fellow made his appearance in the court-yard, driving a huge lumbering vehicle, covered with green and gold, very square and peculiar in shape, but, on the whole, sufficiently coachiform, and drawn by a pair of long-tailed blacks, with collars, on which jingled many bells. We made our bargain, and were cheated, of course, as we afterward found; horse and coach-dealing being, here as elsewhere, greatly subversive of moral principle. Away we went, up the Rambla, at a great pace, to the astonishment and apparent amusement of the crowd. Once outside the walls, our coachman gave us the benefit of slow jolts over a rough road to Gracia, a little village some two miles from the city, which is surrounded, and in some degree formed, by country-houses and their appurtenances. No doubt, in the summer season, this excursion may be a pleasant one, but the cold driving wind which came down from the mountains as we took it, made it bleak enough to us. Hedges of roses, it is true, were in luxuriant bloom, and the fertile fields of the *Pla* (plain) were as green as spring could make them. The aloe and the prickly-pear too, did their best to look tropical, but it was a useless effort, for the wind beat and battered them rudely, and they and the painted *torres* (towers), or country-

boxes, looked uncomfortably out of place, naked, desolate, and chilly. To turn our backs upon the breeze, we directed our driver to carry us to Montjuich, which, as I have said, is a commanding eminence to the southwest, on the left hand as you enter the harbor. Creeping slowly around the outside of the city walls, which are heavy, strong, and well guarded, we passed by the quarter where the forest of tall chimneys indicated the business hive of the manufacturers, and then, crossing a fertile plateau beautifully irrigated and in high cultivation, we were set down at the foot of Montjuich. Up the hill we toiled, faithfully and painfully, on foot. Ford calls it a "fine zig-zag road." I will testify to the zig-zag—but as to the fineness must beg leave to distinguish. At last we reached the fortress, which sits impregnable upon the summit, and to our chagrin were quietly informed by the sentinel at the postern, that we could not enter, without a permit. This we had not provided, through ignorance of its necessity, and we accordingly put in our claim to their politeness, as strangers. The sentinel called the corporal, the corporal went to his officer, the officer hunted up the governor, and by the same gradations a polite message descended to us, to the effect, that, as we were strangers, the usual requisitions would be waived, if we knew any body in the castle by name, whom we could go through the form of asking for. We knew no one, and being reasonable people, went on our way in ill humor with no one but ourselves. Not being, any of us, military men, which in a company of three, from our land of colonels, was quite a wonder, we persuaded ourselves that we had not lost much, for from the base of the fortress we had a charming view of the white city; its fine edifices, public

and private, with their flat roofs and polygonal towers; the harbor, with all its festive banners streaming; the green valley, carrying plenty up into the gorges of the hills; and the sea, rolling far as eye could reach, a few dim specks of canvass here and there whitening its bosom.

Beautiful as the sight was, however, I must make the concession to M. Gautier, that it was not as fine as what I had seen at Marseilles at the close of the preceding January. On one of the few bright days which I (or any one else) had seen in France that winter, I had climbed up to the votive chapel of Notre Dame de la Garde. The atmosphere was very clear, and to my surprise—for it was my first sight of a southern city—there was no volume of smoke or vapor to intercept the full view of every thing on land. Only toward the horizon, seaward, a light fog curtained the dancing waters, over which, here a steamer, there a ship, here again a little fleet of fishing-smacks, with lateen sails, were plowing their merry course. The rocky islands in the harbor, with their fort and castle, and snug little port with many masts, were glancing gayly in the sun. The rough, stern headlands, swelling farther and farther from the centre as they receded in the distance, lost something of their savageness, as they hid their outline under a canopy of mist and cloud. The bells of many towers seemed to be chiming for my pleasure as I stood and gazed; so that, with their cheerful sound, the broad, bright sea, the sunlight and the pleasant air, I felt that even Marseilles was, for the moment, lovely, and that one might cross the Atlantic for such a sight. But—we are in Spain.

Returning to the city, we crossed to the Garden of the General, a sweet little spot, prettily laid out, and planted with box

and innumerable flowering shrubs, which were in delicious fragrance and bloom. There were fountains and aviaries there; fish-ponds, duck-ponds, and even goose-ponds, and all manner of people, of all sorts and ages. This garden, with a little walk beside it, is the last of a series of beautiful promenades which lead into each other, traversing the whole city, from the groves upon its outskirts to the splendid terraces along the shore.

By this time we were well-nigh fatigued enough, but there was still an exhibition to be witnessed, which it did not become us, as good patriots, to neglect. The *Plaza de Toros*, or bull-amphitheatre, was the gathering-place of the whole population; not, however, to behold the fierce combats peculiar to its arena, for with such things the tumultuous burghers of Barcelona were not to be trusted. A harmless substitute there was, in the shape of the "*Compañia Anglo-Americana*," or Yankee company, who were delighting the sons of the troubadours with their gymnastics. Every body remembers the remoteness of the regions, into which the Haytien dignitary had the assurance to say that our estimable countrymen would follow a bag of coffee. Here was a parallel case. As we entered, Jonathan was performing a hornpipe, on stilts, much more at his ease (it being Sunday) than if he had been at home within sight of Plymouth Rock. He then gave them a wrestling match, after the manner which is popularly ascribed to "the ancients;" afterward, a few classical attitudes, with distortions of muscle, according to the Michael Angelesque models, and, finally, made his appearance as a big green frog, so perfectly natural, both in costume and deportment, that in Paris he would have run the risk, scientific and culinary, of

having his nether limbs both galvanized and fried. We paid him the respect of our presence and applause for a little while, and lingered to witness the excitement of the immense assemblage, so strange and picturesque, and to hear their wild cries and saucy jests. The afternoon then being quite well advanced, we were trundled home, in due magnificence, to a worse dinner than we had earned.

About seven in the evening, a kind gentleman of the city called, by arrangement, to conduct me to the opening of the new Opera-house, the *Liceo de Ysabel Segunda.* There was a crowd around the entrances, and we found it difficult to make our way in, so that I had time enough to see that the façade, which looked paltry by day-light, was no better with the benefit of the grand illumination. The front, however, and some few of the minor arrangements of the interior, were all that could be reasonably found fault with; for the establishment is really magnificent, and full of the appliances of taste and luxury. Its cost was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars; and the stockholders had no doubt of being able to realize the interest of this large sum, and more, from the rent of the elegant shops upon the ground floor. I mention this fact, as an evidence both of enterprise and prosperity. The grand circle of the theatre is larger, by measurement, than that of the San Carlo at Naples, or the Scala of Milan; and being finished, like the Italian Opera-house at Paris, with balconies, or galleries, in front of the boxes and slightly below their level, it has a far more graceful and amphitheatre-like effect than the perpendicular box-fronts of the Italian houses, and especially the close, dingy walls of the Scala. The ornaments, though abundant, are neither profuse nor tawdry. The

magnificent gas chandelier, aided by a thousand lesser lights, developed all the beautiful appointments of the boxes, with their drapery of gold and crimson, and the fine scenery, dresses, and decorations of the stage. I had seen nothing but the *Italiens* of Paris to rival the effect of the whole picture. The boxes of the lower tier are private property, belonging to the contributors, or members of the Lyceum. My intelligent companion informed me that this is a species of property in very general request, there being scarcely a respectable family without a box, or, at all events, some special accommodations of its own, in some one of the theatres. The rights of the owners, he told me, are the subject of litigation almost as often as those relating to real property. They (the boxes and the law suits) descend from father to son.

Each box in the Liceo has two apartments, as usual in Europe. In the outer one, which you enter from the lobby, and which is a sort of retiring-room, you leave your cloak and hat, and perhaps meet those members of the family you visit, who are not interested in the performance and prefer a quiet chat. The inner boxes, of course, open on the body of the theatre, and every one was in them on the evening of my visit. The assemblage was immense, and it would not be easy to find, anywhere, one indicating good taste and refinement more decidedly. The gentle sex must pardon me, however, for admitting that, to my eye, beauty was the exception that night, rather than the rule. I had expected more, for M. de Balzac had said somewhere of the Catalonian women, that their eyes were composed of "velvet and fire;" but I soon discovered that the remark had less foundation in fact, than in that peculiarity of the French imagination, which is so fond, in the descriptive, of mingling fancy with fancy-goods.

I may be wrong, it is true, for the Imperial Frederick, seven centuries ago, in his best Limousin, declared—

> "I love the noble Frenchman,
> And the Catalonian maid."

And yet, I should not wonder if both the Gaul and the fair Catalan have undergone a change since those days.

I learned, in the course of conversation in the evening, that the theatre has much to do with the social enjoyments of Barcelona. Morning visits form the principal intercourse of ladies in their own houses. Evening parties are very rare, and it is only at the theatres that the higher classes meet, with freedom and frequency. The usages of etiquette are very easy and pleasant. If you are a friend, you drop in *sans façon*, and drop out when you like. If you are a stranger, you are presented to the lady of the box, and that formality gives you the freedom of the circle, and of all the conversation that goes round it—imposing the payment of no tribute but that of your best bow to each and all, when it pleases you to retire. There is no knowing what a quantity of pleasant business you can attend to during the progress of a long opera—making your pilgrimage to many shrines. Neither is it easy to calculate how much aid and comfort you may find from a solo or an orchestral movement, in those pauses of conversation, which, under ordinary circumstances, are so often uncomfortable, if not melancholy. It is difficult to discover whether fondness for music produced this custom in Barcelona, or whether the custom produced the fondness. One thing, however, is very certain: the Barcelonese are good musicians, and generally keep an excellent company. My friend the marquis, who was himself a director of an opera at home,

informed me that they pay so liberally for good artists, as to take a great many of the best second-rate performers from Italy. Their musical predilections are of long standing. A gentleman who knew, told me, in proof of it, that some of the earliest republications of Metastasio's works were made at Barcelona. The prices of admission to the theatres are very low—so much so, that there is scarce a laborer too poor to find his way to the opera, on Sundays or feast days. By the returns of the ticket-offices, as published in the journals, the day after Easter, there were four thousand six hundred spectators at the opening of the Lyceum; over one thousand attended the *Teatro nuevo;* and between nine hundred and one thousand were at the *Teatro principal.* As music is what they generally hear, it will not seem strange that the humblest of them should be fond of it, and generally fair judges of its quality. This last, however, is more than I can honestly profess to be; and, therefore, I was rather pleased than otherwise that they had selected a historical play for the opening of the Lyceum. It was by Ventura de la Vega, a living poet of considerable reputation and merit, and was founded on the popular and noble story of Ferdinand the First of Aragon, called "He of Antequera." The piece of itself is full of fine passages, with excellent dramatic situations and effect, and was gotten up with great brilliancy. The part of Ferdinand was by the famous La Torre, considered the first master, and one of the best performers in Spain. He is a quiet actor, of fine personal appearance; something like Charles Kemble in his style, and, unhappily, a good deal like him in his voice, for he is growing old. His reading and articulation were admirable, but a great deal was lost, the house being too large for any thing but opera, ballet, or spectacle.

CHAPTER III.

The Catalans—English Philanthropy and the Cotton-question—Smuggling and Prohibitive Laws—Protective Policy and Free-Trade—Don Javier de Burgos.

THE Catalans as all the world knows, have been famous, from their earliest history, for industry, intelligence, energy, obstinacy, and combativeness. Fond, alike, of freedom and money, they have seldom lost an opportunity of asserting the one, or scraping up the other. They were always among the foremost to bully or rebel against an unruly king, in the times when such performances were more perilous than at present, and in these days of *pronunciamientos*, they will get you up a civil war, or regale themselves with a bombardment, upon as short notice as the *gamins* of Paris require to break down an old dynasty or blow up a new one. Their physiognomy and general bearing show you, unequivocally and at once, that they are a sturdy, manly, independent people. They are quiet and grave upon the promenades and in the public places; but they have an air of doggedness about them which strikes you, at first, as peculiar to individuals, but which you soon find to be almost universal. The common people, in their provincial dress, look sullen and fierce. Their sandals and girded loins give them a pilgrim-air, as of men from far countries, and their harsh, grating dialect seems

no improper vehicle for the expression of their habitual turbulence. Nevertheless you see few beggars and no idlers among them. They are doing something, always, and doing it in good earnest, as if they took pleasure, as well as profit, to consist, chiefly, in occupation.

The Infante Don Gabriel (one of the few, among the later Bourbons, who have had capacity enough to say or do any thing sensible) was the author of some clever verses, descriptive of the several provincial characteristics of his countrymen. Of the Catalans, he says, among other things, that they are able

"Hacer de las piedras panes"—

to convert stones into bread; and, indeed, when we look at the rugged soil which they have subdued into fertility, and the constancy and patient industry with which they give themselves to the severest labor upon land and sea, we must concede that, even if they be, as their countrymen allege, the most querulous and exacting of the provincial family, it is from no reluctance to put their own shoulders to the wheel, that they call so often upon Hercules. Some travellers say that they are uncivil to strangers. My experience was entirely to the contrary. Their courtesy, though not exuberant, I found both ready and cordial. True, as I have said, their manners are, in general, reserved, and their speech is laconic, but the ice is soon broken, and their intelligence and general cleverness repay the trouble, amply. The Catalan is no favorite with his brethren of the other provinces. They have sundry hard names for him, which are more expressive than delicate. *Cerrado como pié de mula* (contracted, close, like a mule's hoof), is the proverbial phrase into which they have com-

pressed their idea of his character. John Bull too, has his say in the premises. The Catalans, according to his notion, are selfish; greedy of gain and monopoly; fierce foes to that glorious system of free-trade, of which England is now the Apostle to the Custom-house Gentiles, and which, sooner or later, is to be rounded with some sort of a Millennium. John Bull, therefore, denounces them in all the terms, measured and unmeasured, which such heterodoxy on their part deserves; and when his wrath is especially kindled, as some pet Spanish scheme of his falls through, he wreaks himself upon expression, and calls them the "Yankees of Spain." In all his endeavors to negotiate commercial treaties, and break down the restrictive system which the Catalans particularly affect, he is influenced, he gives you his honor, by none but the most benevolent and unselfish considerations. France may have some motives of her own in pulling down Espartero and putting up Narvaez, but England looks only to the happiness of Spain, in keeping Narvaez down, or keeping up Espartero. What matter can such things be to England? If she can not import through the Custom-house, she can smuggle in spite of it; and therefore it is all the same to her, in point of fact, whether she has treaties or not. "It is a mere question of morality," (Blackwood, vol. xxv., p. 723); but then John Bull is a famous stickler for that, as every body knows.

The Catalans, upon their side, say that the world is too old, for people with beards on their chins to believe that nations send ambassadors about the globe, on crusades of disinterested benevolence. *Bailan al son que tocan*, is an old Castilian proverb. If people dance, it is because there is some music. Mr. Cobden had passed through Spain but a

a short time before my visit, and the free-trade enthusiasm was in full blast in consequence. The *Propagador*, a newspaper of Cadiz, was especially devoted to the dissemination of the anti-custom-house faith. Mr. Bulwer's paper, the *Español*, of Madrid, was full of most demonstrative articles, in which it was satisfactorily proved, by facts and figures, that free-trade would bring back, permanently, to the Peninsula, days as golden as when her western mines were fresh. The Catalans and the protective politicians generally, used to shrug their shoulders, and wonder whether the case would be made out half so clearly, if the *Ingleses* had not an interest in the market, as well as the logic. Free-trade, they said, was a good text to preach from, after a nation had so perfected her manufactures, as to find her surest monopoly in freedom. They thought it odd that Great Britain should never have proclaimed free-trade in the produce of her soil, till her own people were starving, or have encouraged it in her manufactures, till she was able to starve other people. When you laughed at the absurdities to which their protective system led them, they would ask if you could find any thing among their tariffs which went quite so far as the English statute requiring the dead to be buried in woollen, for the benefit of shepherds and wool-dealers. If you told them that prohibition produced smuggling, they replied that it would be quite as logical to charge any other laws with producing their own violation. Give them the British doctrine (or at least Blackwood's), that "the smuggler is the father of the highwayman," and they would ask you your opinion of the foreign speculator, whose cupidity was father to the smuggler, and who was thus, in the ascending line, only two degrees removed

from the thief. If England (they would say) wished to stand on the platform of morality, she should first give up the contraband trade. They could see no reason to trust her, till she should grow moral at her own expense.

It must be admitted that there is a good deal in this, and Great Britain must manage to tear out many pages of her history, before she can persuade people not to think so. Yet who would blame her policy, as either unwise or unjust, in promoting, by all reasonable means, the development and prosperity of those great interests which have sprung from her genius, industry, and enterprise, if she could only stop canting about philanthropy and benevolence; honestly confess what she has no reason to be ashamed of, and cease presenting herself before the world, like Tom Moore's saint,

"With his pockets on earth, and his nose in heaven."

Besides, what difference should it make to Spain, that England seeks benefit from commercial treaties or low tariffs? Does it follow that because she will gain from them, Spain will not? Is there no such thing as profitable and honorable reciprocity? It is impossible for any intelligent and disinterested man to doubt, that the present Spanish system of tariffs on imports is absurd, in both its impositions and restrictions. Bad as it is, it is not half carried out, so that it does little else but thwart and nullify itself, which is pretty fair proof of folly. I went into a shop on the Rambla, at Barcelona, and asked the price of some French wares, the high charge for which astonished me so much, that I remonstrated. The good woman told me that what I said was very true, "*Mas que quiere vmd.?* What will your worship have us do? It is

impossible to get prohibited goods into the city, without paying at least seventy per cent. on their value to the smuggler." "But is it possible," I asked, "that all these goods are prohibited? Your window is full of them, and the officers of the customs pass here at all hours." "*No hay duda, señor*—there's no doubt of that. Under the old system they would perhaps have given me some trouble, but now that we have a constitution, the house of the citizen is inviolable. Once get your goods into the house, and there is an end of the business. There is scarcely a shop on the Rambla that is not full of prohibited goods."

The shopkeeper's constitutional law was certainly a very liberal expansion of the Anglo-Saxon notion, that a man's house is his castle; but that her statement did not exaggerate the quantity of smuggling, I have the best authority for believing, and that, too, not merely in regard to those valuable articles of luxury which can be easily transported and concealed, but to the most bulky objects of familiar and necessary use. According to the most accurate accounts, from three-fourths to seven-eighths of the foreign articles consumed in Spain pass through the hands of the contrabandists. England and France—rivals, or at all events competitors, in most things—struggle more earnestly for no mastery, than for that in cheating the Spanish revenue. *Arcades ambo!* But this is not the worst. The very Catalan manufacturers, who clamor most loudly for the perpetuation of the tariff, are themselves, frequently, the chief smugglers. I was assured by many Spaniards familiar with the facts, that a very large portion of the goods, sold from the factories of Catalonia into the other provinces, are actually manufactured and marked as

Catalonian, in England, smuggled into Barcelona, and there disposed of triumphantly, as the genuine thing, by the very best houses. One gentleman told me, that in one of the English manufacturing towns, he had been shown a ware-room of orthodox Catalan goods, made and marked in the most Spanish manner, for the Barcelonese home-production, by the order of one of the largest manufacturing concerns there, than whose members none clamored more loudly for protection! A man must be either interested or mad nor'-nor'-west, to have any serious doubts as to the propriety of upsetting a system which has such consequences. The people of the whole Peninsula are saddled with a tax of near one hundred per cent. on the most of the comforts and conveniences of life. The government is compelled to provide an army of custom-house officers and troops, at an expense which, though insufficient to insure their fidelity, is still enormous, in the state of the treasury. *Cui bono?* The home manufacture is not benefited, as is the pretext; for the system furnishes both temptation and facility to the manufacturers themselves, to substitute the foreign article for their own. The public revenue is no gainer, for scarce any one does it reverence. Whose is the crop, then? It fattens the faithless and corrupt official; the daring, desperate contrabandist; the unprincipled speculator, foreign or domestic. The honest industry, the agriculture of the country, sows and tills: the plunderers reap. And that is not all. Venality and bribery, running in the channels of enterprise, must poison the waters. Public honor and private integrity must be weakened. The laws must needs fall into contempt, when the people have before them, daily, the demoralizing spectacle of their sale

and deliberate violation. Every principle of public policy calls for change. Not for free-trade, however, yet awhile. One extreme is no panacea for the evils entailed by the other. Spain has had experience enough, both of domestic restrictions which started, and foreign supplies which precipitated the downfall of her industrial prosperity. She has known something, too, of the benefit of judicious protection. Charles V. carried home from Flanders some Flemish experience and prudence to profit, as well as Flemish favorites to curse the nation. The enlightened administrations of Alberoni and Florida-Blanca; the wise counsels of Ustariz, Campomanes, Jovellanos, and Canga-Argüelles, ought not to be forgotten either, if she would take advantage of the lessons of her own history.

There exists already in Catalonia and Valencia—there is growing up in Seville, Cadiz, Malaga, and other portions of the kingdom, a manufacturing industry, large, real, and substantial, which no sound legislation would surrender to the mercies of an indiscriminate foreign competition. It is worth protecting, because it is the natural growth of time, circumstances, local advantages and adaptation, and the ability and bent of the people. Much capital is invested in it, and much labor lives from it. In Barcelona, I learned that of cotton alone, the average daily consumption accounted for is fifty bales, the year round, exclusive of that which is manufactured in other busy districts of the province. Of silk and wool, the quantity which enters into the fabrics, not merely of Catalonia, but of the other manufacturing provinces, is, according to the most moderate statistics, very heavy; although comparatively small, when we remember that, even in the fifteenth

century, the single city of Toledo gave employment to ten thousand workers in those staples; and that Granada, Segovia, Valencia, and Barcelona, under the Catholic monarchs, were rivals in the production which fed to overflowing the teeming commerce of Spain. In many fabrics the Spanish manufacturer has attained great excellence. Of his capacity to improve, to any extent, under a system which will foster his industry and stimulate his ingenuity, the records of the past give as sure evidence, as his present progress under so many disadvantages. In natural quickness, dexterity and tact, he is, by all odds, the superior of the English peasant. He is, moreover, temperate and frugal to a proverb. A fine climate supplies, prodigally, all that his simple appetites require, and reduces to almost nothing, in many parts of the Peninsula, the outlay for those humble comforts, which, elsewhere, consume the whole of the earnings of the operative. You do not see, in the Spanish manufacturing districts, nor, indeed, in any part of the Peninsula that I visited, the squalid wretchedness which haunts the British loom. Drunkenness, its chief element, does not exist at all, as a popular habit, in Spain, not even in Andalusia, where the people are most prone to what they call excess.

There is, then, every reason why their home-manufacture, where it is a natural, or has become a radicated interest, should be protected and preserved; and there can be no doubt that, with ordinary liberality and sagacity, treaties might be made or a system organized, providing for the introduction of foreign fabrics, at such rates of duty as would break up smuggling, and give to all the home-industry worth preserving, a living profit without monopoly. As the first step, it

would not be ill, were they to permit the raw material (cotton for instance), to be imported directly from the place of its production, without the nonsense of sending it first to a Spanish colony to be "matriculated," as they call it, or, in other words, to be clogged with impositions which must hamper the Spanish manufacturer, and be paid, at last, by the Spanish consumer. Jonathan, who has some interest in this, might press it home upon the Spanish rulers with some show of a right to be listened to, for he has never smuggled his bales in upon them, or talked to them of "morality," while he plundered their revenue. The material thus cheapened, a tariff upon imports, reasonably protective and no more, would, in a few years, place the home-manufacture above the reach of legislative interference. It would diminish, and in time remove altogether, the burden which now galls the whole population of consumers. It would disband the venal army of office-holders, who now gnaw the nation's vitals, and in whose corruption and intrigue are the elements of those unceasing changes, which are forever shifting the nation's policy, and wasting her substance. It would turn a stream of treasure into the empty coffers of the state. It would foster agriculture, by lightening its load, and creating a demand for its products. New markets springing up at home would require new roads, new facilities for internal communication. The ports of the Peninsula would be filled with commerce long departed. The trade, which now skulks, in small feluccas and *místicos*, into midnight coves and secret rendezvous, would carry wealth and life into the noble harbors now all empty. It would revive a mercantile marine, whose boldness and skill adorn the proudest annals of discovery. It would

bring the languishing vitality of the nation into contact with the freshness of other nations, which have flourished under the influence of better fortune and more genial institutions. It would liberalize and enlighten the people, and through them, their government; and would go far toward awakening, in both, a sense of the duties that are imposed on them by the possession of one of the most beautiful and teeming lands that the sun visits in its course.

There was a discourse delivered, in 1841, before the Lyceum of Granada, by Don Javier de Burgos, in which the ideas which I have presented, lightly—and as he who runs may write, for him who runs to read—are enforced, with a degree of eloquence and statesmanlike ability, which would do honor to any legislative assembly on either side of the water. In the wisdom and moderation of the counsels which the orator recommends, it would seem that a government, with either patriotism or capacity, would find the surest guarantee of national progress and prosperity.[1]

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[1] It is gratifying to know that the efforts of men like Burgos have not been altogether ineffectual. Since this chapter was written, the Cortes of 1849 have promulgated a modified tariff—the first movement toward a more intelligent and statesmanlike system. The minister, Mon, by whose energy its enactment was secured, is himself a Catalan, and there is therefore room for improvement in his notions; but, on the whole, the new law has features of great comparative liberality, and its passage is an epoch, from which the downfall of restrictive absurdities and their evils are destined to be dated.

CHAPTER IV.

Education in Catalonia—The Press—The Gaye Science—Departure for Valencia—the Coast—Spanish Travellers and Politics—The Tartana—Valencia—The Vega—The Market-place—Costume and Cleanliness of the People—Table-luxuries of Europe and the Western Continent—M. Dumas—Public Buildings—The Cid and the Church-bells.

LIKE all long-established mercantile communities, Barcelona is the centre of a busy movement in favor of diffused education, and one of the most gratifying sights to a traveller is the number of schools and academies scattered through the city. A correct and intelligent observer (Capt. Widdrington) writes, in 1832: "The means of education are ample, and probably, according to the official returns, equal to those of any other part of Europe. There are eight hundred and thirty-nine schools in the province which educate forty thousand scholars; seventy of them teaching the Latin tongue." Since that period, happily, the number of both schools and scholars has been largely on the increase. The press is active, too, and is constantly sending forth excellent editions, not merely of new works as they appear, but of the standard classics of the language. The Barcelonese publications and reprints are in considerable demand throughout the kingdom, as they are both neat and cheap: but the critics make themselves merry over the most of the translations of

the Catalans, and indeed over their original productions, generally, whether in the shape of books, commentaries, or prefaces. They are always sensible and often learned, but the elegance of the Castilian is said to suffer in their hands. Indeed a stranger, moderately familiar with the best models, may be pardoned for supposing that he can frequently perceive the justice of the criticism.

"It is not, now, as it hath been of yore."

Time was, when Catalonian doctors of the *gaye science* were wont to sit in judgment on Castilian bards of highest note. I have before me the record of a poetical tilting match (*justa poética*) which came off at Barcelona, in the Monastery of Jerusalem, in the Easter-times of 1580. The Muse Calliope (Heaven help her!) extended invitations in Limousin, and the theme was the Immortality of the Soul. The champions were at liberty to choose their own weapons, Latin, Catalonian, or Castilian verse. Fray Luis de Leon, the greatest of the Spanish lyric poets, and one of whom any literature might be proud, was the successful candidate in Castilian. Rebolledo, Gil Polo and others of no trifling name were his competitors, and, though defeated, won so much applause, that each was rewarded for his immortal efforts with—a pair of dressed leather gloves! Is it a wonder, after that, that any self-respecting Muse, Castilian or Castalian, should revenge herself forever on all of Catalonian blood.

Wednesday, April 7.—We were early on board the Barcino, but it was full half-past nine, before we were rid of the motley crowd of *carabineros* and idlers, whom our approaching departure had gathered together. I can not say that I felt

at all distressed, when the tinkling of the little bell admonished our white-headed English engineer to set his machinery in motion. I was tired of Barcelona, for reasons, not very satisfactory, perhaps, in the abstract, but altogether so to me. The Fonda was chilly, dirty, and unsavory; the weather was cold and blustering, and I was an invalid, tired of vain seeking after genial sunshine and balmy breezes. With any thing, therefore, but reluctance, I saw the waves beat on the beach as we rode gallantly away beneath Montjuich, and watched the city, till, like a beautiful white wreath, it sank upon the bosom of the sea. Then Montserrat appeared, and disappeared, and came again, combing the fleecy clouds with its crest of innumerable pinnacles; and through a gap we now and then might see a spur of the snowy, far-off Pyrenees. The breeze, though brisk, was not troublesome, and so I sat on deck all day, enjoying the glimpses of white towns sparkling here and there upon the arid surface of the hills; or watching the graceful sweep of the feluccas and mystics and other lateen-sailed vessels, farther out at sea. Toward evening we passed abreast of the Ebro, and wondered at the sudden change of the waters, from blue to green or greenish, which marked the tribute paid by this great river to the Mediterranean.

We had parted, at Barcelona, with our friends, the marquis and the philosophical Frenchman, and had been reinforced by a company of Spaniards, mostly from the south, who made themselves very merry with the lieutenant and his spy-glass, and with a little Catalonian doctor, who had just written a pamphlet on the mineral waters of *la Puda*, near Barcelona, and was starting on a journey of speculation, to excite some

interest in behalf of his sulphur. As the clear night set in, they gathered in a group by the ship's side and talked politics —a subject, under the circumstances, particularly interesting, even to one who had come from a country where there is never any stint in the domestic article. One and all seemed to bewail the absence of what they called *Espaňolismo*—Spanish spirit—among their rulers. The people, they thought well and liberally enough disposed—patriotically, too—but their leaders, and especially the army-officers who moved the springs of government, they all concurred in branding as a pack of sorry knaves, most of whom could be won to any policy by a few crosses and *pesetas*. They accounted, very sensibly, for the corruption among the officers of the customs, by referring to the fact, that the ordinary *carabineros* receive but six reals (thirty cents) per day, on which it is a known and obvious fact that they can not live. They are compelled, therefore, to "take provoking gold" in order to keep soul and body together. Smuggling, however (they said) had greatly diminished since the introduction of steam-vessels as *guarda-costas*, and the appointment, to their command, of officers of the navy, who are generally men of higher tone and character. The navy itself (they told me) was increasing steadily though slowly. A lieutenant, who was in the company, said that its demands were beyond the actual supply of officers. This fiery young gentleman was quite radical in his notions as to the mode of reforming existing abuses, for he made bold to say, that until Spain should have gone through a revolution like that of France, with a practical application of the guillotine to one-half of the high heads, there would be no permanent change for the better. The Catalan doctor

seemed to think, on the whole, that he would prefer the continuance of the contraband trade, to so executive a remedy. When I went to sleep, they had not settled the question.

I mounted the deck, next morning, as we were passing Murviedro, the ancient city of Saguntum. Far off as we were, we could still easily discern the battlements which frowned upon the hill above it, and there was around them a curtain of the morning-mist, which might well have suggested the dust or smoke of the sieges that have made it immortal. For an hour and a half we ran down the Valencian coast, a thickly settled one, studded with villages, towns, and isolated dwellings; the mountains of the interior, shrouded as they were in vapor, forming a beautiful light back-ground, to the darker verdure and more varying surface of the immediate borders of the sea. As we drew in, about half-past eight, to the open roadstead of Grao, the port of Valencia, the sun was shining gaily on the white buildings of the little town, and streaming, with a somewhat graver light, over the more distant and sombre buildings of the city, with its many and so different towers. Seaward, a host of little fishing-smacks, with triangular sails, were flapping, like curlews, over the water. Some feluccas were steering into harbor, a little in advance of us, and a fine *guarda-costa*, stretching across our bow, dropped anchor as we stopped our engine. The distant and dimly-seen outline of the prominent coast before us; the lazy vessels at anchor inside the mole; the sluggish waves which scarce whitened as they broke upon the beach, and more than all, the hazy morning, bursting at that moment into perfect sunlight, made a scene for the memory as well as for the eye. Our revolutionary lieutenant of the night before was in

raptures beyond all of us; but it was because the revenue *místico*, of which I have spoken, was commanded by a friend of his, and he felt morally certain he should have a day of it.

The health-officers were soon on board, and it was not long before my two countrymen, the little Catalan Galen, and I, found ourselves, by invitation of the captain, in a launch with him, on our way to the pier of Grao. It was a short journey to our expert oarsmen, and a few moments planted us in the centre of a group of *tartana* drivers, all violently disposed to take us captive. The sturdy captain, however, swore all things to rights without delay, and wound up by pushing us very civilly into the vehicle which was to bear his honored bones to the office of the company. A *tartana*, simply and without rhetoric, is a decent covered cart, set directly on the axle, without springs, strap, or other shock-breaking apparatus. It has an elliptical leathern top; a seat down each side, like an omnibus; and, with one horse, will carry about eight people. The driver sits outside, on the right-hand shaft, where he is accommodated with a cushion and iron stirrup. The passengers mount behind, and are shut in, like loaves in an oven. The interior of our vehicle was neatly finished; the harness was good and glistening; and even the ends of the shafts were nicely shod with polished brass; a precaution, by-the-by, which would have been much more appropriate and intelligible, if the shafts had been compelled to ride in their own carriage. I will do our driver the justice to say, that he avoided, as far as possible, any inconvenience that might have resulted to us from rapid motion; and that his horse appeared to have been educated to a nice perception of

the charities befitting a station which gave him so large an opportunity of revenging wrongs done to his kind. Passing through the town and gates of Grao, a glaring, stuccoed little suburb, we were soon on our way to the city. The road was broad and level, with fine walks for foot-passengers along the sides, and bordered with luxuriant trees. There had obviously been no rain for a long while, for the dust was very deep, and yet every vegetable production round us, from the tallest tree to the most trifling flower, seemed to have drunk its fill from the innumerable canals and deposits of water which a perfect system of irrigation had provided. As far as the eye could reach, the plain was green, almost to rankness, with the spring grain. Here and there, groves of mulberry and tropical fruit-trees broke in upon the sameness of the level. A half hour's ride carried us into Valencia.

On our way up—after crossing the river by a high old bridge, massive and solid—we had gone over broad ways, along by fine large buildings. We now entered narrow streets, shut in between close, tall houses, the mats from whose balconies hung down over poor shops, and streets almost without pavement. Our first excursion was to the market-place, which was filled with peasants disposing of their wares. I was surprised at finding so much resemblance in costume to that of Barcelona. The long red woollen cap, common to the Catalonians and the Goddess of Liberty, was the chief headdress of the crowd. It was only here and there we saw a tall fellow—genuinely Valencian—with his short, wide, white trowsers, half-way his thighs; his knees bare; his hose, without feet,—so famous as the proverbial illustration of a

prodigal's purse—open at both ends—and his hempen, huge-soled sandals, tied on with colored strings. A red sash was generally around his waist. His jacket, if he wore one, was short and tight. A colored cotton handkerchief was about his head, and a *manta*, now and then of lively hues, but generally grayish and modest, was tossed upon his shoulder, or folded round him like a cloak. About the cut and the style of his raiment, doctors in such matters might, perhaps, disagree, but the perfect and almost invariable cleanliness and whiteness of his linen were above criticism. M. Dumas says it is one of the rules of the Spanish custom-house, to prohibit a man from entering the kingdom with any thing in his luggage but "old clothes and dirty linen." I will not doubt so famous a traveller's assertion, especially in view of the fact that a restriction, in the last-named article, would be a sort of prohibitive duty on a great many travellers from a sister nation. But, be the comity in that behalf what it may, few things strike a stranger more decidedly, than the attention paid, in Spain, to the purity of the linen, not only for the person, but for bed and table use. Now and then, at an *albergo*, kept by a wandering Italian, or some *grand hôtel*, of M. Dumas' countrymen, you will have visions of Falstaff's buck-basket, mingled with your enjoyment of his sherris-sack; but, among the Spaniards themselves, even at the meanest *ventorrillo* on the hills, if you have linen at all, it is unimpeachable. This is not merely the result of my own brief experience. I often heard it talked of by travellers whom I met, and especially by the English, who, certainly, are competent witnesses, for, with them, untidiness is a sin, and love of neatness runs almost into fanaticism.

The donkeys, which form no small portion of the grouping in the market-places of southern countries, stood loaded in the Plaza of Valencia, with all manner of green and luxuriant vegetables. Nor did any reasonable delicacy of land or water seem to be wanting. When I say this, I speak, of course, of what is called reasonable, in the way of delicacies, by the benighted people on the other side of the Atlantic, in view of the moderate comparative allowance, which it has pleased Providence to vouchsafe to them. I have no reference to the large inventory of good things which prodigal nature has spread out before those, whose lines have fallen in the pleasant places of the Western Continent. When cookery, with the other fine arts, shall have culminated here, as our philosophers of destiny have proved that they must, what a sphere will genius find, in the rich abundance of raw edible material! What would, even now, be the consequence to culinary science, if the *Trois Frères* of the Palais Royal were transported to the margin of the blessed Chesapeake, wanting only its Catullus, far to transcend the

"Ora
Hellespontia, cæteris ostreosior oris!"

Who would speak, save with commiseration, of the *Rocher de Cancale* and its coppery bivalves, were the art that deals with the luscious natives of the "Mill-Pond," a worthy hand-maiden of the nature that bestows them? The *grand Vatel*, who slew himself, in despair of sea-fish to deck a royal feast at Chantilly—what immortality might not his genius have survived to win for him, had canvas-back ducks but fed his graver meditations, and terrapins and soft-crabs beguiled the lighter moments of his fancy? What more than Le Verrier

comets would he not have discovered, in the regions of culinary space! Even Alexandre Dumas—a mere literary man—simple historiographer of the Montpensier nuptials—never known to fame for his capacity to cook up aught but plays, romances, and such small fry—even he, on a wild Spanish highway, was able so to conjure an *Anglais* whom he met, that he clung to him "as a shipwrecked man to a plank on the vast ocean"—and all because of "the sublime idea of dressing a salad without oil or vinegar!" Imagine M. Dumas upon his travels in America—with talents, such as this incident bespeaks, devoted to the development of any one of the thousand luxuries that he would find, sprouting all wild! What an acquisition to the alimentiveness of posterity would be, then, his *Impressions de Voyage!*

But to Valencia. One novelty—for a market-place, at least—we saw there, in the shape of sundry large baskets of new-littered puppies, which the hucksters strove anxiously to sell. Whether they were meant for the uses of the table or the drawing-room, depended upon what we had not time to learn—the prevalence of the Chinese or the Anglo-Saxon civilization, in the City of the Cid. Anglo-Saxon, do I say? Let me be impartial. The *grande nation*, too, has its amiable weaknesses. "How you seem to love the little fellow!" I took the liberty of saying to a charming Frenchwoman of no mean station, who, with her spouse and spaniel, occupied the same coupé with me, from Avignon to Marseilles. "*Ah oui!*" she answered, "*mais qu'il est charmant! Je ne m'en sépare jamais.*" And she hugged and kissed the little beast until he squealed.

Just on the Plaza, is the *Lonja de Seda*—the Silk Mart—a beautiful old Gothic building, remarkable, especially, for the

loftiness of its great hall, the roof of which is supported upon twisted columns, of very singular construction and great elevation. A side-door opens from the hall, upon a sweet little garden, carefully tended, and shaded with orange trees. In the Lonja we saw some fine specimens of the native raw silk. We next went to the Cathedral—a large, dark, heavy building, but utterly unimpressive, in spite of its dimensions. As in duty bound, we ascended its famous tower—the *Micalete*, or *Miguelete*, as it is called; at the top of which, and high over a chime of eleven great bells, hangs the greater one, called the *vela*, the sentinel or watch, which regulates the seasons of irrigation in the country round. Valencia has always been proud of her towers. Among the innumerable ballads of the Cid, there is one that tells us, how, when the city was beleaguered by the Christian, an ancient and prophetic Moor went upon a lofty tower, to view and weep over the beautiful things which were passing away from his people—

"Subiera á una alta torre
Para bien la contemplar."

As the loveliness of the prospect grew on him, so grew his sorrow—

"Cuanto mas la mira hermosa,
Mas le crece su pesar."

His woes were not dumb. He bewailed the fertilizing river whose fountains were to be dry; the green fields that were to be in waste; the flowers that were to be fragrant and beautiful no more; but, chief of all, he sorrowed for the bright and stately towers, that were fated to crumble into dust.

"Las torres que las tus gentes,
De lejos suelen mirar,
Que su alteza ilustre y clara,
Les solia consolar."

He was a reasonable infidel, in all his lamentations, this *Moro viejo;* if—to say nothing of the towers—he had as beautiful a scene before him, as that which greeted us, the bright spring morning of our visit. Farther than the eye could reach, from the glad sea—

"Aquel honrado provecho
De tu playa y de tu mar,"

up to the distant recesses of the mountains, the *Huerta* (or garden) spread its green expanse, surpassed in extent and fertility by few plains in Europe. The Guadalaviar, parent of a thousand silver, thread-like streams, held in its net of waters all this wealth of verdure. Scattered cottages peopled the broad meadows. At our feet, the city lay close and compact; its large, substantial dwellings, like rows of fortresses, scarce separated to the eye by the narrow avenues. Churches there were, beneath us, innumerable. When the Cid took Doña Jimena and her daughters up in the Alcazar, to show them the tents of the Moors that were whitening the plains, he promised them, by way of quieting their fears, that he would take away the trumpets that the infidels had dared to sound before the city, and give them to the service of the church:

"Servirán para la iglesia
Deste pueblo valenciano!"

Well accoutred and bountifully, with their implements of noise, the heathen surely were, if the Cid redeemed his promise, and the recipients of his pious liberality approached in number those that lifted their turrets at our feet that day.

CHAPTER V.

Pictures—The Penitentiary—The Women of Valencia—Alicante—Railway Iron—The Plaza—Mules—The Post-boy—Manners—Night-view.

HAVING looked our fill at the Huerta, which was no easy task, and having done the same at the Cathedral, which was no difficult one, we proceeded to the Carmen, a suppressed convent, full of bad pictures—through long galleries of which we were compelled to wander, before we reached the few master-pieces that are collected here, from the works of the great Valencian painters. Unlike Seville, Valencia has parted with the best specimens of her school, to strangers or to the galleries of the capital. I would not give the four fine palms which shake their feathers in the garden of the cloisters of the Carmen, for all the canvas on the inside of the walls.

Our walk was now continued up the *Calle de los caballeros*, where we did our best, in vain, to see the many stylish buildings of which the guide-book tells. With but few exceptions, the edifices of Valencia, public and private, struck us as in any thing but commendable taste. The palace of the Captain-General and the tobacco-manufactory belonging to the government are stately, spacious buildings, but, like the churches, they are overloaded with stucco and the wildest profusion of vicious ornament. The private residences are huddled and blocked together, without surrounding or intervening space;

and although ample enough in their dimensions, seem to have been constructed chiefly with a view to keep the heat out and every thing else in. Though containing a larger population, and surrounded by the elements of greater wealth than Barcelona, Valencia shows but few signs of the vigilant and prosperous industry which so gratified us among the Catalans. Her trade, they told us, was reviving with her manufactures, and a railroad to Madrid was talked of; but I fear that it was only hope and gossip.

Near the Puerta San Vicente, after a long walk and tedious search, we found an institution of which we had heard a good deal from our Spanish fellow-travellers. It was the *Presidio* or penitentiary. It is a large and well-distributed edifice, once a convent of Augustine monks, and its complete, extensive, and admirable arrangement would do no discredit to any nation. I confess that I had no expectation of seeing any such thing in Spain. The guide-book (Murray's) omits it altogether; though there is certainly nothing half so interesting, as indicative of national progress, within the limits of Valencia.

The Augustine Convent was applied to its present uses in 1838. It now contains about nine hundred prisoners; and we were told that about four hundred, confined for minor violations of the law, had been released on the occasion of the queen's marriage. They are distributed in different chambers, and dedicated to various branches of industry. Nearly all the trades are represented. Their fabrics of coarse cotton are admirable, and they work successfully in silks, velvets, and fine cutlery. There is a printing press, at which work is done, by contract, for publishers in the city. We went through it,

and found the devils numerous and busy. Hard by was the bindery, which seemed to be in considerable demand. The infirmary was in capital order—clean, airy, and well-distributed; the apothecary's shop and laboratory, as nice and complete as could be desired. The dormitories were clean to a degree; each man's mat, mattress, and bed-clothing hanging over the spot on which he was to spread them at night. Kitchen, bakery, garden, every department we visited, was as thoroughly in order as the most vigilant system could make it. The discipline is mild but strict. There is not an armed man about the establishment, and the keepers, notwithstanding, are very few. The most trustworthy of the convicts have the immediate superintendence of their fellows. A lazy rascal is put to scrubbing and such menial work. A riot or quarrel is punished with a severe trouncing—obstinate and malicious conduct, with solitude, the cell, bread and water. Few cases, however, occur, requiring punishment, although, certainly, a set of more unmitigated rascals, physiognomically considered, never went unhanged. The dread of being removed to the galleys or the chain-gang, no doubt, keeps them in order. They seemed all of them to be well fed. I saw their bread, which is coarse, but light and sound. Meat is not allowed them every day. They are regularly tasked, day by day, and are paid for over-work. All under eighteen are compelled, and the whole of them are encouraged, to go to school, where they are taught reading, writing, accounts, drawing and geography. I went into the school-room, which is a fine, spacious apartment, and obviously not gotten up for show, for it had all the marks of being constantly in use, and I saw some excellent specimens of writing and drawing, where the scholars had

left them. There is a post-office, regularly kept in the establishment, and all who conduct themselves well are permitted to write occasionally to their friends, and to receive their replies. Indeed, the villains seemed very happy, for they were at work in the courts, and even outside the walls, some of them, apparently, at their own sweet will, but without attempt or visible inclination to escape. Valencia, to be sure, is very well guarded, and it would not be easy for a fugitive to avoid detection long. A knowledge of this, and of the fact that the eye of the keeper is always upon them, from some certain but unknown point, must have a very sedative effect upon their locomotive propensities. When at work, they are permitted to converse, in a low tone. This is an extremely rational concession to the social tendencies of human nature, which will always gratify themselves in some way, let the prohibition be as stringent and the penalty as severe as it may. A distinguished foreigner, who had dedicated great intelligence and powers of acute observation, to the examination of prisons and their discipline, informed me lately, that he had never seen any contrivance for the prevention of intercommunication, which the ingenuity of the convicts had not been able to evade. Questionable then, as is the policy of perfect isolation, at the best,—how idle is the attempt to realize it, when failure is certain! The sensible guide, who went with us through the *Presidio*, attributed a great deal of the docility of its inmates, and the frequent cases of moral improvement, to the humane indulgences which, within strict limits, were permitted by its discipline. I persuaded myself, how justly I know not, that to this moderate treatment was due the refreshing absence of a characteristic, so plainly visi-

ble in our silent, model-prisons; I mean the pale, attenuated faces, whose whole expression glares on you through the bright, anxious eyes, condemned to fulfil the duties of sight, speech, and hearing. As we passed through the apartments, all the convicts rose and stood uncovered. One of them, a comb-maker, had a tame rat upon his shoulder. He had made a collar for it, with little bells, which the creature wore. Another had a pet bird fluttering around him. The manner of them all, to the keepers, was exceedingly respectful—that of the keepers, considerate and kind. Our cicerone, who seemed to have both pride and pleasure in our approbation of what we saw, conducted us, finally, to a show-house, connected with a large shop at the gate, where there were exhibited, in glass cases, some specimens of elegant workmanship by the convicts; such as knives, pistols, embroidery, and fancy hardware. My companions and myself made our little purchases, and went away, well pleased to have some memorials of an institution, so excellent, humane, and useful. As the gate closed on us, the last object that we saw was the old garden of the cloisters, with its orange and lemon-trees, as fair and fragrant in the den of thieves, as once within the house of prayer. A lesson there may be, in this impartial bounty of our mother earth, to those whom men reverence and those whom they despise. It teaches us—does it not?—that, with a common nature, there are none too pure and virtuous to spurn the claims of the wretched and the outcast. Claims, to be held as fellow-creatures; claims, to be brought back from sin and sorrow, if it may be; claims, that ignorance and want and temptation be remembered, and considered, and removed; claims, not to be cast off forever, while charity can nurse the hope of their return!

Being, by this time, pretty well fatigued, we put ourselves into another *tartana* and were carted to the *Glorieta*, a beautiful, extensive promenade—whence we passed to the new Alameda, on the margin of the Guadalaviar, full of oranges, lemons, and many-scented flowers. Having heard, before we went to Spain, that the natives would not consent to the introduction of gas into their cities, for fear of earthquakes and direful explosions, we were agreeably surprised to find the *Glorieta* very plentifully supplied with pipes and burners. These, however, which were to give light by night, did nothing to remove our disappointment at missing the glancing eyes, which, we had been told, would be sure to illuminate the day, go where we might in Valencia. Not one pretty woman nevertheless—not a solitary representative of Doña Urraca,

"*La doncella muy formosa,*"

did we see or were we credibly informed of, during our whole day's walk. And yet there must be multitudes of beauties in Valencia, for every body says so. Gauthier and Ford both certify to the fact; and what a Frenchman and an Englishman agree on, must be as demonstrable as any thing in Euclid. It was, doubtless, only our misfortune, that all the wingless angels kept close house that day. A very amiable maiden, who sold *orchata de chufas*, a well-iced and refreshing drink, did her best to keep us in good humor, by her pleasant chat, but it can not be denied that we took our return *tartana* in a temper far from the best, and when we got back to Grao, were glad to make our way to the steamer, to quarrel with our fellow travellers, who had promised us glimpses of Paradise. It was sunset.

Friday, April 9.—I went on deck about eight this morning, and the ship was lying lazily upon the water, in a fog. As we could see to do nothing with certainty, our wise captain had magnanimously resolved to lie still and wait. It was not until between nine and ten that the mists began to curl up, and disclosed to us, first, the bleak, arid summits, and then the still more arid-looking sides, of the mountains on the coast, some six or seven miles above Alicante. In due time, we found our way toward that most bleak and desolate-looking of cities, distinguishing, first, the outline of its castle, and then, in a few moments, finding ourselves in the open roadstead, with the whole town before us, backed up against the base of a grim, sombre, sandstone-looking hill, high, jagged, and rugged. Houses and mountain are all of the same color, and before you are very near, the windows of the dwellings have the singular effect to you, of holes burrowed in the rock. The castle crowns and covers almost the whole summit of the hill; its little turrets and stone sentry-boxes actually overhanging the precipice, and looking more like eagles' nests, than places for men's feet. All the way down and along the hill, stretch walls and communicating fortifications, of the same unchanging hue. To an unmilitary eye, the fortress seems impregnable. As for the town—the citadel could keep it in order, by rolling stones down on the people's heads. On the south, there is another formidable looking fortification, and there are walls, too, all around the city; so that, supposing Alicante to be worth taking, an invader must make up his mind to have patience outside, and fortitude if he should ever get in. The buildings of the city are substantial—generally of stone. Where there is stucco, it is colored

to match the pervading hue of sand. None of the public edifices have any particular merit, in point of architecture; although the most of them are solid and spacious. There were a great many new buildings, besides others in progress of erection; and obviously the city was improving, both in appearance and the appliances of modern convenience—though I was surprised to hear that its commerce was decreasing. There was a large pile of railway iron on the pier when we landed, destined for the road between Madrid and Aranjuez. I hailed the sight as a good omen. Once let these iron ties be riveted upon the land, and there will be an end of *pronunciamientos* and back-stairs revolutions. People will find out then, that a great nation has interests, as well as the jobbers who misgovern it, and that this world was made for something besides changes of ministry.

The population of Alicante is very attractive to a stranger. The men are tall, stout, and fine-looking; the women, in general, very pretty. The physical characteristics of the south begin to grow very apparent. The costume is a sort of jumble of Catalonian, Valencian, and Andalusian—the latter predominating in the towns-people. We spent some time in the market-place, where the jaunty bearing, the *sal* and *gracia* of the Andalusians were decidedly in the ascendant. Nobody ever starved to death, I take it for granted, in Alicante. At all events, there were no preparations for any thing of the sort while we were there. I never saw comfort for the inner man in greater profusion. There were all sorts of hams and bacon from Galicia; sausages from Estremadura; oranges from Murcia; lemons, sweet and sour; citrons, and all other fruit of that family, rich in size and flavor; almonds, beans,

potatoes, greens of all kinds, figs, grain, and bread; fine poultry in abundance; and if you had a sweet tooth, the famous *turron de Alicante*, a confection of almonds and honey, which can be made nowhere else. Besides being plentiful, all things were so cheap, too, as to make it obvious that they were almost the free gift of nature. The new Plaza being unfinished, there was a plentiful lack of stalls, which the poor donkeys were made to supply. There they stood, immovable; their fore-feet tied together, by way of insurance against friskiness, their innocent noses only daring now and then a predatory incursion into the tempting neighborhood of a chance wisp of straw. Upon their patient backs hung the panniers of twisted rushes, in which they had brought their treasures from afar. Large carts—the bodies and covers of which were made of the same fabric (the rush), with wheels that might have served a water-mill—stood ranged along the walks; the yokes of stalwart oxen that belonged to them, giving good proof that beasts, as well as men, had share in nature's bounty. We saw a great many mules in Alicante: large, fine, and handsome, almost without exception. The *correo* which started as we went down one of the streets, was carried by a superb animal; decked, like a captain-general, with tufts of red worsted, and bearing a multitude of jingling bells besides. The post-boy, a rollicking, jockey-built fellow, clad in blue tights and leather leggings—with his *calañes* upon one side of his head, and the eternal *cigarrito* in one corner of his mouth—was perched on the mule, upon top of a portmanteau, and sundry box-like contrivances, looking as if they had been made on purpose to be trotted to pieces: on the principle of those Gothic castles you see in the cabinets of

gentlemen-chemists: nicely put together, to be demolished by electricity. The mule seemed to have a clear idea that any rapid movements on his part would put the mail in peril, so that, although the angry rider cracked his whip until the narrow streets were noisy with the echoes, not a jot beyond a gentlemanly walk could the considerate animal be made to move. Railways will improve the mails there, or, at all events, their speed. Give me the mule and the postboy, however, in preference to the magnetic telegraph, until some Franklin shall have fathomed those phenomena of electrical mystery, in virtue of which the wires become non-conductors, invariably, at the critical moments of mercantile speculation.

After we had made an unsuccessful attempt to gain entrance to the picture-gallery of the Marquis of Angolfa, the only lion left to us was the cigar-factory, belonging to the government, in which between three and four thousand women are said to be employed—a world of labor, surely, to end in smoke! Here, again, we were unfortunate. We saw the outside of the building, which was formerly the bishop's palace, but it was closed to strangers during the only hours at our disposal. We had no resource, therefore, but to dive into a *café* hard by the mole, wherein, if all unlike its magnificent Parisian namesakes, we found a cool *orchata* and pleasant shelter from the sultry air. The *mozo*, an unsophisticated substitute for the well-combed *garçon* of the Boulevards, was emphatically free and easy; for he brought us our refreshments, took our money, and then, as cosily as might be, sat down beside us, and put forth his sentiments, without being asked. As social relations exist in Europe, such a performance would have been rather singular, any where but in

Spain; yet the unobtrusive and native good-breeding of the man made it very natural. Philosophers may say what they please about the fitness of the Spaniards to become republicans, for there are many questions to be considered in that one. But so far as dignified equality in personal intercourse can go; a free and manly bearing—full of self-respect and deference for others—exacting consideration from the superior in rank and fortune, in return for the consideration that is rendered him—if, indeed, any thing can be said to be exacted which seems spontaneously given—in this perfect republicanism of manner—this levelling up, instead of down—it seems to me that the Spaniards have incomparably the advantage of any people that I know. With the Alicantese, manner must come by nature; for they seem to be a plain, hard-working people, generally, with few advantages, beyond good health and constitutional gaiety. They do not lack taste, however, for they are building a beautiful theatre, with a Doric front, which is to accommodate fifteen hundred people. The neat little Glorieta was deserted by the promenaders during the unseasonable hours that we passed in the city, so that we had but little opportunity of seeing the wealthier classes. They were wise to keep within doors, if they could afford it, for now, at last, I had no difficulty in feeling the proximity of the sun. In the hot months, Alicante must be intolerable. The glare from the houses and hills, even thus early in the spring, was almost parching. At the fountains, thirsty-looking people were catching water in large earthen jars, and there were crowds of the ever-useful donkeys, pacing from house to house, with panniers well loaded with the same, or waiting patiently before the doors, while their drivers distributed the

refreshing cargo. These things; the complexion of the people, and their light and loose costume; the heavy matting shading the balconies; the low, close, grated, latticed windows; the flat, terraced roofs; and the palm-trees, waving very much as if at home, upon the plain to the south of the city; all began to remind me of what I had read and heard of Moorish life and manners, and the relics they had left in the Peninsula.

It was late at night before we left Alicante. A custom-house launch kept watch and ward close by us: and as, now and then, a stray felucca came creeping into port, we could hear the summons and answer, which inquired and told their comings and their goings. Whether our respectable commander had or had not any little private contraband to manage, I will not presume to say. Such things, they hint, are done by steamers, as well as meaner craft, and there was an expression of interest, now and then, in our skipper's face, as he looked at the *guarda-costa*, which indicated a decided sense of inconvenience from her proximity. As for the passengers, we were unanimous in thinking that star-light was the proper light for Alicante to be seen in. Back in the centre of the arc which the coast here forms, the little city twinkled like a colony of fire-flies. The *faro* flung a stream of brilliancy upon the water; and, dim seen in the transparent air, the ranges of receding hills and the masts of the vessels in the roads made up a picture, none the less beautiful because it was almost all in shadow. Most interesting to us, however, was a bold, fine headland, which cleft the horizon in the direction we were to travel. Around it, at last, we wended our way toward Cartagena.

CHAPTER VI.

Cartagena—The Arsenal and Harbor—Gypsies—Appearance and Habits of the People—Almeria—Ballad of Count Arnaldos—Spanish Boatmen—Heat of the Weather—Cathedral—Dismantled Convent—Beggars—Morals of Almeria—The Bride and the Captain of Carbineers—The Mountains of Granada—Sunset—Mediterranean Captains.

AS the fog lifted itself the next morning, it disclosed the superb harbor of Cartagena, where we were at anchor. We were in a circle, three-fourths of whose circumference was composed of hills, some of them high enough to be called mountains, and coming, in many places, perpendicularly down to the sea. The entrance to the harbor was the other fourth, and outside, in front of that, was a bluff, low island, a magnificent breakwater to this finest of natural basins. On every hill-top was a fortification. In front lay the city—seeming much smaller than in reality it was—with its superb sea-wall, and massive defences, high over all of which rose an old ruined keep, with square towers, said to have been Roman, Gothic, Moorish, and Spanish, by turns, and to have been dismantled, at last, by the all-subverting French. Along the esplanade, to the right, as we faced the city, was the fine Marine School, a spacious, tasteful, and appropriate edifice—now, alas! without students. Hard by it was the extensive Hospital, happily without patients. Far to the left, we could see the entrance

to the famous Arsenal, which, with its long line of buildings, filled up that segment of our view. After breakfast, we were rowed ashore. A visit to the *Comandante* was very politely received, and a permission readily granted for us to visit the Arsenal. On our arrival at the gate, a guard presented himself as our cicerone, and we wandered with him for an hour or two about the spacious and magnificent, but now solitary precincts. A small schooner and a brig undergoing repairs, were the only representatives of the once proud navy of Spain. A hundred soldiers, two hundred sailors, and about a hundred workmen, were (our guide told us) the only tenants of the lonely place. Every thing was of the past; the immense basin, "capable of holding a fleet, with fifty feet water;" the fine docks, wet and dry; the stupendous masonry; the heavy bronze bolts, hinges, and rings; the extensive and solid edifices, bore ample and unequivocal testimony to wealth and power gone by. Of late years (as an English officer, long upon the station, whom I met afterward, informed me), great improvements have been made, or rather the progress of decay has been very materially arrested. Repairs were going on at the time of our visit. Every thing out of doors was cleanly and in good order; and it was obvious that the *Comandante*, who is said to be a man of energy, was doing his best to preserve so conspicuous a monument of his country's palmier days. Yet the shops and barracks were very desolate; the armories empty, with the exception of a few old, worthless weapons; and in the long store-houses and ammunition-rooms, and the wide parks, there was a beggarly array of old chains, anchors, shot, and disconsolate-looking guns, hardly worth the labor that would be needed to remove

their rust. I gathered a few little flowers from between the stones of a deserted court, as a memorial of the "Armada's pride and spoils of Trafalgar."

Returning through the town, we stopped at a café to take a *naranjada*, which is so popular a beverage here, and while our hostess was squeezing the fresh, juicy oranges to make it, a group of gypsies before the door attracted our attention. It was the first time I had seen any of the tribe, and I felt that curiosity in regard to them, which all who have read Mr. Borrow's romance of *The Zincali*, can readily understand. Those before us were all women. Their dark olive complexions, high cheek-bones, and peculiar profiles distinguished them so strikingly from the rest of the female population, that we might have known their name and nation without asking. They were comely heathen, both in face and form, and their gay and gaudily flounced *sayas* were not long enough to impede the graceful action of their limbs, or obstruct the public inspection of their ankles. Each had an infant in her arms; for as Sir Edward Coke hath said of the learned followers of the law, that "for a special blessing, few or none of them die *intestatus et improles*, without will or without child," so of the *Gitano*, most lawless though he be, it may with equal truth be predicated, that though seldom testamentary, or troubled with large assets, he generally leaves heirs lineal; and his spouse rarely visits the glimpses of the day, without a pledge or two in arms. We made a move toward having our fortunes told, but the brown dames were not communicative, and we continued our stroll.

The principal church, which we visited, had nothing remarkable. In the streets we saw a still more Andalusian-like

population than that of Alicante. The *calañes* was more jaunty, and more prodigal of top-knots. The gay, bright *manta* with many tassels, and the short vest with buttons of silver filagree, were very general. The boatmen were more full of life and humor than any we had seen. They sang heartily, and their songs had more of the

"Yo que soy contrabandista,"

in style and sentiment, than any we had heard farther north. There were no longer any traces of the Limousin or its kindred enormities of dialect. A soft and musically-lisped corruption of the Castilian had succeeded.

Having returned from our walk, to the landing-place, we called a boat, and crossed the harbor to the little suburb of Santa Lucia, in the neighborhood of which, upon the summit of a hill, we found the ruins of a circular building which we were curious to visit, as it had formed a quite conspicuous object from other points. Our boatmen said it was "the Moorish Hermitage," but it had nothing of Moorish in either style or construction. Be that as it may, however, we had from its side an enchanting view of the harbor and its mural crowns, the city with its gray towers and battlements and the arsenal mirrored in its green basin. Hedges of the prickly pear crossed and recrossed the plains about the town. Groups of fig-trees were green in their places, and here and there a beautiful palm rose, lofty and alone, in the sun. Along the line of country which led up from the city toward the interior, posted, as if in battle array, stood an army of Don Quixote's windmill-giants, waving their broad arms fiercely to the hills. Sea and land, trees and shipping,

sky and mountain, city and castles, all did their best for us that day; but we were ungrateful, and lost sight of them in the distance, before the shades of evening had quite gathered round them.

Next morning, we were in the harbor of Almeria. What a thing steam is! Every one who is familiar with Mr. Lockhart's charming paraphrases of the Spanish ballads, will remember the story of the Count Arnaldos, which he tells so gracefully. It was St. John's-day morning, as the legend goes, and the count was flying his falcon on the shore, when he beheld a splendid galley gliding toward him, with silken sails all spread. Upon her deck there was a mariner—no other than the blessed Baptist, as it seems—who chanted as he came, and that so wondrously, that the very waves grew calm, and the sea birds paused in air, while the fish came up to listen. The song, as Lockhart sings it, was one of triumph—

"False Almeria's reefs and shallows
* * * * *
All, my glorious galley mocks!"

The original is in a different spirit, rather of prayer than pride:

"*Galera—la mi galera*
Dios te me guarde de mal,
De los peligros del mundo,
Sobre aguas de la mar,
De los llanos de Almeria," &c.

which *verbatim* and with trifling transposition, reads thus:

"Galley! my galley!
God guard me thee from ill,
From the perils of the world,

On the waters of the sea;
From the shoals of Almeria," &c.

But take it either way—what, in the old time, it asked a saint to pray for, and wrought miracles on fish and fowl to hear, our skipper had accomplished, in the dark, without any thing extraordinary said or sung—albeit, in his composition there was not a scruple of sanctity to the hundred-weight, and neither gull nor gudgeon would have paused to listen, had he charmed never so wisely. What a story the Count Arnaldos would have made of it, if he had seen his ancient mariner steering a steamboat!

If Almeria has reefs and shallows, we were inside them, for we were at anchor in the open roads, a little to the south of the town. Not far from us, lay two or three English vessels, on which a trig Spanish war-steamer kept a sharp lookout. A schooner with the Neapolitan flag, and a few small craft were all the rest of the shipping, so that if Almeria has much trade, it is clear we were not there in the busy season. A long and rugged hill shut out the whole of the back country from our view, except where, to the north and east, a wide plain disclosed the distant range, which ends at the sea-coast with the bold headlands of the *Cabo de Gata*. The town lies at the bottom of a steep declivity, upon the crest of which, the old Moorish Alcazaba, now quite a Christian-looking fortress, keeps watch and ward. The space between the fort and the buildings of the town was covered with an unsightly plantation of the prickly pear, a useful plant no doubt—for it furnishes food and lodging to the cochineal insect, which is becoming an important article on this part of the coast—but certainly adding no charms to the landscape which rejoices in

it. Upon the rough ungenial hill-side, just in front of us, there was no vegetation, except where a few scattered patches of *esparto* had found scant room to grow. This plant—the Spanish rush—not only enters into multitudes of fabrics here, but answers for fuel as well. Long trains of mules, with loads of it well dried, were creeping down the narrow winding road to the lead smelting furnaces, several of which were sending up their white smoke from below.

After breakfast, the boatmen claimed their prey as usual. It is a pleasant change for travellers, from the Italian to the Spanish boatmen. Not only are their little craft larger and more tidy, but they are themselves formed into a sort of company, with common interests, and any or all of them are ready, at any time, to take you to shore or ship at the tariff price, a *peseta* (twenty cents) the round trip. This arrangement I found in many of the ports; and even where it did not exist, I escaped altogether the pulling, hauling, and persecution, of which, among the Italian Philistines, I have disagreeable reminiscences. We landed at the pile of stones which represents, though it can hardly have been intended for, a pier, and wandered through a narrow street, up to the body of the town. It was Sunday, and the weather bright, so that all the population were abroad. Crowds of peasants had come to market, and it was pleasant to see their universal cleanliness of attire. The short, loose, kilt-looking frock, white gaiters, and well bleached shirt, girded with the red sash, and only half-concealed by the bright *manta*, gave token that summer's heat was coming. In the gardens, of which there are a good many within the town and close around it, the trees were generally in full leaf; the fig-tree, especially,

being both abundant and very green. Not a bird was silent that could call a note his own. The water-carriers praised and sold their cool draughts to many customers, whom the sun seemed to have taught their value. The palm trees, recently robbed of their leaves for Palm Sunday's service, looked as if clad lightly to suit the season. Even the mules, whom the gipsy *trasquiladores* were shearing about the market-places, seemed as if they were having their coats taken off, in obedience to the many warnings that summer was nigh. The plain little *alamedas* or public walks, of which there are three, though altogether without ornament, were still attractive from their luxurious shade, and their long lines of stone benches, on which you might coolly recline and enjoy it.

Obviously, from its situation, Almeria is a city of great heats. It is built, as one would imagine an African town to be. Some of the streets and houses are wider and finer than, from the sea-view, you would think possible; but still, most of the former are very narrow, and the houses are generally low, often of but one storey, with large grated windows down on the very street; balconies hung with matting and lined with flowers, and an interior court, sometimes seen through an outer grating, and inviting you to stop and covet its cool fountain and refreshing verdure and blossoms. We visited the Cathedral, which has a very respectable Gothic interior, though obstructed by an immense choir of massive stone, and disfigured by statuary in the worst conceivable taste. Some exquisite carvings, in dark wood, above the stalls of the choir, are attributed to Alonzo Cano, and are very miracles of art. A venerable monument, bearing the effigy of some long-departed prelate, of the family of Vilala, adorns one of the

aisles. He has a marble dog sleeping at his feet, and another upon his heraldic bearings. Many great people, whose tombs I have seen, have preferred to rest their feet upon couchant lions. The good bishop, here, had better taste. What more natural, than that when the shepherd sank to rest, his dog should lie down before him? From the Cathedral, we went to another church, the name of which was not worth remembering. In a third, belonging to one of the suppressed convents, we found a horse, stabled in a side chapel. The convent, itself, was a barrack. If piety and propriety were not strong enough to save the temple, some compassion might have been felt for the work of art. There were some fine arches in that church, for the preservation of which, even a poor government might have been extravagant enough to build a hay-loft. Henry VIII. and Cromwell gave bad examples, ill-followed here, where the church and altar are still held as sacred.

In our walk, we were pursued and persecuted by a crowd of beggars, boys and girls, against whom the church gave no privilege of sanctuary, for they followed us into the very choir of the Cathedral, despite the wrath of the sacristan, and when driven out at one door, came back through another, each seeming to bring with him, every time, seven ragged devils more. One of my companions, whose nearest approach to Spanish was an assortment of not very choice Italian, bestowed upon them such maledictions as he had, but they seemed rather to like that, and only followed us the more noisily therefor. A trifling tribute, to the amount of a few *cuartos*, which we paid by way of compromise, had no effect but to make the rascals greedier; and when I endeavored, in moderate Castilian, to

convince them that going away quietly was more agreeable than being kicked, they appeared delighted that the *Ingleses* could understand them, and redoubled their solicitations accordingly. Through the town then, wherever we went, our motley escort went also, led on by a gorgon-headed lad, whose face was loathsome from disease, and a precious scamp, some ten years old, whose solitary vestment was a fragment of blanket, twisted round his shoulders, and falling so peculiarly about the rest of his person, that if

> "Nature's dress
> Was loveliness,"

he rivaled Nora Creina. While we were taking our *naranjada* at the café, they kept guard at the door, and when we started again, they surrounded us, screaming and dancing like mad. Happily, however, they became too numerous at last to be of one mind, and, as the prospect of donations grew slim, the idea of monopoly became stronger. Accordingly, they relieved us by commencing to throw stones at each other, and at this critical moment some gypsy women passing, came to our rescue, and spake their minds, which, judging from the specimen, must have been rather perverted. Under cover of this diversion we made our escape, and were not overtaken, until far down the sea-wall, on our return to the ship. When we arrived at the beach, and they found that they were to get nothing, they pretty unanimously rolled over on the sand, and we left them lying in the sun, apparently as happy as if they had seen Felicity personified, in the shape of a *peseta*.

I mention the whole incident, because it was the only occasion during my stay in Spain, on which I was incommoded, for more than a moment, by the beggars.

I was sorry to hear afterward, that what the gypsies had said of the rising generation of Almeria, was too true to be made a jest of. There is a certain oriental freedom of manners there, according to all accounts, which interferes sadly with the number of "wise children."

When our steamer again lighted her fires to be off, we were sorry to miss from the ship's company a sweet little bride, who had joined us, with her lord and master, the day before. Her mother came on board with her, and their parting was tearful and tender enough; but, alas! such are brides all the world through—though it was nigh sunset before we left Cartagena, her eyes were as bright and dry as ever, before twilight was over! I would not say so ill-natured a thing upon slight foundation, but there can be no doubt about it; for the eyes in question were pleasant to look upon, and there were several on board who took particular notice of them. With the newmarried couple was a sprightly and somewhat enterprising bridesmaid, who, with great good sense, left her charges to console each other, and bestowed her own agreeable conversation on a preux chevalier, a captain of carbineers, belonging to the party. The captain, unhappily, had made up his mind, or had a presentiment, that he should be sea-sick, and though the sea was as smooth as Loch Katrine, when Fitz-James' bugle woke its echoes, he turned pale, at the first movement of the engine, and, buttoning to the throat, refused to be comforted. But, though unable to be gallant, he did his best to be civil to strangers. Taking my companions, who sate near him, to be English, he said, with a bow, "*Vmdes. son Ingleses. Yo quiero mucho á los Ingleses.*"—(You are English. I like the English very much). "We

are Americans, at your service," was the reply. With as much composure, as if he had intended from the first to say it, he rejoined, "*Tambien!*" (also!) and relapsed, with another bow, into his qualmish silence. Any body but a Spaniard would probably have felt himself bound by courtesy to beg their pardon, for having supposed that they were people whom he liked.

We left Almeria quite early in the afternoon, and the smoke was curling, white, abreast of us, from the furnaces of Adra, as evening closed, for the first time with me, upon the storied hills of Granada. Far inland, but full in our view, and red with the glory of a matchless sunset, rose the snowy summits of the Sierra Nevada, proud *Mula-hacen* towering above them all. From peak to peak of the nearer *Alpuxarras*, light and shadow chased each other, down to the very borders of the sea. Upon one noble mountain a white cloud was gathered, resembling a castle wonderfully, and shifting its fantastic towers and battlements with every moment of the waning day. It was the very hour so famous in romance and song.

> "There was crying in Granada, when the sun was going down,
> Some calling on the Trinity—some calling on Mahoun!"

The sea was tranquil; the twilight, of the loveliest and softest; and there was every thing in air, and sky, and prospect, and association, to fill the moment with delight, and furnish food for pleasant dreams. Our company enjoyed the scene, each after his peculiar fashion. The tall, mysterious Frenchman, who had been studying Spanish literature, all the afternoon, out of a translation of the opera of the *Lombardi*, laid down his volume, lifted up his eyebrows and mustache, and said

with emphasis and an air of discovery, to the Italian by his side—"*Que c'est fort beau!*" The Italian, who, for his part, had been preparing for his Spanish excursion by reading the History of the Coronation of Charles V. at Bologna, ceased for a moment from his labors and exclaimed, "*Sicuro!*" as if he meant it. The merry Andalusians let flag the jest they had been passing all day long, and one of them in an exulting tone, that I could well excuse, cried out to me—"*Solo en España se vé eso!*" (That thing is only to be seen in Spain). I did not dispute it, but abstained from patriotism and Niagara, and I know not how far we should have gone into raptures together, had not our burly captain felt it his duty to contribute his mite of sentiment. Unhappily, in common with all other captains of steamers on the Mediterranean, he had the gift of speaking all known languages at once, and no one in particular,[1] at any time. The first burst of his enthusiasm, therefore, was sufficient to exorcise all our enchanted Moors, and, with a shout of laughter, we came back to common things.

[1] I remember an amusing incident, illustrative of this peculiarity, which happened on board the *Mongibello*, a capital steamer, running from Marseilles to Naples. We were leaving the former port, in pretty heavy weather, with the wind strongly ahead, when a crowd of vessels, coming in with great rapidity, rendered our exit through the narrow neck of the harbor a matter of some difficulty and danger. We had already had several slight collisions, and had been paddling backward and forward, nearly an hour. Our captain, a Neapolitan by birth, but quite a Babylonian in tongues, had exhausted almost all his oaths and patience, and when, at last, a fair opportunity presented, of shooting directly out to sea, his orders were misunderstood in the confusion, and there was an unaccountable delay. He stamped and swore again, insanely, and as the English engineer thrust his head through the hatches to hear better, he fairly roared to him, "*Santo diavolo! entendez vous! go ahead!*"

CHAPTER VII.

Malaga—Its Appearance from the Water—The Citadels—The Alameda—Defacing Public Monuments—Westminster Abbey—Greenough's Washington—The Cathedral of Rouen and the Swiss—Coaches—Streets—Moonlight Walks and Views—The Torres.

I WAS awakened, next morning, by the rough voice of a *carabinero*, directing me to get my baggage in readiness, if I intended it to be landed that day. My companions were already in a barge alongside, and I made what haste I could to go through the usual martyrdom with them. We were all landed together, and went in procession to the Custom-house, in a hollow square of portmanteaus and hat-boxes, with porters, boatmen, and officials on the flanks and in the rear. The ordeal, however, was far less impertinent than it threatened to be, for we were dismissed with politeness and convenient dispatch, and soon found ourselves "in clover," in the admirable *Fonda de la Alameda*. Before the day was over, I had renewed so many old acquaintances and formed so many pleasant new ones, that I felt more at home than I had imagined possible, so very far away. My mind was soon made up, therefore, to let the *Barcino* go upon her way without me.

Malaga has nothing very remarkable in its buildings, generally; and lying, as it does, upon a slip of land between the mountains and the sea, is dwarfed by the commanding emi-

nences which frown so immediately over it. Nevertheless it is a striking city, and has many elements of beauty. Far out in the harbor, upon the extremity of the fine mole, there stands a graceful tower, looking almost too picturesque for the practical uses of a light-house. High up the lofty hill upon the right, as you enter the port, you see the hoary ruins of the *Alcazaba*, a Moorish citadel, from which, between two massive walls skirting the ascent, a way leads further up, as in the olden time, to the still loftier and more majestic fortress, called the *Gibalfaro*. These bold and solid keeps are intimately connected with the story of a gallant siege, and one of the gallantest defences in all the Moorish wars. You can almost fix upon the very tower, from which the Gomeles hung out the captured banner of the Marquis of Cadiz, to mock him, while Ferdinand and Isabella were feasting in his camp. With quite as much of certainty, perhaps, as you point, often, to the scenes of sober history, you can select, if you are fanciful, the very battlements on which stood Hamet el Zegri and the dervish, when the spells were woven which were to confound the Christian hopes. If you have leisure and are not easily fatigued, you may climb the same narrow, winding ways, up which the captives all went, sorrowing, when the victory was won. Rugged and dilapidated enough they are: lined with wretched hovels, which lean against the yet stanch old walls, and are inhabited by the very refuse of the population. Here and there you will pass a sentinel, as you go under a tall horse-shoe arch, which rests, perhaps, upon some shabby fragment of a Roman column, and is lighted by the little lamp which burns before an humble shrine. Ever and anon you reach a salient point, from

which you have a glimpse of the white city and the Vega, flanked by the mountains, and inclining gently toward the sea. You wonder, when you reach the *Alcazaba*, how it was possible for the thousands of captives to have been gathered, as the chronicles assert, within the space you see around you; but when you gaze at the brightness and beauty of the land upon which they looked, as they went forth to bondage and exile, you cease to wonder that they should have wept, with the bitterness of which the legends tell.

Toward the western part of the city, the charming Alameda runs from the quay up to the *Guadalmedina*, which divides the city proper from the suburbs. This river is said to be a very respectable one, in its season; when I was in Malaga, it rejoiced in little else than a capacious bed of dry stones. The Alameda is between four and five hundred yards in length. At the extremity nearest the sea, there is a graceful marble fountain, which, as Ford reports, was presented to Charles V., by the republic of Genoa. Its nudity shows more of the Italian taste, than its excellence of the Italian chisel. At the upper end of the walk, another fountain flows from the centre of a sweet little inclosed garden. Communicating with this, and fed by it, are small canals which pass down the side of the Alameda, nourishing the trees and flowers that give it shade and fragrance. The central promenade is broad and fine. Busts of gods and goddesses, upon pedestals of marble, stand in the spaces between the trees, the whole length of the Alameda, and although not Phidian exactly, they would still be ornamental, were it not that rude hands have anticipated time, and made so free with their celestial noses, that they rival the forlorn Roman emperors you see so often in classic

galleries, and might even be compared to the best mutilations extant, in France, or Westminster Abbey, or among our own republican iconoclasts.

It is an idea, by-the-by, very prevalent with us, at home, that the taste for defacing public monuments is an American peculiarity. It certainly is one of our weaknesses. The last time that I saw Greenough's colossal Washington, in the garden of the Capitol, some irreverent heathen had taken the pains to climb up and insert a large "plantation" cigar between the lips of the *pater patriæ*, while another had amused himself with writing some stanzas of poetry, in a style rather more popular than elegant, upon a prominent part of the body of the infant Hercules, who is strangling serpents, in relief, upon the lower part of the work. I could not help thinking, at the time, that if Washington had looked less like the Olympic Jove, and more like himself, not even the vagabond who perpetrated the trick of the cigar, would have dared or dreamed of such a desecration. That, however, is a matter of taste, and such people are not apt to be either patriotic or critical. It is a great mistake, nevertheless, to suppose that such things are at all peculiar to the United States. They meet you, frequently, in England, although the care which is taken of public monuments should tend to prevent a result which our shameless neglect of the few we have, would almost seem to invite. Not content with having taken off, in the flesh, the head of poor Mary Queen of Scots, they now show you the marble effigy upon her tomb, in Westminster Abbey, minus several of its fingers. Nor does she lack abundant company, of royal and noble noses pointless, cracked heads and hands and toes, in all the chapels. Many of these muti-

lations, however, may have been the inevitable result of time and accident, while others may have been the legacy of those good days when royalty was unpopular in England, and when, as afterward in France, to bruise a prince's statue was as sure a mark of republicanism, as to violate and destroy a sanctuary was of orthodoxy in religion. It may be doubted, however, whether the omission of Cromwell's image in the new Parliament House, or the exhibition of the tombs at Westminster for "sixpence, sir!" gives any token of a better spirit. In the superb Cathedral of Rouen, some of the finest of the monuments bear sad traces of the first revolution. The Swiss who showed us all the lions there, conducted us, after long wandering, to a niche, within which is the tomb of Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, whose conversion to Christianity, and baptism, make so large a figure in the history of the cathedral, and of Normandy itself. The Swiss waxed very eloquent, as he went over his story, for the thousandth time, and then turning to the statue, which was rude enough, in all conscience, and had a mended nose, he said, "*La voilà qui est tout antique, moins le nez, qui a été restitué.*" A witty Frenchman in our company instantly rejoined, "*C'est-à-dire qu'il est deux fois nez (né)!*"

But let us return to the Alameda. It has side-roads for horsemen and carriages, entirely independent of the streets proper which skirt the outside. These last are well paved, but the Alameda and its appurtenances are of hard, smooth earth, well watered, and kept level and in perfect order. Little shops or booths are scattered here and there alongside the walk; and before each there is a lighted rope's end, which burns for the benefit of wandering smokers. All

day long there were loungers sitting and lying on the stone benches; and now and then a listless, melancholy pedestrian, with his big cloak about him, though it were mid-day, would stroll along, taking the *fresco* lazily. Malaga, however, is too brisk and busy a place for much of the *dolce far niente;* and there was usually no throng, except on feast-days, until the evening had well-nigh set in. Then, by degrees, the graceful, trim mantillas would appear more and more frequently, until the walk was gay, and the sound of pleasant conversation rising to my window, would tempt me to join one of the cheerful groups, and breathe the fresh air which came down sweetly from the mountains. Times have changed in Malaga since the visit of our countryman Mackenzie. The "pervading poverty," of which he speaks, as depriving the Alameda of horses and equipage, was no longer conspicuous when I was there; for many a gallant *ginete* spurred his well-trained charger round, and a fair face would occasionally shine forth upon you, from the window of a handsome modern vehicle. The splendid coach, built in the city of Baltimore for President Harrison, and purchased by a wealthy and estimable family in Malaga, bore its part, frequently, in the procession of the evening. Unluckily, however, the streets of Malaga are so Moorishly narrow and crooked, and the roads about the town so rugged and precipitous, that riding for pleasure or business is out of the question; and this, rather than the lack of taste or means, makes vehicles less numerous than they would be, were they not thus exclusively a thing for show. As twilight drew toward its waning, the promenaders would gradually retire, with the myriads of twittering martlets that filled the air by daylight, and by the time it was full

night, only a few men would remain. Then the pleasantest time (save only in the matter of mantillas) would commence; for, whether by moon or starlight, the sky was beautiful, the air transparent, always, and there was vigor in the freshening breeze, and music in the distant dashing of the sea. At right angles with the principal Alameda, and running from its upper extremity, there is a lesser one, not long constructed, called the *Alameda de los tristes.* It was but little frequented, and, in the silent hours, was sad enough to deserve its name. It went down to the very shore, where there was a little fort or rampart, commanding a cove extremely convenient for contraband, and there was, in consequence, a sentinel always on guard. The first night that I approached his sacred precincts, I was with some friends, and entirely unaware of the existence of the post. We were suddenly startled, by the gleaming of a firelock in the moonlight, and the quick cry, "*Quien va?*" One of my companions instantly replied, "*España!*" to which the sentry most characteristically rejoined, "*Me hace vmd. favor de un tabaco, caballero?*" (Will you favor me with a cigar, sir?) The boon was granted, and we had the freedom of the little citadel, with its full sweep of view over the glancing waters; no trifling pleasure, to be so cheaply purchased, and one which I was careful, afterward, not to forego, on opportunity.

But my chief place of resort to enjoy the beauty of the late evenings, was the *torre,* or observatory of the Fonda. All the houses of any pretension, in Malaga, and, indeed, in most of the Andalusian cities, have their *torres.* Much can not be said, generally, for them, in point of architecture, for they are mostly but square turrets, with pointed roofs, and a little

weathercock or some conical ornament on top; but they give a pleasing variety to the outline of the buildings, and their checkered and shining tiles, of different colors, have a quaint and ancient look. They show, besides, a commendable appreciation of fine prospect and fresh air, and are treasures for a quiet lounge, or chat, or reverie. I remember, upon one evening, especially, that I went up to our *torre*, at a somewhat later hour than it became an invalid to be watching. The great bell of the Cathedral rang eleven, as I first looked out. A quiet freshness came from the land-side, which made me draw my cloak about me, though there was not breeze enough to make a rustling among the leaves. The light-house on the mole appeared to be keeping the moon company, and the stars twinkled busily—undimmed, it seemed to me, even by the flood of light which was over all things. The rest of the picture was in slumber, from the heavy Cathedral tower—sleepy-looking enough at mid-day—to the broad, unrippled sea, the shadowy-tinted Vega, and the dark brown distant mountains, with their crests of snow. Suddenly a party of carbineers, horse and foot, on scent of contraband, tramped heavily and rapidly across the Alameda, and then the sound of their measured tread died as speedily away. A watchman, with his spear and a little lamp (to see the moonshine, I suppose), cried "*Ave Maria purithima!*" and told the hour; and, as he hushed his droning, drowsy call, a watch-dog, far away upon the Vega, seemed to take it up more musically, and mingled his low, deep baying with the solemn whisper of the waves. It was a night, of all others, to take the fairies out to dance: but thoughts of nerves that might dance, to a less pleasant tune, next morning, sent me, unwillingly, to bed, just at the witching time.

CHAPTER VIII.

Commerce of Malaga—Manufactures—Heredia's Works—Iron Foundry—Spanish Iron and Coal—Clay Figures—The Fonda de la Alameda—American and European Hotels—Travellers to Granada—Fellow-lodgers—The Irish Parson—English and Continental Manners—Spanish Cookery—Rides about the Hills—The Retiro—Villa of the Prussian Consul—Calesas and Bombés—Torre Molino.

IF there be any city, in the world, which sits under its own vine and fig-tree, it is Malaga. From time immemorial, as every body knows, it has lived by fig, wine, and grape. Any one who is curious to know how its customs, in such matters, can be traced back, through the Phœnicians, to Isaiah and holy Job, will find the subject satisfactorily expounded, in Mr. Ford's Hand-book. Simple readers will be satisfied that there may be worse places than Malaga, for those who relish the good things of the earth, when they are informed that the green grape, which, of late years, has grown from a luxury into a necessary, in the United States, is the least prized at home of all the products of the vine. Unhappily, the finer and more delicate sorts will not bear transportation, so that we can never have an opportunity of testing, fairly, so serious a question. During the *vendeja*, or vintage-time, the city is filled with men, women, and children, from the country round, who are busy, day and night, in bringing to

market, packing and shipping, the generous crop. The harbor, meanwhile, is thronged with vessels of all sorts, from all fruit-loving countries, and no one is permitted to eat idle bread. The largest and finest raisins, until within a few years past, went almost exclusively to England, John Bull being willing to pay more than his neighbors for his grapes, as well as the juice of them. Lately, some few have made their way to the United States, where, it is not to be doubted, they will be more and more sought after, there being so little comparison between the common and superior kinds, as to make them almost seem different fruit. When the *vendeja* is over, business subsides into quiet channels, where it flows, less rapidly, but still not lazily, until Bacchus reels around with his good gifts once more.

Of late years, much attention has been given in Malaga to manufactures, and they now begin to be a matter of important consideration. There is a large and prosperous iron foundry, upon the beach to the right of the harbor; and the tall chimney of the extensive establishment, upon the other side of the city, is one of the most conspicuous objects as you go in from sea. I had thought, at first, that the last mentioned works were devoted exclusively to the manufacture of iron; but having an opportunity of visiting them shortly after my arrival, I was surprised to see the extent and variety of the purposes, to which a very heavy capital was applied. Don Manuel Heredia, one of the principal proprietors, an intelligent and cultivated gentleman, did me the favor to accompany me through the establishment. A large and well appointed factory of coarse cottons and linens, though but a few months in operation, employed some six or seven hundred artists. The

iron foundry, occupying, at times, four or five hundred people, was complete in all the appliances needful for the smelting of the metal, and its manufacture into wire, tin blocking, and fine castings. Then there were chemical works, on an extensive scale, with all buildings and apparatus in the best style, and on the most approved modern principles. The machinery was mostly of British manufacture, and the chief engineer, and some of the superintendents of the different branches, were English. The operatives were all natives, and it was some time before I could be reconciled to seeing the jaunty jacket and *sombrero calañes*, so unromantically occupied among the looms and furnaces. Don Manuel informed me that they found the people both willing to labor and apt to learn. The wages they received were so much higher than the ordinary rate of compensation among the working classes, that there was no difficulty in securing, always, as many hands as the establishment required. The iron ore comes from Marbella, where the Heredias have likewise an extensive foundry, and with these and their lead furnaces at Adry, they give employment to upward of two thousand people. Their establishments have, too, I learn, been largely increased since my visit. From the high price of fuel, and the difficulty of obtaining it, together with the necessarily heavy outlay in founding a new branch of industry, it is conceded that these establishments require, as certainly they deserve, the protection of the government against foreign competition. Captain Widdrington however mentions, that, on one occasion, the Heredias, being unable to complete a large contract, imported two thousand tons of iron from England, as a substitute, and suffered a serious loss, from the inferiority of the foreign article to their own. It would

seem, from this, that the Spanish manufacture might readily be made to take care of itself, within a reasonable period. Indeed there could be no doubt of it, if active and judicious measures were adopted for the proper working of the immense coal-beds of the Asturias, and the other mines of that necessary fuel, with which the Peninsula is so well provided. The iron mines of Marbella are inexhaustible, and produce from seventy to eighty per cent. of the very best metal. Catalonia and the northern provinces are equally fortunate in the possession of mines of the very best quality; and it needs only some little of ordinary energy and wisdom, on the part of the government and the people, to make the production of iron a source of the largest wealth and prosperity. A few more such men as Heredia the elder, would work miracles. He was self-made, and yet died enormously wealthy, after a life of great mercantile enterprise and success. A broad, black band, upon the chimney-tower of which I have spoken, marks its height upon the day of his death, which took place but a few months before my arrival in the country. There is to be an inscription upon it; but his best monument is to be found in the example he gave to his fellow-citizens, and the impulse he communicated to public industry, at a time when it was almost dead of inanition.

Malaga is indebted to Heredia, among other things, for a very pretty establishment, after the manner of the Passage Panorama, in Paris, called the *Pasage de Heredia*, and containing the finest shops in the city. It is there you find the best of the beautiful clay images, for which Malaga was first made famous by the celebrated sculptor Leon, whose descendants still carry on the manufacture. The rival establishment

of José Cubero is not far off. These works are not only remarkable, as delineations of costume, and illustrations of life and manners in Spain, but sometimes reach a very high point of art, in their composition and the perfection and finish of their details. Some of the equestrian figures are really of great merit, and there is now and then a group, from a bull-fight, which deserves a place in any collection. There is scarcely any more agreeable or graceful memorial of the Peninsula, for a traveller to take home with him; and I am surprised that they are not to be found more frequently in the United States, whither they can be carried with much facility and at very little cost.

The best houses in Malaga front upon the Alameda. Some of them are imposing and of admirable internal arrangement, with all the appliances of modern luxury and taste. They belong, principally, to wealthy merchants, whose offices, and generally their warehouses, are connected with their dwellings. I remember one very elegant mansion, almost in sight of the Custom-house, which is adorned with a superb interior stair-case, of white marble, every foot of which, as I was credibly informed, was smuggled! The *Fonda de la Alameda* is on the eastern side of the walk and about midway its length. It is a handsome building, with a fine portal, and large iron gates beautifully wrought at Seville. The central court is of creditable architecture and proportions, and there is a marble stair-case rising from it, which is in excellent taste, and came lawfully, I trust, into Malaga. The *Fonda* was established by a company, principally of young merchants, whom foreign education and travel had taught the necessity, for a commercial city, of some change in the hostelry-system of Spain.

The house had been opened but a month before my arrival, and was under the charge of Don Jorje Hodgson, an Englishman, a very courteous and obliging person, as I am happy to bear witness. It was arranged, to some extent, upon the American, rather than the European plan, having a table d'hôte, at which the guests might take all their meals, if they chose, and being provided, besides, with a large, public sitting-room. The comfort of this last is not a matter to be despised by a traveller, who having been unaccustomed, at home, to the number of storeys in which continental hotels rejoice, has waxed weary, often and over, at finding no medium between out-of-doors and his own apartment in the seventh heaven. The English have a place of reunion in their coffee-rooms—if that can be called reunion, where each man takes solemn and dumb counsel with his beef-steak, his sherry, and his newspaper—but, strangely enough, the more social people of the continent have not even that sad convenience, often, for looking at each other's faces. Many of their best houses have a table d'hôte dinner, if you like it, but, save at that meal, you only see what manner of men your fellow lodgers are, when you meet them on the long stair-ways, or as you go in and out, through the court. Such a system, of course, has its advantages, in privacy and independence. You are not, as you are generally compelled to be, with us, in the centre of a busy, bustling, talking, noisy crowd, every man of whom knows your name and business, or may know them at a moment's warning, and many of whom had as lief ask you about them, as not. You are quiet, and in some respects as if at home. But, nevertheless, a traveller has often need of other company than his own

jaded thoughts, or the people in the streets and theatres; and his inability to find it, both increases the number of his weary hours, and narrows the sphere of his enjoyment in quiet and useful observation. Every medal has its reverse.

At the Fonda, there was generally pleasant company. The steamer would bring travellers, twice or thrice a week, bound for Granada, and they most frequently passed the day with us. On their return, they would sometimes have to wait a day or two for an opportunity to embark, and they would be at the Fonda during that time. There was, besides, a small party of permanent lodgers, English and Irish, whom business or health had taken to that cheerful climate. They, and the wayfarers, generally frequented the public apartments, so that there was no lack of variety. At the head of the table, usually presided a young Irish parson, a near relative of a distinguished dignitary of the Irish Church. He was quite a clever person, and well educated, too, although, one day, when I was speaking of the Mississippi River, he asked me whether it was in the northern or southern part of "the States." I had not the luck to hear him, but he officiated, now and then, at the British consul's, and was, I was told, of excellent gifts in preaching. Being young, and choleric from individual as well as national temperament, he was the righter of wrongs and redresser of grievances, domestic and culinary, in the establishment; and if his reproofs of sins, in general, bore any proportion to those, with which he accommodated our cook and servants, occasionally, his efforts in the pulpit must have been as full of emphasis as unction. How often did the name of unhappy Antonio! (the chief waiter) echo through the dining-hall, as a prelude to the summoning of cook and

landlord, to answer the enormity of an under-done duck, or an over-done sirloin! How often did the astonished visitors, French and Spanish, lay down their forks and gaze with astonishment, at the reshipment of a heterodox ham back to its boiler, or the suspension of soup, in mid-service, until it should regain its lost caloric! Yet, out of office, our parson was a pleasant man, as were his companions who made their home in the Fonda; and, though they had still their island atmosphere about them, they had travelled enough to be social, communicative people: not unwilling to show, upon occasion, the intelligence and cordial, manly qualities in which their countrymen abound, though, when abroad, they usually seem so anxious to conceal them.

I could not avoid remarking, where people of so many nations constantly assembled, the strange contrast between the English reserve and self-monopoly, and the free civility of continental manners. One day, I remember, a Spanish gentleman dined with us, on his way to the interior. He was a quiet, well-bred man, but, as he happened to be the solitary addition to our regular company, there was less freedom and conversation than if the number of strangers had been larger. But few remarks were addressed to him, and after a very silent meal, he rose, rang the bell, paid his fare, and turning toward us, hat in hand, made his exit with a courteous bow. "Well," said our parson, as soon as the traveller had gone, "for all that these fellows are such savages, they certainly have the advantage of us in manners! Now an Englishman would have paid his fare, and as soon have thought of committing suicide, as making a bow to a company of strangers. He would have clapped his hat on, and turned his back on

us." "Of course he would," was the reply of one of the English of the party. "Of course he would, for no one would have expected him to do otherwise!" "Certainly not," added another; "if he had bowed to a table-full of people whom he did not know, they would have taken him to be crazy!" I could not avoid thinking, that, upon such a state of facts admitted, there was some room for doubt as to who were the "savages." My companions, nevertheless, conscientiously believed, that it was the essence of civilization to keep within their own shells.

The Fonda, besides being handsomely and conveniently arranged, was well supplied with excellent furniture, the manufacture of the place. In one particular, too, it would have gratified Mr. Dickens, whose amphibious habits found such little scope (he says) in the United States. I mean in the abundant supply of fine water, carried by pipes into the upper stories, and freely bestowed upon the guests and their chambers. There was a buxom, bright-eyed dame, rejoicing in the universal name, Antonia, who seemed especially charged with administering the hydropathic treatment to every thing washable about the establishment, except the fat face of the burly porter, below, whom my eyes once beheld bathing the same in a soup-plate! Antonia was always upon parade, with an armament of tubs and buckets, which her bare white arms were busy, emptying on every thing and, oftener than was pleasant, upon every body: but she always begged pardon, with such a bright smile and good-natured lisp and look, that it was not difficult to be reconciled to the inundation which was sure to follow, when you heard her shrill but merry song approaching. The major-domo, Antonio, was a "rock-scor-

pion," as they call the natives of Gibraltar, and he of course spoke English perfectly, besides having a respectable smattering of French; accomplishments of no mean importance in a country of whose language travellers seem, generally and upon principle, to have made up their minds to know nothing. Under Antonio's drill and interpretation, the domestics were made to understand and do the bidding of the guests, to a marvel; so that I can scarce recall a place where travellers were taken in more pleasantly. I do not know whether it was accident—sometimes I thought it was meant for a national compliment—but Antonio used, generally, to send upon my messages a coal-black, oily negro, as Virginia-looking as if he had been born under the "compromises of the Constitution." He was known throughout the establishment by the euphonious and polite appellation of "*el moreno*" or "the brown;" albeit the night, upon whose cheek the beauty of young Juliet hung, could never have been darker. "Tell the negro to come to me," said I, one day, to the fat hero of the soup-plate. "*El negro!*" was the reply—the short Andalusian jacket swelling with portly indignation—"*El negro! querrá su merced decir el moreno?*" (The negro! perhaps your worship means the brown?)

But something too much of the Fonda and its occupants—a trespass which will perhaps be excused, as it has not been without the charitable purpose of undeceiving those of our countrymen, who shrink from seeking the sweet renovating climate and charming scenes of Southern Spain, under the impression that Maritornes is still the presiding deity of its caravanseras, dispensing nothing but filth, discomfort, garlic, and privation. While on the subject, I may as well further

state, for the benefit of whom it may concern, that indulgence in the odoriferous vegetable just named is purely a voluntary thing, so far as my experience goes, for I had never the luck to have it served to me, in *fonda*, *venta*, or *ventorrillo*. Now and then, of course, among peasants, muleteers, and often better people, you would have savory evidence of its use; but the caterers for travellers have learned that strangers hold it no luxury, and they prepare their food accordingly. Even among the inhabitants themselves, I was told that garlic had grown decidedly less popular, and was subsiding fast, from a responsible and independent prominence of its own, like the philosophy in one of Bulwer's novels, into a well disguised sub-flavor, like the morality in the same. About banditti and robbers generally, who, next to garlic and popery, are the terror and the horror of Spain to most wayfarers, I may have occasion to speak hereafter.

The season of my first visit to Malaga was most appropriate for horseback exercise, and I availed myself, often, of a friend's kind guidance, to ride over many of the rugged but picturesque hills which encompass the city. My first excursion was upon the Granada road, which climbs the highest of the near mountains. The sun was rising, and the dew was heavy on the grass, as we cantered up, through throngs of busy market-people, who were just coming into town. About a mile and a half upon our journey, we turned, and the whole city and its valley lay in beautiful light and distinctness before us. Far off, in front, the sea rolled blue and bounding, with just sails enough visible to suit the quiet life of morning. Looming large above the city was the huge cathedral, which is a massive and imposing pile, whatever critics may say of its

details. The smoke, which ascended from the tower-like chimney of Heredia's furnace, contrasted darkly with the thin mists which still hung, here and there, around the battlements of the Gibal-faro. Upon the hills about us, through which our road was cloven, the fresh green vines were springing luxuriantly forth, with the first impulse of the spring. Around the vineyards, tall, formidable hedges of the prickly pear and the gigantic aloe were a terror to all trespassers; while, in every nook and corner, flowers of all hues and kinds—from the high nodding red poppy, to the humblest little creeping specks of blue, and white, and yellow—were making the rich sward beautiful. Here and there, upon a hill-side, far before us, or behind, was a little wood of olive-trees. Upon another, or in a meadow, or a green reach down below, were fragrant groves of oranges. The Guadalmedina, with a bold aqueduct stalking over its naked bed, crept along among the stones, with what water it could muster in the valley. Hard by the city, the *Campo-santo* sent up the bright-tiled dome of its little temple, among monuments half hid by mournful foliage. The country houses among the hills, occasionally surrounded by stiff, sad cypresses, were relieved by the cheerful pleasure-cottages nearer town, whose gardens were redolent of all the shrubs that know any thing of bloom or fragrance. Down the hills came muleteers, with their convoys in long trains, and now and then a straggling lad, with an armada of donkeys, gave "*buenos dias!*" or "*con Dios!*" as if he were an admiral. All wore the *calañes*, cocked jauntily, the crimson sash, the leather *botines* or leggins, wrought cunningly, and the sempiternal cloak, tossed into drapery, even by a clown, that would

make the fortune of a sculptor. I should not venture to say it, had not Mr. Ford said something like it; but the highest encomium I could pass upon the famous Aristides of the Neapolitan Museum, would be, to say, that he wears his cloak almost as gracefully as an Andalusian *majo*, at a merry-making or a fair.

The *Hermitas* or Hermitages, among the hills toward the rear of the city, on the left, were another attraction, those fine mornings. Nothing now remains of them, but a small chapel and some ruined walls, upon a little platform, high up and solitary, but of romantic situation and prospect. There could hardly be a sadder token of neglect and desolation, than the grass, grown rank upon the *era*, or "treading floor," as we very descriptively call it, in some parts of the United States. The ox that trod out the grain had been muzzled; the hermits were making their bread elsewhere. The road by which we went up, passing the large, deserted convent of *la Victoria*, becomes but a steep and rugged mule-path, as soon as it leaves the plain; but it winds among oranges, figs, and olives, with vine and grain fields, and many flowers. The views, down over the vega and thence to the city, the mountains, and the sea, were a beautiful variation of the picture of which I have already attempted to convey an idea. We met but few wayfarers among the rocks; but we were not solitary, for the peasants were toiling lustily, among the vines and olives. We have, at home, or at least I had, before I left it, some rather fanciful notions of vineyards and their beauty. I had imagined them, not, to be sure, "purple and gushing, at all seasons, but still fair enough, in far southern climates, to have always some traces of the luxuriance that becomes "Baccha-

nal profusion" at the vintage. I was first undeceived, when I travelled down the Rhone, where the dismantled vineyards looked like winter corn-fields, with the stalks standing; or bean-rows, with short poles, before the vines are up. In Lombardy and Tuscany, however, though the season was unpropitious in every way, I saw enough to realize my ideas of what the vine might be. From tree to tree and arbor to arbor, the long festoons hung and waved, gracefully and softly, in the cold spring wind, and it needed only a little fancy to supply the foliage, as, in the Alhambra, to fill the naked walls with the bright and gorgeous drapery, which once curtained their gossamer arabesques. About Malaga, the cultivation was still different. The whole plant was cut down to the very root; and when vegetation was backward, on a cold hill-side, the soil was perfectly naked. Where the exposure was more genial, the tendrils, springing from the very surface, though luxuriant and green enough, scarcely gave promise of the fruit and verdure with which they were so soon to mantle the hills. In Italy, there is no doubt they sacrifice production to beauty, but I could not help wishing for their long arcades, even amid the gushing freshness of the Andalusian spring.

One day, I visited a *hacienda* in the neighborhood. We rode for a mile or two, almost dry-footed, along the bed of the Guadalmedina; and thence, diving into some cool recesses among the hills, we travelled about the same distance further, before reaching our destination. The *hacienda* is now neglected as a residence, though it is in excellent cultivation. The orange and lemon trees filled great orchards: the fruit in every stage of ripeness, hanging, strange to say, beneath clusters of most odorous blossoms. The young fruit of the fig and pear, the

apricot and nectarine though as yet in its earliest stages, was in fine profusion. The wheat and barley were advanced, with the peculiar forwardness more remarkable in the *vega* of Malaga than any other of the grain-growing districts of the Peninsula.[1] The rose-trees bent beneath their flowers; dahlias already glowed luxuriantly; the carnations were just bursting out; there was scarlet stock by beds-full; arbors full of multifloras, among which many birds were singing, and under whose shade and that of the abundant groves around, there were stone benches all about, on which you could rest, and revel in the boundless exuberance of nature. The dwelling was upon columns, rising from an artificial basin of running water, pure from the mountains, glistening with gold and silver fish, and as cool and summer-like as heart could covet. Not far off, there was a reservoir, for the purposes of irrigation, and further on, a fine large fish-pond, surrounded by a railing of iron, and shaded, all along its sides, by a sweet arbor, over which vines were trained and clustering. It was hard to understand how the proprietors of such a spot had been induced to desert it, for surely it would not have been easy to find a more charming retreat from bustle and sunshine. The hot and busy city, glaring in the distance, lost half its sultriness, as you looked over it to the wide, quiet sea, and then, around you were the cooling waters, the pure air, the deep, dark gorges running down into the meadows all alive, with "sunny spots of greenery."

The Sunday after my arrival (remember, reader, Andalusia knows nothing of the Sabbatarian theology) was set apart

[1] It is a month in advance of the *vega* of Granada.—*Spain and the Spaniards*, 401.

by my friends for a jaunt to the country. *Torre-molino*, a pleasant hamlet, two or three leagues down the coast, was to be our place of rendezvous, and as my strength did not permit me to ride so far on horseback, it was determined that we should all go in carriages. The best vehicle was given to me, and I protest against being considered ungrateful if I describe it. It was called a *bombé*, a transplanted word, and, I take it for granted, from the French. The rest of the party were to ride in *calesas*. The *calesa* is a gig, in the tender infancy of that unsophisticated conveyance. It has a high, bright-painted back, generally yellow, with an immense red and green flower-pot and flowers to suit, gorgeously delineated in the midst. There is a primitive, arched, leathern covering, of middle-age architecture, studded with brass nails, and behind all, there is a huge platform. The body is perched directly upon the axle-tree, without any pretensions to springs, unless two straps, on which it lays claim to swing, may haply so be called. The *bombé* is the *calesa*, in a state of transition: the worm on its way to being a moth. It has a sort of aboriginal springs to it, very like some that may be seen by the curious, rusting, from year to year, in the yard of a country coach-shop, in Delaware, or on the Eastern Shore of Maryland, or down in "old Virginia." Foot-board nor dash-board, has either *bombé* or *calesa*. The driver sits in the bottom of the carriage, with his legs out, as you may see a little negro driving his mistress to church, in the land of gigs, just named. His horse has a tall, monumental looking saddle, over which there swings a strap supporting the shafts on the most approved "self-adjusting" principle. Whatever else there is of harness, is duly tufted with red worsted, fore and aft.

The reins are of rope, and the charger bears a string of bells, so that if you have not altogether the gliding motion of a sleigh-ride, you are compensated by something of its music. Fortunately for the horse, he is placed reasonably near the vehicle, unlike the practice with some of the antiquated riding-machines I occasionally saw upon the Alameda, from which the mules seemed harnessed as far as practicable, as if the power of the animal were in the direct ratio of the square of his distance. Notwithstanding, too, all its eccentricities, our *bombé* was comfortable enough; and the driver, a shrewd *Andaluz*, full of life and humor, made himself just as easy as if he were our companion, host, or friend. Our road lay to the southwest, nearly parallel with the sea, and we found it very pleasant for some time, while we were upon the smooth and fertile vega. The usual profusion of flowers greeted us every where; the scarlet poppy nodding gracefully above them all; and our road was lined by hedges of green cane, its foliage almost as luxuriant as that of Indian corn, relieving pleasantly the uncouth, thorny mass which makes the prickly pear and all the cacti as ungraceful in the plant as they are radiant in blossom. From looking at the plenty with which the vega was teeming, it was hard to believe, what I fear is too true, that nature had much more to do with its abundance than man. In about an hour, we reached the Malaga River (Ford calls it the Guadajore), and crossed its rapid and full stream, at some distance below the huge unfinished aqueduct that bestrides it. We then skirted the pleasant little village of *Churriana*, where many of the wealthier *Malagueños* have summer cottages; and mounting a rugged and steep hill, which developed the superiority of our *bombé* over the back-

breaking vehicles to which we had preferred it, we made our way as well as we could, to the *Buen Retiro*, a noted country place belonging to the Conde de Villalcazar. Our road lay over stones and ruts, which called our driver's topographical abilities into perpetual play; and he would, at every obstruction, leap from his perch, run wildly to the horse's head, guide him, at full trot, over crag and gully, and then spring back to take his fair share of the jolting. Olive and orange plantations were now thick around us. Large white lilies began to show themselves all over the fields, and it seemed that the flora became more varied and luxuriant, if possible, at every turn. Arrived at the gate of the *Retiro*, our driver plied the knocker vigorously, and a weasel-faced old man peeped through the wicket suspiciously, upon the summons. Being assured, however, that we were peaceful people, by the production of a permit which my friend had obtained in town from the *administrador* of the proprietor, he opened-sesame, with all courtesy, and we were let in. The grounds are quite extensive and fantastically laid out, with a profusion of shells and petrifactions of all sorts around the flower-beds; and busts and heads, of bad sculpture, peeping, with dislocated eyes over fractured noses, all along the walks. There was, however, such a profusion of beautiful and fragrant vegetation—such wealth of flowers and fruit-trees, long shady alleys, green walks, and bowers, and hedges—that in spite of much dilapidation and neglect, we wandered, long and pleasantly, among their mazes. Then too, the *hacienda* is on a hill-side, and there was a flood of bright mountain water, which was all about us in ponds and lakes, canals and fountains, glancing, gurgling, murmuring, and bringing

freshness as it flowed. The jets-d'eau were quite a wonder, for their copiousness and variety; and as our permit included an authority to have them put in play, we soon had the whole garden dancing and glittering in the sun. Down on a bed of rustic work and grass, a plaster shepherd lay among the fountains, colored like life, and looking, at a distance, quite as natural. Just as the waters sprang into sprays around him, and when, according to the rules of pastorals, he should have tuned the pipe which he was holding to his lips, a donkey, in the grove hard by, till then unseen, thought proper to lift up his pleasant voice, in all the most musical varieties of its gamut. It was Iriarte's *burro flautista*, with scenery and decorations. Two or three families of plain people from Malaga, were enjoying the *Retiro* for the day, and the privilege of seeing the water (*las aguas*) which they had not influence to obtain, made us, unknowingly, their benefactors, which they were not slow to acknowledge. They had with them their guitars and castanets, and it would have been hard to find a livelier or more happy party. No doubt they had also provision for their frugal meal, and made quite a day of it, for we saw them in the evening, returning upon their donkeys (our musical friend included) and they were as smiling as if all had gone very well.

The dwelling at the *Retiro* is shabby enough, and especially for the house of a Conde, but the owner has not inhabited it for years, and the place is only valued for its products. The pictures that are left, prove conclusively that bad painting, like bad wine, is none the better for age. With the exception of one or two tables of Florentine mosaic, greatly dilapidated, a buhl cabinet, quite scaly, and a bath-room of marble which

holds its own a little, there are no signs remaining about the house, of taste, or wealth, or even common comfort.

Leaving the *Retiro* and meeting here and there upon the lonely road, a horseman with his firelock hanging at his cantle, and partly covered, like himself, by the folds of his large cloak—or an occasional goat-herd in brown cloak and peaked hat, in color and costume almost the very fellow to his goats, we drove, after a little space, around the almond orchard of the Prussian consul, and then passed up a fine broad avenue to the gate of his villa, which was opened by an attendant who carried a firelock also. The house is a very pretty and tasteful summer residence, with long gallery and terrace. The grounds are laid out with great neatness, and are kept and tended with a careful industry, which would make the *Retiro* quite a splendid affair. We wandered for some time through the garden, from one long orange and vine-covered alley to another, with the choicest flowers striving to outbloom each other, and a profusion of fine fruit-trees, promising plenty for autumn, to match the prodigality of spring. Having received our nosegays and paid our *pesetas*, as in duty bound, we were again at the disposal of our Jehu, who turned his horse's head at once toward *Torre-molino*. The roads were not very pleasant, *bombé*-cally considered, but picturesque enough, for there was a high brown hill which looked gravely down on us, and we in our turn, looked over a landscape, alternately beautiful and barren, down upon Malaga and the sea. When we reached our destination we found dinner prepared for us, at a charming little pleasure-house, whose tasteful gardens gave us fine views of the Mediterranean from their shady arbors, and supplied our board

with a profusion of fresh strawberries, not quite so poetical, perhaps, as sea-views, but rather preferable, at the moment, inasmuch as I had, of late, had so much less of them.

Our *calesero* set his horse to eating cut grass, at once, from the bottom of the *bombé*, outside the gate, and went himself to take his *puchero* with a crowd of stout, copper-pitching sinners, who were grouped upon the green. I never saw finer looking fellows than they were. Brawny and broad, yet tall and well-proportioned, they wore their tight-fitting garments over limbs which were the perfection of active and athletic manhood. We stood for a long while watching their sport, and waiting for the friends who were to join us; but they were detained at home by sudden and deep family affliction, and we hastened back, in a very different spirit from that in which the morning was begun. Upon the road, we overtook a slow procession of *calesas* and great lumbering coaches of the past or a previous century, looking like land-galleys, and almost as fit for oars as wheels. Our *bombé* went proudly by them, as rapidly as if they had been anchored, and we reached Malaga by dusk. Whether they ever arrived in port, I have no means of knowing.

CHAPTER IX.

The Cathedral—Ford and Widdrington—Society in Malaga—The Malagueñas—Slanders of Tourists—Female Travellers—Spanish Hospitality—Letters of Introduction—Dinners—Courtship and Marriage—Medical Men—Funeral Ceremonies and Customs of Mourning.

THE public buildings of Malaga, as I have said, are of no great importance generally, but the Cathedral certainly deserves something more than the contemptuous notice which Ford takes of it. The passage in which he refers to it, is so fair a specimen of the temper and spirit of his criticisms generally, and their taste frequently, that I give it to the reader. "The original design by Diego de Siloe, was departed from by each succeeding architect; now it is a *pasticcio* which will never please any but the *Malagueños*, who are better judges of raisins than of the reasons of good taste. The façade stands between two towers: one *está por acabar*, and the other is drawn out like a telescope, with a pepper-box dome. . . . The interior is a failure. The roof is groined in a thready, meager pattern, while a heavy cornice is supported by grouped Corinthian pillars, placed back to back on ill-proportioned pedestals!" A more cultivated traveller, and one whose taste is open to no suspicion of raisins, has pronounced quite a different verdict upon the matter in question. It is worth quoting, not only for the sake of impartiality, but

as a curious specimen of the extent to which critics may disagree. "The Cathedral of Malaga," says Captain Widdrington, "is a magnificent structure, and kept in a style of neatness which can not be excelled. It contains some admirable works of Mena, Michaeli, and of other artists." And again: "The effect is much lighter than that of Granada, and the modern additions have been made with good taste, although of different design from the original building. . . . The sculpture in the choir is excellent." Still further—"Gilding is much employed, and with good taste, to ornament different parts of the edifice. The order is Corinthian, and as the height is much less and does not require it, the piloni, or pillars to support the roof, are lighter and more elegant than those at Granada. The whole effect is cheerful and pleasing," &c. I confess, for my humble part, that I had the temerity not to think ill of the Cathedral, within or without, although certainly I admired much more the lofty dome and bold arches at Granada. The reader curious in such matters will find two beautiful views of the Malaga Cathedral, in the Landscape Annual of 1836, the fidelity of which will enable him to judge how far the grocery features of Mr. Ford's descriptions are applicable.

The society of Malaga must be very agreeable to those who have an opportunity of prolonging the pleasant experience upon which a short stay scarcely permitted me to enter. English and French are very generally and fluently spoken by the younger men, a large number of whom have been educated in France, England, or the United States. In the streets, a stranger constantly hears the familiar sound of his native language, and at the *círculo*, or club, those I have mentioned

are always in one's ear. The *círculo* is a most convenient and comfortable establishment, fronting upon the harbor, and provided with all the appliances for whiling pleasantly away the odd hours that might hang heavily. It is supplied with the principal English and continental papers, and is, of course, the centre of commercial intelligence. The entry of your name by a member, gives you the freedom of the apartments, where you may find, at any time, a cool *orchata* and a communicative companion. For those who enjoy billiards and cards, there are the needful facilities, together with reading-rooms for the silent, and conversation-rooms for the social. A stranger, if he be wise, is generally of these last, and he finds in the cordial manners and intelligence of those he meets, every inducement he could desire to indulge his inclination.

Of the gentler sex, one must needs speak carefully, since many travellers have disgraced themselves and traduced the fair *Malagueñas*, by stories which, even if true, ought, of themselves, to discredit any one who would repeat them. Of "the travelling bagmen, and half-fledged subalterns," who have transgressed in the premises, Captain Widdrington has taken due notice in his last book, and Christopher North, in his review of that work, has promised to look out for similar offenders. It is to be hoped that the castigation administered will be in proper style and due quantity; for the frank and unreserved cordiality of manner with which strangers are received in Malaga, and which may have suggested the absurd conclusions at which some of them have professed to arrive, gives certainly the greatest heinousness to their breaches of the laws of hospitality. In the United States, we have known something of such matters. We could give

the Spaniards the benefit of some experience in the folly of supposing, that because a man writes pleasantly, and has a name, he needs must feel the instincts and understand the obligations of a gentleman. We could illustrate, by examples of some small-souled people, made giddy by courtesy misconstrued into homage, who have been weak enough to make a shabby jest of kindness whose exaggeration furnished their chief stock of merits.

The *Malagueñas*, I am bound to say, appeared remarkable to me rather for their grace, and gentle, feminine bearing, than any peculiar beauty of feature, although it is by no means rare to catch glimpses among them of the radiant Arab type. The proverbial expresion in regard to them encourages me in my way of thinking, for while it calls them *muy halagüeñas* (very fascinating or enchanting), it leaves their beauty unsung. There is a familiar verse, too, which darkly insinuates that although they are renowned for loveliness, the lion is not quite so fierce as he is painted!—

> *"Málaga tiene la fama*
> *De las mujeres bonitas:*
> *Mas no es tan fiero el leon*
> *Como las jentes lo pintan!"*

As they walk upon the Alameda, the *Malagueñas* have no superiors, unless it be among their far-famed sisters of Cadiz. I had abundant opportunities of comparing them with the women of other countries. Malaga is the sea-port by which strangers generally seek access to Granada, and the steamer, which arrived twice or three times a week, had usually a fair proportion of female passengers, English, French, and now

and then German, who of course made their appearance upon the Alameda, as soon as the afternoon walk began. The contrast was an amusing one, and an idler like myself might be pardoned for the lack of better occupation than that of watching it. While the fair strangers, with their unseemly bonnets and huge green veils, seemed bent on disguising their charms, and giving to their appearance a uniformity of uncomeliness, the *Malagueña* wore her dark mantilla, with its black lace just fringing her cheek, and its simple form displaying, unembarrassed, the peculiar graces of her fine bust and peerless carriage. The strangers wore the last parti-colored patterns from Paris, with such flounces and fillings as were orthodox: the *Malagueña* scarce ever varied the plain silk, whose adaptation to her figure was always a triumph of taste, and whose dark, rich shade gave *realce*, as she would call it, to her complexion. And then how differently they walked!—it seemed scarcely meant for the same sort of proceeding. The light, thoroughbred step of the *Malagueña*—"*la finesse du cheval Arabe*," as M. Gautier has it—displayed a symmetry about the locomotive apparatus, which deserved a Bridgewater Treatise. The blooming Anglo-Saxon, on the contrary, though she eschewed the shuffle of the occasional Teutonic specimen we had, stalked, nevertheless, like a marching grenadier, among the *Andaluzas*; her long dress, ungraceful as it was, not long enough to conceal the fact, that her peculiar style of movement, though no doubt excellent for health, was decidedly unfavorable to feet and ankles.

Attractive, however, as the *Malagueña* is upon the *paseo*, the private circle is the place of her especial triumph. She is eminently domestic—at least so say her lords and masters—

full of amiability and household industry; kind to her servants, acceptable to her friends, and cordial to the strangers that are within her gates. One of the first things, indeed, that strike a traveller of observation, after he has been admitted into the inner life of Spanish families, is the closeness and tenderness of the domestic relations and affections. No matter how distant their degree, kinsmen and kinswomen seemed never to forget, what, among colder nations, are held very brittle ties. Nor is there any affectation about it, for it involves constant and affectionate intercourse, and the interchange of all imaginable good offices. This consideration for relatives is extended to the friends who join the circle under their auspices. A single visit, with a proper introduction, gives you the freedom of the house. Your host or hostess tells you, at once, that it is *á la disposicion de vmd.*—altogether at your disposal. If you are in the house, and it happens to be mentioned, it is not as the house of the proprietor, but as *esta su casa*—this, your house. If you suppose all this to be mere compliment, and adopt the English and American idea, that you are not treated with substantial civility, till you are formally invited to dinner, you mistake the people, and throw away your opportunities. The stomach is not considered, in Spain, as the seat of the social affections. If you are recommended to a family, the head of it calls on you at once, without regard to formality or visiting hours. Instead of giving you to eat, which, as you are travelling on your own means, he naturally supposes you do not imperatively need, he gives you his company, and his personal attention and guidance, which he knows are of much more importance to you, and which you can not buy. He

takes you to see his family and his friends; puts you, at once, on a footing of familiar acquaintance with them; makes you feel that the door is open to you whenever you wish to enter, and then leaves it to your own discretion to go and come, as you please. Out of doors, he is by your side. He gives you the thousand facilities that a stranger can only thus obtain, and tells you, in half a day, all that a guide-book and a *valet de place* could teach you in a month.

I have often talked to English and American travellers, of this difference between the treatment of strangers, in Spain and in our respective countries, and although I have found few disposed to deny the superior good taste and civilization of the Spanish system, it has not been, often, without an attempt to account for it on other than national grounds. The Spaniards, they say, are an idle people; a stranger is quite a god-send to them, and they not only have abundance of time to devote to him, which an Englishman or American has not, but they find it a great relief to the tedium and ennui of their own customary life. Some of this, no doubt, is true. A Spaniard, generally, has considerable leisure, for himself as well as for others; though I hardly think that fact proves any thing, as to the point in controversy, except that the monopolizing occupations of the English and our own countrymen interfere, mainly, with the exercise of the most grateful and enlightened species of hospitality. But, so far as my opportunities disclosed, it is all the same, in Spain, with men of business and men of leisure. The former may not give you, so exclusively, their personal attention, but they favor you with infinitely more of it than you obtain, anywhere else, from those to whom you are recommended. They act upon

the principle, that you need society, in a strange place, and that "victuals and drink" do not extinguish their obligation to give it to you. Man does not live by bread alone; and how few travellers are there, who have not sighed over the neglect of so venerable a truth, when they have found, in their journeyings to and fro, that a letter of introduction is generally held to be a bill of exchange, which is paid, in full, by a dinner! When our new acquaintance, too busy to see us himself, has sent us his invitation, how often have we wished, in despair at his sad civility, that he had sent us his servant, his carriage, even his horse, in its stead! A wise man, as well as witty, was Theodore Hook, when he told the alderman who had already surfeited him, and yet pressed him to partake of still another course—"I thank you, but, if it's the same to you, I'll take the rest in money!" Many English travellers attribute the non-dinner-giving habit of the Spaniards to their poverty, or economy. This is all very natural, in that large class of John Bull's children, who, regarding alimentiveness as a national virtue and roast beef as one of the bulwarks of the realm, can see no excuse for abstinence, but the lack of liberality or funds. It is strange, however, that so enlightened a person as Mr. Ford should lean to that way of thinking, and quote Justin, Athenæus, Martial, and Strabo, in the original, to show that it is nothing new. Lithgow, whose visit to Spain was as far back as the reign of Philip IV., delivers his sentiments on the subject in this wise: "The Spaniard is of a spare diet and temperate, if at his own cost he spend, but if given gratis, he hath the longest tusks that ever played at table." My own experience was rather the reverse of this, for, instead of finding any disposition, on the

part of the Spaniards, to make a stranger pay their score, I was occasionally almost annoyed by their insisting upon settling mine. I must be pardoned, therefore, for thinking that the class of travellers, whose notions on the subject I have referred to, either had very bad luck, or kept bad company. Be this as it may, I can not but applaud that custom, in regard to the reception of strangers, which puts the poor host and the rich on a level; enabling the one to do all, in the way of civility, that can properly be expected of the other. Not the least of its advantages, is the relief to the guest himself, who is saved the unpleasant reflection that he has, perchance, been a burden to an amiable man, who could ill afford it, or a bore to a wealthy one, who feasted him to be rid of him.

The indoor manners of the *Malagueños* are, I have said, simple and cordial, in a high degree. You start, with your friend, upon a round of visiting. You will be strangely disappointed, if you imagine that it is a matter of routine and visiting cards, as at home. It is a thing, on the contrary, not to be lightly disposed of, and one which, from the time it occupies, would be quite serious, were it not so exceedingly agreeable. You have threaded a half-score of crooked, narrow streets, perhaps, when your guide rings at a very unpromising-looking, large gate. In a moment, you hear the clicking of a latch, and a wicket opens before you. You enter, and hear a voice, from the upper regions, calling out, "*Quien viene?*" or, more shortly, "*Quien?*" (Who comes? or Who?) You are in the centre of a court, and as your companion replies, "*Gente de paz,*" or "*Paz,*" ("Peaceful people," or "Peace!") you look up, and see the servant, in an upper gallery, with the string

in his hand which has raised the latch for you. Your friend makes the proper inquiries, and, in a moment, you find yourself in an ante-chamber, on the first or second floor, from which you are ushered into the receiving-room. In all probability, you find all the ladies of the family together, in plain morning dress, and busy at some labor of the needle, from which, no matter how homely and industrious it be, your presence does not disturb them. The endorsement of the gentleman who presents you, admits you at once, *ad eundem*, and you are made welcome and at ease, accordingly. Do not be surprised, if a fair maiden insists upon bestowing your hat out of harm's way, nor if another, with her own delicate hands, should place the most luxurious seat in the room at your disposal. Perhaps, in a large balcony-window, overhanging the street, there sits, like a sweet saint in a niche, a fair worker in embroidery. It may be, she is the comeliest, and the light, by chance, is good and well-adjusted, so that you will find the vacant chair, by her side, the place which of all others is the most agreeable to you. What you may talk of concerns no one, but prejudiced as you may be, in favor of the sterner elegance of the pure Castilian, it will be strange if your first experience does not reconcile you, straightways, to the soft murdering of consonants of which the Audalusian beauties are so guilty. When you rise to retire, you will be astonished that your morning has gone; but you have been made so perfectly and pleasantly at home, that you can not resist the warm invitation to return, and will, no doubt, find yourself again in the balcony, before the flowers have faded which were budding when you first saw them there. Marriage, among the better classes in Malaga, is a thing, as the

church service hath it, not "enterprised or taken in hand unadvisedly or lightly." The laboring people, with that provident heed of the morrow which seems peculiar, everywhere, to the poor and the lilies of the field, are satisfied with such happiness as eight or ten reals a day can procure, for a man with a wife and family. They marry when it suits them; live as well as they can, on wine and oil, grapes, bread, *garbanzos*, and garlic, and are as cheerful and merry over an old guitar, as if its music contained the quintessence of as many good things as were in my Lord Peter's brown loaf, or his alderman's sirloin. Heaven always blesses a contented spirit, and there are few of them who do not see—

> "Around them grow their sons and daughters,
> Like wild grapes on the vine."

Quite as willingly, no doubt, would the young folks of the higher ranks assume the yoke and trust to Providence; but the usages of society compel the observance of a somewhat sterner prudence. Cupid's drafts, with them, are generally on time and at long dates. For many years—often from early youth to manhood well matured—it is customary for them, *estar en relaciones* (to be upon relations) with each other, until the happy or unhappy young man (as the case may be) can persuade the fair one, or her less persuadable relatives, that he is able, *con decoro*, to keep house and family. Runaway matches not being tolerated, by church, state, or fashion, matrimony would thus become too often a sad, systematic business, were it not that, in Andalusia, the light of love's young dream is no "brief candle," but burns long and bright, as well as warm. In the mean time, the patient swain

has the freedom of the father's house and the lady's conversation, and on pleasant nights, when the moon, or stars, or his young Juliet's eyes invite him, he can say sweet things to her, till morning comes, through the *rejas* (the iron gratings) of her window. This relic of the olden times, when sleepless maidens welcomed their roving lovers from midnight lattices, now goes by at least two most unromantic names. Some call it *comer hierro* (to eat iron) a phrase, the foundation or derivation of which may very reasonably be traced to some supposed approximation of the lover's lips to the window-bars. The other name, however, *pelar la pava* (to pluck the hen-turkey, as the Hand-book translates it), seems of much less philosophical etymology, for surely, if so gallant a performance smacks at all of the poultry-yard, another bird, of Capitoline memory would seem to be entitled to its honors. Mr. Ford is mistaken, as I had reason to know, in supposing that the custom has been abandoned by the higher classes, and it is no unusual thing, if by chance you walk late, to see well cloaked squires, of the very proudest, keeping watch and ward, in the small hours, by a lone balcony.

The admirable description which the Hand-book gives of medical men in Spain, applies especially to Malaga, where things are still done as in the days of Gil Blas, or at least as when Molière's heroes flourished their golden-headed canes. Not but that there are, among the physicians, well educated men from the best schools, but the absurd old fashion of taking no decisive step without a *junta* of doctors, not only destroys all sense of responsibility and all proper self-reliance on the part of the practitioner, but too frequently allows the disease to walk off with the patient in the interim. It must

be a sad business, for both the feelings and the temper—when a friend or relative is in peril, from which the timely action of a scientific attendant might speedily relieve him—to be compelled to drum up the faculty for a *consulta*, and then wait until the family physician has told the story of the case, with a slight biographical sketch of the patient, in order that each of the counsellors, in his turn, may smoke a cigar over it, and deliver the same disquisition, backward, or otherwise importantly varied, as he may prefer. "*Les gens de la maison,*" says M. Tomés in *L'Amour Médecin*, "*faisoient ce qu'ils pouvoient, et la maladie pressoit: mais je n'en voulus point démordre, et la malade mourut bravement pendant cette contestation.*" Happily, delays may save, now and then, as well as kill. As a matter of justice, however, to the faculty of Malaga (though perhaps they have nothing to do with it) I ought to mention, that in looking over the daily bills of mortality, as published in the newspapers, I was constantly struck with the frequent instances of longevity. Deaths of persons over ninety years of age occurred very often during my first visit. I remember that of one, who had gone considerably over an hundred, and the proportion of those who died at sixty, seventy, and eighty, was quite large. Captain Widdrington notices this fact in his Sketches, and it is entitled to some consideration, on account of the particularity with which the parish-records are kept, and the consequent improbability of mistake. I can not account for the anomaly, in view of the medical habits alluded to, unless it be that the parties who had lived so long had been too poor to employ physicians, or that constitutions, which could survive the *consultas* of twenty years, were good for a century, at least, in the absence of earthquakes and *pronunciamientos*.

Whether the Spanish physicians are responsible for some very droll notions upon medical subjects, which prevail among the people, I am not prepared to say; but, if they be, it is clear that their art needs mending. Pulmonary consumption, for example, is popularly deemed contagious, and patients suffering from it are treated and shunned accordingly. When death ensues, the sick-chamber goes through a perfect quarantine of disinfection; and beds, clothing, and furniture are remorselessly given to the flames. In Cadiz it occurred to me to exchange my travelling-bag for one of a more convenient size. The tradesman expressed his regret that he could not find any use for mine. "It is an excellent one," he said, "but it has been slightly used, and no one will buy it. My customers will think it has belonged to some consumptive person (*algun hético*), and although your worship does not look like one, it will be of no avail for me to say so."

In the use of leeches, to reduce inflammation of the brain, it is customary to apply them—at the lower extremity of the spine; the theory being, that the farther you draw the blood from the diseased part the better! Why, upon that principle, they stop short of the soles of the feet, or do not send the blood a league into the country, afterward, seems rather difficult to understand.

An English gentleman told me that in conversation with one of the most eminent of the faculty in Granada, he alluded to the recent discoveries in regard to sulphuric ether. "You mistake," said Esculapius. "It is not ether; it is carbonic acid gas, and I tell you it is very dangerous. It asphyxiates the patient immediately!"

From physicians to funerals, the transition is a natural one, by association of ideas, at all events, if not in the due sequence

of cause and effect. The Spanish *médicos*, at least, seem to think so, and they are careful not to encourage the connection by attending the burial of their patients. The domestic manners of the *Malagueños* are well illustrated, by their customs in regard to sickness and death. When a case is pronounced *de cuidado* (of seriousness) the usual visitors of the house are expected to call, regularly, in person. To avoid the inconvenience which might be caused by this, to the family, the door of the front court is left open, and upon a table within, there is placed a bulletin of the patient's condition, with information as to whether the family are willing or not to see company. There are writing materials at hand, and each visitor leaves his name, departing, as he entered, without the use of bell or knocker. The near relatives and close friends go up even to the sick-room; a custom which, however affectionate, must be, I should think, both inconvenient to the household and perilous to the patient. If the physicians think that the case is critical, the sacrament of extreme unction is, of course, administered, as speedily as may be. An hour is appointed for the purpose, and the friends and acquaintances are notified that the procession will start from the church at which the penitent worships. It is a matter of gratification to the family, that the attendance upon this sad solemnity should be as numerous and respectable as possible, and nothing, therefore, but some very pressing necessity, is allowed by the friends to interfere with their performance of the duty. You will, now and then as you are walking, hear the tinkling of a little bell, which announces to you the approach of the Host, upon such an errand. If the sick person be of humble station, a few men, bearing the

lanterns belonging to the church, will probably form the only accompaniment of the ceremonial, except that, occasionally, the passers-by will join it, for a few moments, walking in the rear of the officiating priest. If, however, the party is of higher rank or has a larger circle of acquaintance, the procession is quite imposing. Behind the accolyte who bears the bell, you will see servants carrying baskets of wax candles, from which every person, who joins the ranks, will take one, to be lighted and carried in his hand. The male friends of the family, in full dress, follow, in long lines, with lighted torches, those farthest in the rear carrying the lanterns which the church sends to high and low. At the close of the procession, the ecclesiastic who bears the sacrament comes, clad in his appropriate vestments, and generally with two supporters. The crowd take off their hats and kneel, as the train goes by, and some of them, on rising, follow it reverently. When it reaches the sick man's dwelling, the priests, of course, pass to his chamber, and the administration of the sacrament is witnessed by as many of the friends as circumstances will allow. After a little while, you hear again the tinkling of the bell, as the procession, returning to the church, tells you that the solemn act is over. To travellers from Protestant countries, so public a ceremonial, on such an occasion, seems strange enough, of course; but a man must be both a bigot and a fool, to deride, as empty pageant or mere "mummery," what, among people of a different faith and education, bears hope and consolation to the dying bed, and comfort to those who are sorrowing around it.

When there is a death in a family, the body is deposited in a private chamber, which is not profaned by the visits or the

curiosity of indifferent acquaintances. The most intimate friends and relatives alone have access to it. Upon your arrival, at the hour appointed for the funeral, you are ushered into an apartment, at the head of which the nearest relatives, not of the immediate family, are assembled to receive you. They rise as you enter: you salute them in silence, and then retire, to make way for others, and to lounge about the halls, the *patio*, or the street before the door, until the procession is to be arranged. You are, of course, expected to be in mourning, and in full dress. The coffin now appears, borne upon a sort of bier, and on men's shoulders. It is generally open, with the face of the deceased exposed. If the funeral is of a young unmarried woman, there is a garland of white flowers upon the breast, and the grave-clothes are of white, with a blue tunic or scarf—the colors of the Immaculate Conception, which Murillo has wedded to so much loveliness and divinity. Attached to each corner of the coffin, in that case, is a long, white ribbon, which is held by one of the pall-bearers, who are four unmarried men. *Tomar una cinta* (to take a ribbon) is the phrase which indicates their office. Among the wealthy, the funeral is usually accompanied by a long train of paupers, who always receive some present—often the suit of mourning in which they appear upon the occasion. There is, too, generally, a detachment of boys from some religious or charitable institution, which, of course, has its share of the alms that are distributed. The procession passes, on foot, to the church, the priests and attendants bearing lighted torches, and solemnly chanting on their way. The coaches follow in the rear, if the streets permit, and if not, they proceed to the cemetery, where they await the return of the company. Arrived

at the church, the body is carried to the *catafalco*, in front of the altar, accompanied only by the clerical attendants and the pall-bearers. The rest of the company remain in waiting, on the outside, until the entrance of the relatives. These are not, as I have said, of the immediate family, but especial deference is paid them. They pass in, between the uncovered ranks of their friends, and in the church they occupy the first places. When the services are over, they proceed, in advance, to the church door, where they receive the parting salutations of those who choose to retire at that stage of the ceremony. They then follow, as before, in the rear of the procession, which goes on slowly, with music and chant, to the sepulchre.

The *campo santo* of Malaga is a large inclosure, at some distance from the city, built up with niches for the dead on the inner sides of the walls. It has but little of ornament or taste, and the church in its centre, though of recent erection, seems already tottering. I do not know, however, whether I should have thought much better of it, as a resting-place for the departed, had it been as rich in art as the holy ground of Pisa. It is a strange and repulsive custom, it seems to me, where there is waste soil in abundance, to crowd the dead into these narrow and unnatural depositories. A man has a fair claim to lay his bones on the earth's bosom, when he leaves verge and room enough for the living. At the time I saw the *campo santo* of Malaga, the fields around it were bright and fragrant with innumerable flowers, and I could not help feeling a sense of inappropriateness, not far removed from pain, when turning from the beauties of the resting-place which nature tendered, to the coldness and desolation of the mouldering walls, into whose crevices the lizards and scorpions and fouler reptiles ran, frightened, as we passed.

In front of the open niche which is to receive the coffin, the attendants lay it down, and a relative cuts off some locks of hair, which are carried home with the flowers that may have lain upon the breast. Each of the pall-bearers then takes, as a memorial, the *cinta* he has borne, and the coffin is locked, and committed to the narrow house. The company, or such of them as will, then return to the dwelling, where the male members of the family are waiting to receive them. A melancholy shaking of hands, a dead effort at conversation, and a good-bye! both willing and welcome, put a speedy end to the unhappy formality. For the two or three days next ensuing, it is generally expected that the family will be at home to those of their friends who call, *para hacerles compañia*—to give them company. Some have the good sense and good taste to break through this observance, in which case, a paper upon the table in the *patio*, informs the visitors that the family can not be seen. Their names, which they leave, answer all the purposes of compliment, and save a great deal of unpleasantness.

Custom, of course, reconciles us to all things, but there is an opening of the home-sanctuary in these usages, to which only custom could reconcile. The Spaniards, however, are so close and intimate, in their relations of family or friendship, and see, constantly, so much of each other and each other's inner-life, that what, to us, may seem a painful violation of the privacy of grief, may be, to them, but a natural concession to the claims of social fellowship and sympathy. In this point of view, I have deemed the details I have given, sufficiently illustrative of national character, to deserve the space they occupy.

CHAPTER X.

Departure for Cadiz—A Summer Sea—Rock and Straits of Gibraltar by Moonlight—Cadiz—The Casino—English Papers and the Mexican War—Women—Public Walks—Buildings—Flower-market—Fondness for Flowers—Spanish rural Tastes—Fortifications—Ocean-view and Sunset.

IT had been my intention, on arriving at Malaga, to shape my course, next, to Granada. The season, however, was tardy, and leaves and flowers are so essential to a fair appreciation of the City of the Moor, that I was advised, on all hands, to change my plan, and leave the Alhambra unseen, till the very close of spring. My American fellow-travellers, who had gone up, a few days after our arrival, and had "done" Zegri, Abencerrage, and Christian, in one morning, were not particularly enthusiastic in their accounts of the climate among the mountains; so that I readily agreed to linger, a little longer, in the cities on the plains. The great Andalusian horse-fair of Ronda commences, every year, upon the twentieth of May, and I was soon convinced that it was possible for me, in the mean time, to see Cadiz and Seville, and, returning to Malaga once more, by the Ronda Mountains, be in time to catch the first breath of summer on the gardens of the Generalife.

On the evening of April 27th, I was accordingly shipped for Cadiz, on board the splendid steamer, the Manuel Augustin

Heredia. The vessel had just been purchased in England, and was about to make her first trip to Havre, as one of a line but recently established. There were crowds upon the quays and mole to see her start, and she was thronged with visitors until her anchor rose. Such kissings and partings there were —such waving of handkerchiefs and drying of tears—such good wishes given and received, in accents so soft and lisping! It was hard for a man to be a disinterested spectator of such things, when the brightness of the eyes and the freshness of the lips concerned in them, gave such enlarged and delightful ideas of the philosophy of adaptation. But, alas! a traveller, who is but a rolling stone, can expect to gather no such moss! The day was fine, and a crowd of pleasure boats flitted about the harbor in honor of the occasion, but the breeze was light, and they were soon far behind us, and then the towers and battlements of the pleasant city were gradually lost among the brown reaches of the hills. The sun went down while we were passing the Castle of Fuengirola, with its white village skirting the sea—the fortress itself crowning a green eminence, over which, farther back, towered the rough Sierra de Mijas. Far before us were the high lands about Marbella, and farther still, the bold coast of Africa loomed against the cloudless sky. The Rock of Gibraltar was, of course, up and doing also, and the Sierra Nevada could still be seen, frowning over the shores we were leaving. Fleets of vessels were all around us. There were Mediterranean cruisers, with their strange, beautiful piles of canvas; square-rigged craft, bound on long voyages, and, for many days, looking in vain for favorable breezes; fishing smacks drooping in to shore, like tired birds on lazy wing at twilight. Some of the heavier

vessels had their boats out, and were going through the form of being towed; others were anchored near shore, in utter despair of wind, and we could readily imagine how they envied us, as we ploughed on, beneath the moon, our ten glad miles the hour. Steamers are no picturesque tourists, and so we stayed not a moment to admire or console such lagging company; but—leaving them to study, at their leisure, the antiquity of the old watch-towers on the hills above them, or to make what pleasant topographical reflections they preferred, upon the contrast between the soft, rolling country near the shore, and the bleak ranges further in; or, if they chose, to wonder whether the lights which peeped out, now and then, in odd places, were smugglers' signals (as the mate told me) or the honest candles of supper-eating husbandmen—leaving them, I say, to all these things, and more, we paddled on, as quietly as the "painted ship" could, for her life, have steamed it over the "painted ocean." I did not retire until we had been for some time abreast of Gibraltar, which made my watch rather a late one; the winds which had for some time before prevailed, having given unusual strength to the current against which we were struggling. A grand and giant spectacle was that the same Pillar of Hercules, in the moonlight, all of whose softening silver fell in vain upon its rugged, awful form! Some British travellers (and I think Ford among them)—not content with having a "British lion" upon every monument in St. Paul's, nor with otherwise despitefully using the unhappy animal, after a fashion which is faithfully followed, by Congressional and other orators, in regard to that much persecuted bird, the "American Eagle"—will have it that the Rock of Gibraltar, thus

approached, has a marvelous resemblance to the king of beasts couchant. I endeavored, with the best intentions, to realize the likeness, but I confess I should have seen quite as much of it in Snug the Joiner. It may be that there was something in the association of moonshine.

A noisy troop of children woke me, next morning, when we were within an hour's run of Cadiz. Remembering Naples or even Genoa, it is hard to say, absolutely, that Cadiz is the most beautiful city in the world to approach by sea, and yet an enthusiastic man, at a distance from both of the others, is sorely tempted to put them in the back-ground. There are, to be sure, no classic mountains or storied islands embalmed in violet haze, nor any hill-sides proud with marble palaces; but the bay has curves, so many and so graceful, with fair towns lying beautifully down among them; and then, the tall buildings of the city rise so white and glittering, above the majestic sea-wall, and the charming Alameda breaks, so pleasantly, the contrast between the snowy tint above it and the blue billows just below, that you are quite satisfied, for the moment, to be where you are, let other regions be as fairy as they may.

It was about half-past eight when we reached our anchorage, and were allowed to land with unusual dispatch. The boat we took was quite a grand affair, with broad high sails, and colors flying; but the boatmen amused themselves by a quarrel on the route, which was decided by a fight on reaching shore, and resulted in a monopoly of the passengers and their movables, by the oldest and toughest rascal. It was a pleasant illustration of what the free-trade economists would call "unrestricted competition." By bad advice, though well

intended, I went to the Hôtel de l'Europe, a French establishment, fronting on the *Calle de la Carne* (literally "the Street of the Flesh," but more properly "Meat-street"), the ill name of which is counterbalanced by its looking out, on the other side, upon a street dedicated to both San Augustin and San Antonio. The hotel, I may as well say, for the benefit of future travellers, has marble floors, which are washed occasionally, and it ought to be free forever from nocturnal persecutors, if there be such a thing as destroying the race. At least so the walls of my chamber seemed to suggest, and it was the best in the establishment. As to the table, I know nothing better to say, than what a French bon-vivant gave me, as his idea of Marseilles—"*Ici, on mange—on ne dîne pas.*"

Ford says, that "Cadiz may be seen in a day." He is not far wrong, if you do nothing but see. Having letters, however, from friends to their friends, I determined to be in no great hurry, and accordingly soon found myself politely taken into very good hands. Though the weather was very warm, and Cadiz, at mid-day, is not Spitzbergen, we strolled a good deal through the streets, and even looked at the flowers in the Alameda, before dinner-time. The appearance of the city is altogether delightful. The streets are smoothly and finely paved, and are kept scrupulously clean. They are so narrow, however, that one of a width which would be barely respectable among us, is called *Calle ancha* (Broad-street) by way of pre-eminence. The *Plazas* are sufficiently commodious, and comfortably enough shaded for even a noon-day lounge. The houses are, as they appear from the sea, white universally, very tall, nearly all of them surmounted by graceful *torres*, and ornamented by light balconies, which overhang the streets

and are mostly painted a soft green, that forms a very agreeable relief to the eye.

I was introduced, on the day of my arrival, at the *Casino*, or club, a very elegant and luxurious establishment. It has fine billiard, card, and refreshment rooms, and an excellent and large supply of home and foreign papers and periodicals. It was there that I first saw the news by the steamer of April 1st, giving something like a correct account of the battle of Buena Vista. The previous rumors had been undecided, unsatisfactory, and some of them unfavorable, and I had been very uneasy as to the probable fate of the gallant army, stripped of its regulars in an enemy's country, and left to struggle for existence, with no resources in front and no sufficient support in the rear. It would be almost childish to say how my heart leapt up within me, when I read even these first imperfect details. It was not until nearly two months afterward, that I saw, in Gibraltar, the official accounts, and I could then read, with proper appreciation, the commentaries of the British press, one of whose most influential dailies was so generous as to say, of a battle—which, considering the circumstances and the numbers involved, has never been surpassed for bravery or conduct—that "it was but the successful maintenance of an impregnable position!" When I looked at the ramparts and remembered the glories of Gibraltar, I could not help thinking that England, at least, might have afforded to be just.

On the afternoon of my arrival, I walked to the Alameda, and thence, around the shore, to the fortress of Santa Catalina and the back of the city. Formidable defenses these certainly have been, and might still be; what they are, in their present

dismantled condition, it is very easy to see. Toward evening, I returned to the Alameda, where I met some acquaintances, and remained until after eight. The walk was full of people—some sitting on the stone benches, wrapt in meditation and cigar smoke—others, strolling on the borders of the sea, whose waves broke just below the gardens. The principal portion of the fair sex were promenading, up and down, between the gardens of the central walk, and I am sure I saw more really beautiful women there, in that one afternoon, than I had seen during the time I had been in Europe—Malaga (I am forced to say) included. Not that there was any remarkable variety of style, carriage, feature or complexion; on the contrary, there was perhaps too much of the "sameness of splendor," in which "Love falls asleep," (pleasant dreams to him!) as Lalla Rookh tells us. Some sorts of monotony, however, are quite endurable. There were but few bonnets on the Alameda to mar the rich array of graceful *mantillas* and shining hair—and even if there had been more, the "many twinkling feet" would have been quite a compensation. It is hard for a foreigner to comprehend, until he visits Andalusia, that there is nothing exaggerated in the usual salutation to a lady—"*A los pies de vmd. Señorita*"—(At your feet, lady!) At the first view of the article, he becomes perfectly reconciled to the good taste of what seems, at first, a humiliation. It is well, too, that the graceful proportions of the fair ones will bear criticism, for they have to endure it. Few men walk with them on the *paseo*, for such an attention is considered quite serious. Their promenade therefore is a continual passing in review before the marriageable youth, who have nothing to do, but to sit or walk together and use their eyes.

The public buildings of Cadiz are of no great merit. I despatched the two Cathedrals before breakfast, the morning after my arrival, and I think I did them full justice. The old one is a poor, low building, with a few bad pictures, and a great deal of whitewash. The new one is of fine, dark stone, and would be really worthy of much note, were it not overloaded with ornament in very bad taste. It is chiefly remarkable, as having been finished, within the last ten years, and at great cost, by the present Bishop, who devoted his own income to the work. Pity it is, that the skill of the architect did not equal the piety of the venerable prelate, for the dimensions are colossal, the ground plan is excellent, the marbles are very beautiful, and the whole might, at the same cost, have been made a monument of architecture. A marble slab within, announces that it contains relics of many saints and martyrs, and the author of the *Paseo por Cadiz* mentions among its treasures, a large salver of silver-gilt, exquisitely wrought and richly studded with agates, which is supposed to be the same on which the Moorish governor presented the keys of the city to the victorious Don Alonzo. I did not ask to see either the relics or the sacred vessels, and although a subsequent visit introduced me to two or three statues of very considerable merit, I can not say that, on the whole, I brought away a much more exalted idea of the adornments of the church, than I had previously formed of its architecture.

On my way home that morning, my attention was attracted by the crying of a noisy fellow, who was advertising fine artichokes, "*á cuatro cuartos por seis! á cuatro cuartos!*" (at four cuartos, or two cents and a half, the half dozen.) I turned up the narrow street, at a corner of which he was

standing, and found myself in the midst of a little market-place, where the good people were supplying themselves with fine vegetables, at prices proportional to those at which my friend was giving away his *alcachofas*. Trusting to the Hôtel de l'Europe to do my marketing, I contented myself with purchasing some of the finest varieties of carnations I had ever seen. There were, indeed, almost as many flowers as vegetables for sale, and very few went away without a nosegay. I mention the fact, though it seems a very trivial one, because some travellers, very strangely, as I deem it, have called the Spaniards a flower-neglecting people, besides charging them with a general insensibility to the beauties of nature. After describing the luxuriant and exquisite Flora of Andalusia, Mr. Ford tells us, that its best treasures "bloom and blush unnoticed by the native." Our countryman, Mackenzie, goes a little farther, and having, very oddly, imagined a deficiency of rural poetry in a literature which has teemed prodigally with it, from Juan de la Encina down, proceeds to account for the supposed defect by ascribing it to "the national indifference to rural attractions." The reader will join me, I am sure, in considering the imputation as involving, gravely, the refinement of the national character and taste.

It is true that the Spaniards are not generally given to country life. The depopulation of many districts, and the consequent isolation and insecurity of country houses, have combined with a multitude of other causes, social and political, but in no wise dependent on the public taste or feeling, to gather the inhabitants as closely into their cities and towns, as the necessities of agriculture will allow. This fact properly put out of the question, it is hard to understand how a traveller,

with his eyes open, could seriously arrive at the conclusions to which I am taking exception. There is scarcely a hamlet in Spain without its little *alameda;* and in city, town, or hamlet, the *alameda* is a rare one that has not its pleasant garden. Go along the narrow streets of an Andalusian city, and as you look through the gratings into the *patios* of the houses, there is scarcely one whose fountain does not fling its little spray over green leaves and fragrant blossoms. In every balcony, and along every terrace, are rows of pots and boxes, with white lilies, crimson roses, carnations, pinks, mignionette, geraniums of every hue, and scores of beautiful plants that pass my botany. Down the walls hang all sorts of creeping things, with gorgeous blossoms, like rich tapestry, forming a bright fringe to the lofty eaves between which you catch your glimpses of the sky. When I was in Seville, during the bread riots, among the most formidable engines of war in the hands of the mob, were the flower-pots, dropped from the balconies on the heads of the soldiery. When a poor fellow was knocked over suddenly, and no report of fire-arms was heard, "*una macetada!*" (from *maceta*, a flower-pot,) generally furnished a solution of his difficulties. This, to be sure, is no great evidence of the popular fondness for flowers, and was certainly not likely to increase it in the army; but it still shows their abundance, even in the cities. On the *paseo*, there is scarce a beauty passes you—on the road, rare is the peasant girl you meet—without a flower on her bosom, or a rose in her dark hair. When I visited Italica, troops of peasant children met us, as we crossed the fields toward the ruins, and they were crowned with red poppies, and were weaving garlands of them as they walked. "I have often remarked,"

says Mr. Irving, in his Tales of the Alhambra, "this sensibility of the common people of Spain to the charms of natural objects. The lustre of a star, the beauty or fragrance of a flower, the crystal purity of a fountain, will inspire them with a kind of poetical delight; and then what euphonious words their magnificent language affords, with which to give utterance to their transports!" There is hardly one of their poets, in whom this warm appreciation of the beautiful things of earth and sky is not always breaking forth; and you can scarcely look amiss for it, whether in drama, ballad, romaunt, or pastoral. One of the most striking and interesting peculiarities of popular taste, is the fondness for a *dia de campo*—a country day. Young and old flock out, on Sundays and feast-days; on some particular festivals a whole city goes out, in mass, to the fields and groves, to while away the hours; and you see pleasant little family groups, and larger parties of both sexes, scattered every where, making the most of their holy-day. Their sports are chiefly those which conversation, dancing, and simple music furnish; and as their fare is generally of the plainest and most frugal, it would puzzle one to conceive what carries them from home, but love of shade and sunshine, fresh air, green fields, and flowers. It can not, certainly, so far as my experience is a criterion, be the mere attraction of driving over bad roads, in *tartanas*, *calesas*, or *bombés*. It may be the delights of a donkey-ride, but I doubt it.

The sea-wall, which is so striking a feature of Cadiz when seen from the bay, is a very important matter to the good people, in peace as well as war. In complete array, it must have been a very grim confronter of an enemy, and the immense apartments within it, now used as store-houses, must have

given, and might still give shelter, in time of need, to nearly the whole population. At present, comparatively few of its cannon are mounted, and there is only a sentinel to be seen here and there. Nevertheless, as I have said, it has its peaceful uses which are not to be despised, and along its ample circuit you will find the whole towns-people in promenade, when the cooler hours come on and it is not yet late enough for the Alameda to be fashionable. Under the escort of a kind acquaintance, I determined, one afternoon, to try the full sweep of it, and although the exploit drew rather largely upon my pedestrianism, I performed it. We mounted the rampart, near the huge Custom-house, the upper story of which was the temporary palace of Ferdinand VII., in 1823, when the constitutional government was driven from Seville by the approach of the Duc d'Angoulême, and the Cortes, on the motion of Alcalá Galiano, resolved to make his majesty pack up and follow his betters. Rather a bad selection he was, for company, it must be allowed, this most detestable of Bourbons; but when enlightened France, with the connivance of free Britain, had determined to force him and his fourteenth century despotism on a people struggling for liberty, there was not much room for choice. But to our walk. Turning to the right and passing by the whole front of the town, we reached, at length, the *Puerta de Tierra* or land-gate, which opens toward the isthmus by which the peninsula of Cadiz is united to the main-land. Through out-work after out-work, over draw-bridges and along winding narrow ways, flanked, covered, and commanded by batteries and all imaginable defenses, to me unintelligible and even by name unknown, we went on until we were fairly out of town, upon a fine broad

road, then recently converted into a public walking and riding ground. Crowds of people as far as we could see, were taking the air, on horseback and on foot; and really it was well worth the trouble, for the fresh breeze from the Atlantic swept very gratefully across the peninsula, and the prospect, all around, was full of cheerfulness and beautiful life. Upon the right, the ocean rolled, undivided and supreme: behind us, the white city closed the view. Far down in front, rising among the pleasant fields hard by the isthmus, was the majestic-looking church of San José. Upon the left, the bay spread itself, from San Fernando to where the *Carraca*, the once great arsenal, expanded its huge wings, and thence on, to where Puerto Real, Puerto Santa Maria, and Roto, successively, filled the graceful indentations of the shores. In the port, and further down toward Puntales, there were many ships at anchor. Out at sea were troops of them, bending with crowded canvas. The hedges, between which we walked, did not conceal the excellent cultivation of the fields; and peeping through them, now and then, we could see the huge wheel of that primitive hydraulic apparatus, called a *noria*, which a patient donkey or ox was turning, and with every turn of which came up a row of earthen vessels, loosely strung, each of which, as it reached a certain height, flung its little modicum of water into a reservoir, whence it flowed to make green and fertile the luxuriant soil we saw.

We returned only when the evening began to close in. The whole current of the population, men and women, clergy and laity, soldier and citizen, was then setting toward the Alameda, which, when we reached it, was not the less welcome for the opportunity of rest it gave us. In spite of fatigue, however,

a walk along the walls of Cadiz is a pleasant thing, with a soft breeze blowing; seeing the sun go down where the old people imagined that the Atlantis lay and the Fortunate Isles; feeling the sweet influence of the moon and starlight afterward, on wave and rampart, coast and town; pretty women all around you, turn where you will, and as you get up to the Alameda, the fragrance of innumerable flowers loading the air! Let him who can find any thing much pleasanter, go his ways, and make the most of it.

> "I can't describe it, though so much it strike,
> Nor liken it—I never saw the like."

CHAPTER XI.

Journey to Xerez—Port St. Mary's—The Calesa—Don Francisco and his Chickens—Sherry Wines and Goat-skins—The Cartuja—Xerez—The Boarding-house—Doña Maria de Leon—Her Table and Company.

ON the morning of my intended departure for Seville, it pleased the steamer to disappoint me, and I determined to make the most of my time, by a flying visit to Xerez—one of the

". . . pilgrim shrines—
Shrines to no code or creed confined;"

—the holy city of good wine, brown, pale, and golden. Accordingly, at eleven, I took the first boat, there being just breeze enough to keep one's head cool and stomach uneasy, in crossing the beautiful bay. It is cruel that one's ideas of the picturesque must be so often marred by the realities of the disagreeable. When I first saw Capri, it seemed to me to be leaping like the goat it is supposed to resemble, and as now we approached Puerto Santa Maria, the pretty town appeared to reel, as if it were under the united influence of all the good liquor in its *bodegas*. We had a trig little steamer, however, to ferry us over, and I happened to sit next to a fat, asthmatic old gentleman, who comforted me in my sorrows, and being thus put on confidential terms with me, inquired whether I was on the way to Xerez. I had, at first, some

doubts as to telling him my plans, but he did not look like a very bloody-minded individual, and I ventured to confess. He said that he was very glad of it, and as he was going the same way, he would, if I had no objection, take a *calesa* with me, "as it would be cheaper for two than one, and he knew a man who did the job low, with a nice carriage." Nothing loth, I accepted the offer, and after waiting till the procession of fat old ladies—who are the first to go ashore from all ferry-boats, in all countries—had made their slow and terrified passage, over the narrow plank which the troubled sea kept dancing, I exposed my carpet-bag to the omnipresent Custom-house vampires, and waited patiently for my friend and his *calesa*. It was soon in attendance—a flashy vehicle, indeed, with a knowing-looking fellow at the horse's head, and, what was of much more importance, a fine gray stallion in the shafts, sturdy, strong, and full of action. They had shorn his mane down to the very crest, and had treated the ends of his ears with equal barbarity, so that he was tipped with black, in spite of nature, and had almost as knowing a physiognomy as his driver. Our luggage duly roped on behind, we ourselves were installed, and passing through one of the lower streets of Puerto, which offered a view of nothing remarkable but a pretty suspension bridge over the Guadalete, we crept, at a snail's pace, until we reached the turnpike outside the town. Here our gallant gray made a few experiments in trotting, which soon satisfied me that *calesas* were not meant for rapid motion, and I joined Don Francisco (as the driver called him) in insisting, that all exhibitions of our charger's abilities should be strictly confined to the smooth places. These not being very numerous, our journey lasted more

than two hours, although the distance is but two leagues. It must, however, be said, in justice to our *calesero*, that Spanish leagues are as indefinite, in length, as Scottish "bittocks." They range, at discretion, from four miles to two. There is the *legua larga* and the *legua corta*—the long league and the short—but the long and the short of it is, that you know the length of your journey when you are at the end of it, and not a moment sooner.

Our road lay, for some distance, between ranges of small hills, or rather mounds, literally enamelled with the brightest flowers of every hue and kind. Then, the country suddenly became so rough and barren, that there was scarcely more upon its surface than the scanty grass for a poor sheep-pasture, and still farther on, we passed quarry after quarry, where both pick-axe and gunpowder would have been needful tillers of the soil. Far down upon the right, however, at the foot of the ridge we followed, was the broad valley through which the Guadalete took its devious course, and there were large herds of cattle and brood-mares at pasture, upon what appeared, in the distance, to be luxuriant meadows. A small sail, visible, here and there, along the windings of the stream, gave some liveliness and variety to the view, which was bounded, farther on in front and to the right, by the grand ranges of the *Serrania de Ronda.*

About half way our journey, I got out at "*las Cruces*" (the Crosses) a couple of not very remarkable pillars, planted by the road sides, for what purpose I know not. They were upon the very crest of a steep ridge, which we were for some time climbing, and which seemed a sort of natural dividing line between two regions of country entirely distinct in culti-

vation and appearance. Upon these pillars was inscribed the motto of Charles V., "*Plus ultra*," certainly a very uncharitable remembrancer to travellers, if meant to suggest that there was still more of the same turnpike in store for them. I recall with pleasure, however, the view which greeted me when I alighted from the *calesa*. Far behind us, the Bay of Cadiz girded the fairy city with its zone of azure, while before, a landscape, overspread with grain and vine, lay beautiful, upon the sunny slopes of many hills. Occasionally, heavy carts and wagons passed us, laden with pipes of "the rosy;" and when we drew near the *Portal* (I think that was the name), the landing-place or port of Xerez, there were many small crafts getting their cargoes on board, and carts and many laborers busy, going, discharging, and returning.

It occurs to me to notice here the idea which is quite prevalent, that the peculiar flavor of the sherry wines is due to the skins in which they are supposed to be transported. Captain Marryatt expresses it, in his usual dashing way, in one of his novels, where he says, that the taste of the hide is the one thing needful, and that whenever he desires a highly flavored sherry, he throws a pair of old boots into a cask of Madeira. It is hard to tell whence this notion comes, unless it be, from the fact, that wine-skins figure in Don Quijote's adventures, and as that immortal book is supposed to contain the substance and sum total of the manners and customs, as well as the literature of the Peninsula, all Spanish wines are considered as in duty bound to smack of the goat-skin, or forfeit their nationality. Now, it unfortunately happens, that if there be any wine in Spain, which, by special exception, never touches the *cuero*, it is that particular spe-

cies which we call sherry. The district, about Xerez, which produces the choicest orthodox grape, is not very large, and is so gently undulating in its surface as to afford the greatest facility for the transportation of the wine in pipes and barrels. The same may be said, almost universally, of the neighboring country, which contributes to the *bodegas* of Xerez so large a portion of the wine that makes up the compound exported. The *cuero*, therefore, which serves an excellent purpose in the mountainous districts, where the transportation is altogether on the backs of mules and asses, is quite a supernumerary article upon the plains of Andalusia; and those critical gentlemen, of analytical palates, who have fancied themselves drinking under the influence of Capricornus, may, therefore, study Accum, and hunt out, for their satisfaction, some poison which has the goat-savor.

My companion, Don Francisco, was only not stupid, because he was very odd. He was as good as a Yankee at asking questions, though in making guesses he would have been no honor to Connecticut. Taking me to be an Englishman, and finding himself mistaken, he gave me almost every nation of the earth for a country, and forgot America at last. When I satisfied his curiosity—"*Los Estados Unidos*," said he, "ah! yes! What is the capital?" "Washington." "You live there, of course?" "Oh, no, I live in ———." "A great city, that, I suppose?" Of course, I did full justice, to say the least, to the greatness of the subject. "It's a very cold country, isn't it?" was the next question. "Oh, very." "Well, how do the people go out in so much snow? I am told it is mountains high." "Not quite so bad as all that. We go out easily enough, after the streets have been a little

cleared." "*Ave Maria purithima!* Well! have you cattle, and mares, and vineyards there?" "Oh, yes—cattle and horses enough, but no vineyards, to speak of." "No? Well, what do you do for wine?" "We drink sherry." "*Dioth Mio! Ave Maria purithima!* Why, it must be a very long way off." "Only a few thousand miles." "*Caramba!* a few thousand miles! Well! have you any chickens there?" "Abundance, of all sorts." "You have, ha? I have four hundred and seven on my *cortijo* (farm). I wish you would go and see my *cortijo*. It is far better worth seeing than the *bodegas* of Xerez. I have three hundred (and odd) mares and colts, and all those chickens"—and so the old man went on chattering, and told me all his riches, and then questioned me about horses and colts at home, and asked whether we had any *calesas* (save the mark!) and when I told him we had *coches*, and railroads, he lifted up his eyes, said *Ave Maria!* with a lisp, again, and wondered how much money it must all cost. Then he turned from me to the driver, and had a talk about an attempt of the toll-gatherer on the turnpike to cheat him; and the driver, being, of course, a natural enemy of toll-gates, entered into the spirit of his wrath, and being a good *Andaluz* and *muy valiente*, told some wonderful stories, in the richest Andalusian brogue, of his own prowess, in bullying the guardians of the road, despite their blunderbusses. At every ten words, he would bawl out, "*Arre cavayo-o-o-o! Arre jaca-a-a-a!*" to the unhappy gray, accompanying the same with some very left-handed compliments to his dam, and then, getting emphatic, he would gesticulate with his stick upon the poor beast's bones, and we would go up and down, and jolt and jolt, until Don Francisco

would get into a fit of coughing, when he would resume his discourse, and we would crawl along as before. I learned afterward, that Don Francisco was one of the richest farmers in the neighborhood of Xerez, but a man of queer notions, and accounted, generally, not altogether right in his mind. His chickens were very famous, from the fact that he would have them of no colors but black and white, so that if any unfortunate little fellow chipped the shell, with the sin of brown, red, or russet on his head, it was, Off with it, and so much for chanticleer! His oxen, too, were all marked in the same way, and he would sell, indignantly, every trespasser of a calf that would venture to hang out a forbidden color. Perhaps, like the learned apprentice in Scriblerus' report of "Stradling *vs.* Stiles," on the famous bequest which brought the "pyed horses" into controversy, he believed that black and white, being the two extremes, comprehended between them all other colors whatsoever.

As we drew near Xerez, the great *Cartuja* or Carthusian Convent broke upon our view, some three miles to the right, a majestic structure, though now tenantless, and rising proudly over what seemed no inconsiderable town. In a few moments, a turn of the road, which winded between vineyards and wheat-fields hedged in with the formidable aloe, gave us a sight of the wine-city, cresting an elevated ridge most gracefully, with its gay white houses, belvederes and towers. Upon the edge of the town, as we went in, we passed the royal Alcazar, tenanted by the Duke of San Lorenzo, as representative of majesty, and holding dominion over a garden, blooming as prodigal nature blooms only here. Our gallant gray, after many *arres!* and much cracking of whips, halted with us in

the centre of a fine plaza, from which several wide and well-paved streets branched all around. Every thing looked so cleanly, and, indeed, so indicative of comfort and wealth, that I fancied, for a brief moment, I had fallen upon one European city, where poverty was the exception. Alas! it was not long before a swarm of beggars, numerous and greedy, had colonized my Utopia.

The chief hostelry of the city was under the patronage of San Dionisio, but I had learned that it was bad as might have been expected, from the supervision of a guardian without any head, and I directed Jehu to drive me to the *casa de pupilos* of Doña Maria de Leon, the principal "Todgers" of Xerez. While I was ringing for admittance, my friend Don Francisco had an attack of absence of mind, and was going off, leaving me to attend to the fare. I was receiving the old rogue's apologies for requiring the *calesero* to remind him of it, when the door opened, and Doña Maria herself welcomed me. She had pleasant souvenirs of beauty in her big black eyes, though she was on the southern side of forty, and there was a bevy of good-looking damsels sitting at work in the back-ground, from whose midst she came to me, and whom Mr. Ford, if he had seen them, would have likened, I am sure, to the hand-maidens of Andromache or Penelope. I liked the looks of the establishment, and determined, at once, that the accommodations must be quite intolerable to prevent my domesticating myself. Doña Maria seemed to have made up her mind that I was to be easily pleased, for she at first showed me a chamber, which had the slight disadvantage of having no windows, but then it opened on the gallery, she said, and by keeping my door open I would incommode no one, she assured me,

and might be as cheerful as a lark. I thanked her, but begged to see farther, and she conducted me, with due ceremony, to what she called her *sala*, or parlor, which, she said, was a fine room, and fronted on the street. Poor creature! she had done her best to make it luxurious, so far as cleanliness could go; but the brick floor, with two or three scant mats of rush upon it, the rush-bottomed chairs, and the sofa—which I should like to have a patent for, as the best substitute for pavement I have ever seen (not excepting the asphaltum and bituminous)—were by no means relieved of their dreariness by the mouldy and spotted mirror, and the effigies of "*La belle Russe*," "*La jeune Savoyarde*," and "*La coquette Française*," short-waisted, be-feathered, and be-ruffed, which hung in melancholy water-colors on the walls. To a man, however, who had already taken a large part of his allotted "peck" in many a grand hotel of France and Italy, neatness was no small temptation; so I at once ordered the cot to be transferred from the windowless alcove, and possessed myself of the *sala*, with all the appurtenant respectability which its occupation seemed to give, in the eyes of the household. This done, I sallied out in quest of the family to whose kindness my friends had consigned me.

Having a fondness for making my own way in strange places, I took a general topographical description from Doña Maria, and travelled, as I supposed, according to the chart, but I was soon at fault, and picking up a beggar who said he knew the place, determined to make him earn the coppers he was boring me for. Beggars in Spain, however, have lost neither the cunning nor the rascality of the days of Guzman de Alfarache and Lazarillo de Tormes. My guide, on this

occasion, took every sly opportunity of making inquiries as he went along, and I accidentally perceived, in overhearing one of them, that he had forgotten the name of the person I was looking for, whereupon I gave him a *peseta* and told him to go to the devil, which he most amiably rejoined to, by bidding me "go with God, who would pay my worship the *peseta!*" By good luck, as soon as I got rid of him, I stumbled upon the place I was in search of—a fine mansion, fronting on a very pretty plaza, and rejoicing in one of the most delightful *patios* I had seen, filled with orange and lemon-trees and fragrant flowers.

When I went to dinner, I found that Doña Maria had her table set in a little dark room, the shadows of which fell, charitably, upon the ill-appointed and strangely untidy board. At the head of the table sate a stout gentleman called Don Pedro, who, I was told, was an *empleado* of the Custom-house. Don somebody-else was a black-mustached gentleman, without a cravat, who was sullen and very hungry. Doña Maria's mother and plump little niece made up the party, the good landlady herself joining in, now and then, between the changes of the plates. What they called the soup, was bread, boiled in some very savory mixture or other, all of which was absorbed, or had otherwise departed. The *caballeros* pushed it to me, and insisted on my taking the first dip. Then came the boiled beef, soft and tasteless, all its substance having, no doubt, been contributed to the soup: next was what they called the *puchero*, a mixture of *avichuelas* (which are a bean, like our hominy-bean), with a whole kitchen-garden of other vegetables and greens. A sort of a stew of veal then followed, which was succeeded by a salad, oranges, cheese, raisins, and

finis! I did justice to it all as well as I was able, though the perfect saturation of every thing with oil, required frequent recourse to a bottle of fine *Manzanilla*, which Doña Maria procured for me. They asked me all sorts of questions, as to where I came from, and the sort of country mine was; all which I answered as patiently as possible, though I had to begin at the very beginning, for they were not well posted in geography; but they were amiable people, though simple, and as civil and kind as the day was long. Doña Maria was very much inclined, when she knew I was from America, to send a message, by me, to a relative of hers, who, she observed to her company, lived in "*el pais del Señor*" (the gentleman's country), to wit, somewhere on the Spanish Main.[1] On rising from the table, each guest, in his turn, wished that the meal might do me good—*Buen provecho le haga á vmd., caballero!* Not to be outdone, I got up, while the old lady was still eating, and expressed the desire, in my best Castilian, that she might profit by it, likewise; a thing more likely to happen, I thought, in the hispaniolized state of her epigastrics, than the less accustomed condition of mine.

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[1] Spain is not the only country in which an American hears mysterious things about his native land. In Avignon, I made inquiries from the agent of the diligence in regard to some passengers with whom I was to be thrown into rather close quarters. "They are Americans," he said; "at all events they have a black (*un noir*) with them, who must be an American, or African, or something of the sort (*Américain, Africain, ou quelque chose comme ça*)." My companions were from Algeria, and the *noir* was their servant—black as Egypt, and wearing a turban, slippers, and bag-trowsers!

CHAPTER XII.

Xerez—Population—The Bodegas—Wines—Manzanilla—The Preparation of Wines—American and English Markets—Prices—Vineyards—Manners of the People—Churches—The Storks of San Miguel—May-day—Return to Cadiz—Louis Philippe's Birth-day.

XEREZ passes for a city of thirty-two thousand inhabitants. My friend, informed me, that as the census and other statistics are furnished by the *ayuntamiento* or municipality, and as both taxes and conscriptions are regulated by the reported population, this latter is extremely apt to fall below its actual rate in the official returns. This fact considered, those who are in the secret believe that there are, at least, fifty thousand souls within the precincts of Xerez. To all of these, men, women, and children, and to the strangers who come among them, the *bodegas* are naturally the objects of chief interest. I visited several of these great store-houses, and they were certainly on a gigantic scale. In one of them there were five thousand butts of wine, and it had not more than two-thirds of its complement. It was, as they all are, of a single story, entirely above ground, and without windows, the roof rising loftily, and supported upon columns of substantial and not ungraceful structure. By skillful management, a perfect ventilation is kept up, while heat and glare are carefully excluded, and the change of

temperature that greets you, as you enter the great doors, is not the least attractive thing in your tour of observation. The casks are piled, one above the other, along the sides, and there are broad rows of them, that divide the body of the building into spacious aisles. Every thing is neat, comfortable, and carefully arranged and kept, so that Father Mathew might well tremble at seeing the snug quarters in which the soldiers of King Alcohol wax stronger and stronger for the fight.

All *bodegas* are alike, except in size, to him who will not or can not drink; and all are likely soon to become so, to him who will, unless he be carefully on the lookout against temptation. A piece of reed, nicely fastened to a staff, is always at hand, to fathom the depths of the good cheer. The *capataz*, or manager, who goes the rounds with you, is generally a man with a red nose, and most unbounded stomach, whose practised palate is the arbiter of flavors, and whose head has grown invincible from much tasting. He is dangerous company. Fortunately, I had an invalid's privilege, to refuse without being considered rude, and I came away in better plight than, if report speaks true, all travellers are wont; although, of course, I brought away with me, in consequence, much less than the usual experience of what is good. Nevertheless, I do remember me, especially, of an *amontillado*, which had seen thirty honest years and more—mellow as autumn, and fragrant as the spring. It could not have been the only thing I tasted, for I recollect it as the best; and that implies three degrees of comparison, as the reader may be supposed to know.

Those who may be curious in such matters, will find a good deal of interesting information on the subject of sherry

wines, in Mr. Ford's Hand-book, and a good deal more (with less Latin and Greek interspersed), in the second volume of Cook's (Widdrington's) Sketches. If I venture to mention a few facts, which I had on the spot, from those who knew, I trust no one will charge me with the folly of supposing myself made suddenly wise, by having spent one day of my life among the *bodegas*. It may be risked, at all events, for the benefit of those who may chance to know even less of the matter than myself.

No sherry exported, not even the best, is a simple, unprepared production of nature. It is, all of it, the result of time, mixture, and much doctoring. The finest is the growth of the district immediately about Xerez, and its natural purity is only violated by the admixture of something better of the same sort. The oldest, richest, and most generous wines, are kept and used, especially, to give body, strength, and flavor to the newer ones that need them. The inferior qualities come from the districts along the coast. These last, good enough in themselves and when left to themselves, become any thing but nectar by the time they have been manufactured into sherry. Some of them, to be sure, enriched by the judicious admixture of the *vino jeneroso*, become sound and respectable wines; and there is no knowing how much of homely San Lucar, and even dry Malaga, passes into the cellars and down the throats of the Anglo-Saxons, yearly, with the name and at the cost of the ripest *Jerezano*. But this is not the worst. Immense quantities, prepared especially for exportation, at cheap rates, have their principal virtues given to them by the liberal use of bad brandy; and it is with these, chiefly, that the sherry-drinking world is drugged. The British books say, that this goes principally to the United States; but Théophile Gautier

is quite positive that its chief destination is England, for says he, "to please the British gullet, wine must go disguised as rum!" John Bull, however, has all the choicest; and I am sorry to say that the *capataz* of one of the most extensive establishments assured me, he had not, during a service of from twenty to thirty years, known one parcel of the best wine to start on the voyage to America. A wine of fine quality, eight or ten years old, will cost, at Xerez, at least four dollars the gallon. Those who know what our tariffs are and have been, and who can calculate the cost of transportation, may judge, from the range of prices with us, whether his assertion was not a correct one.

As in all wine-growing districts, circumstances of location, apparently the most trivial, give the greatest variety of flavor to the sherry which is produced even within the orthodox limits. Nevertheless, a great many of the nice distinctions, which we outside barbarians most particularly appreciate, are produced by artificial and often chemical means. The *amontillado* flavor, which derives its name from its resemblance to that of the wine from about Montilla, higher up the Guadalquivir, is as often the work of art as nature; and, indeed, there is scarce a kind or quality, for the making of which there is not its appropriate recipe.

The Spaniards, who know all these things, trouble the strong sherries but very little. They prefer the simple, natural wines. The great favorite throughout Andalusia is the *manzanilla*, which grows down toward San Lucar and Port St. Mary's, and has its name (which signifies chamomile) from its peculiar, bitter flavor. This delicious, though simple beverage, in its natural state is of a light straw-color,

and is tonic and refreshing, without too much stimulus. Its cheapness and abundance are such, that you can rely with certainty upon its purity; and there would be no difficulty whatever in having it as good in the United States as in Cadiz. My *capataz*, a bottle-nosed old Asturian, who had been nursed and fed, boy and man, upon the *vinos fuertes* (the strong wines), spoke very contemptuously of *manzanilla*. "*No es cosa*," he said—"it is nothing to speak of. It may be fashionable, like champagne, but neither of them is worth having—*no vale nada ninguno de los dos*." He admitted, however, that it had the advantage, even over sherry, of being a purely natural wine; and he told me that, at five or six years old, of good quality, it ought to be sent to the United States for a dollar the gallon. I am able, from my own knowledge, to verify his assertion. Did the reader ever buy any *manzanilla*, in our beloved country? If not, let him make the experiment. He will find it under various names: from that which belongs to it, down to "Massaniello sherry!" When he has paid for it, he will find how much it costs a man, sometimes, to learn to what extent the world is humbugged. The English are beginning to buy large quantities of *manzanilla*, and Mr. Ford eloquently apostrophizes—"Drink it, ye dyspeptics!" If, however, what reaches the English market is as badly be-sherried and be-brandied as the mass of what is palmed on us here, it strikes me that I should prefer recommending the wine antimonial.

The Hand-book sets down Xerez as a "straggling, ill-built, ill-drained Moorish city." I walked through it and around it, and saw it, moreover, from the *azotea* or terrace of a mansion in a commanding situation; and I must bear witness that

my impression was a different one; for the city seemed to me to be well and neatly built, and, in all respects, above the average of comfort and good taste. I had, too, on the afternoon of my arrival, a fine view of its environs, from the lofty belvedere of one of the *bodegas* that I visited. The sun was declining when we went up, but the atmosphere was so wonderfully clear, that we could distinctly see the town of Medina Sidonia, full six or seven leagues off, shining among the mountains that bounded the horizon to the southeast. Toward the east, in bold relief, shot up the rugged *Sierra de Ronda*, while all around us and about Xerez, as far as the eye could sweep distinctly, was a green, undulating meadow, covered with vines, grain, and olives, and in as perfect cultivation as heart could desire.

Descending, we went into the vineyard of the proprietor, where some laborers were breaking up the ground. They were using immense, broad hoes, short handled and clumsy to look at, but they did the business rapidly and well, leaving the earth as fresh, as level, and as free from grass and weeds, as if plow and patent harrow had been working wonders for a show. The courteous manners of the Spaniards, and the republican equality which really dignifies their intercourse, were illustrated by the greetings which passed between my companions and these laborers, who were peasants of the humblest class. Each gave the other, with all formality and with hat raised, the title of *caballero!* when they met, and each, as respectfully, when they parted, commended his *caballero* to God's holy keeping. "*Mas alcanza el sombrero que la espada,*" is an old Castilian proverb, and it means, that, with the hat, you can do more than with the sword. In some sense, this is but a scrap of

the MacSycophant philosophy, and will hardly pass muster as a sentiment. It is not, nevertheless, without its better moral, which might be studied advantageously by some, who have a horror of what they call "a nation of dancing-masters." Courtesy, even the most ceremonious, though it asks tribute for ourselves, pays tribute to others and their feelings, and can not, therefore, but have something of love and charity about it. Empty, sometimes, it can not always be separate from what it seems; and, in this better light, it indicates a worthier and higher element in the character of nations, than will be found in noiser and more prosperous virtues that we wot of. A people is not always honest, because it is blunt; although, perhaps, it would not be hard to find some great nations that make the mistake of thinking so.

Our stroll about the city carried me, by the *Plaza de Toros* and the new Alameda, to the fine old church of Santiago, whose beautiful façade, though worn by time, still bears upon its graceful canopies the magic traces of the Gothic chisel. Passing thence, around by the old Moorish walls with their still unbroken turrets, we came upon the *Colegiata*, whose overcharged and heavy architecture was most pleasantly seen under the shadows of twilight. The doors were open, and we entered. The interior was dusky—almost dark. A few candles were lighted upon a single altar, and a priest was kneeling before it, reading some prayers, to which a few school-boys were responding, in that peculiar treble approaching a caterwaul, which is so characteristic of scholastic devotional exercises, among all nations and creeds. With this solitary interruption, darkness and silence had the church to themselves; and our echoing footsteps, as we trod up and down the aisles, the

dim glimpses of column, arch, and cornice, the shadowy high altar, and gloomy choir, gave semblance of awe to the huge building, which it wanted, I found afterward, in brighter hours.

Never having been in Holland, I saw storks, for the first time, upon the venerable church of San Miguel, among whose broken pinnacles their nests remain inviolate. The grand Gothic doorways of this antique temple have almost crumbled into dust beneath the feet of Time, and what is left of the once delicate tracery upon the columns and canopies within, is barbarously debaubed with whitewash. The reader may well imagine how such Vandalism spoils one's temper, when he is told that the great columns, thus defiled, are a perfect labyrinth of fret-work, and that each separate one has its peculiar ornaments, differing from all the rest. Nevertheless, San Miguel is pleasant to look upon, in the bright spring-time, and the old storks seem proud of it. There they stand, upon buttress or crocket, looking down, gravely, on the faithful who enter. Occasionally they spread their long wings, and, soaring up into the air amid swallows and martlets and innumerable twitterers, sweep around the church and sail back, solemnly, to their duty on the watch-towers. A grave and dignified bird they are—*muy comedidos*—well behaved in all things. Their very color—all white, save a fringe of black upon the wings—has a smack of clerical costume; and they might be taken, by a reasonable metempsychosis, to be inhabited by the souls of *curas* and *canónigos*, long since departed from their stalls.

May 1. Flowery May never came to me, before, in such becoming garments. I was awakened, bright and early, by

the chattering of the gossips and the cries of the vendors of all sorts of wares, in the Plaza hard by. When I looked out, I found it as bright and beautiful a morning as that which shone on

> "Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
> As he met her once, a-Maying."

Not a being or a thing was there in sight, that was not perfectly Spanish. On the Alameda, the night before, I had seen an occasional frock-coat and French hat. Now, there was nothing but the knowing *calañes*, the short jacket, and red sash. Here and there, a water-carrier—his donkey roofed over with moist-looking jars—was knocking impatiently at the closed gate of a lazy customer. On one side was an *arriero*, getting his *reata*, or long string of mules, into line, each, like a philosophical follower of precedents, with his muzzle tied to the tail of his "illustrious predecessor." Across the way, was a group of peasants who had just come into town, leaning on their long staves; tall, muscular, and well-formed men, with health and spirit in every line of their bronzed faces. Sitting quietly upon his horse, or rather, balancing himself in his stirrups, and just ready to be off to the country, was a gentleman, a gallant and well-mounted rider, with his gun swinging at his cantle. A beggar, in a tattered, dark-brown cloak, was hugging the wall, near a wine-shop; a trim lady, prayer-book in hand, refused him alms, as she passed on to mass, to open her day's accounts; while an old woman, bending under an osier-basket of some vegetable or other, was yelling in a style which might have saved the lady the trouble, by driving all the devils out of Xerez. All these sights and sounds I saw

and heard in a brief parenthesis of waking, for, so much fatigued was I with the labors of the day before, that I got me to bed and sleep again, until Doña Maria's household gave audible symptoms of breakfast.

Poor Doña Maria! it is hardly fair to let in upon her homely board the light she studiously shut out from it—but I have conscientiously told whatever of good I have met in my travel, and it will not do to disguise the bad. She gave me what she called "*té*," most unhappily translated into Spanish; an omelette fried in much oil, and some good bread, that did itself great injustice by keeping company with a carrot-colored compound, called "*manteca de flandes*," or Flemish butter. "Our armies swore terribly in Flanders, cried my uncle Toby," and well they might, if they were made to eat the like: for the Christianity of the most orthodox old-time Castilian—*Cristiano, viejo, rancio*—never was more rancid. Having done justice to this meal, which consisted in leaving as much of it as possible, I took a turn about the town, and having made my adieus to the kind and civil gentleman, whose unremitted and polite attention had stood me in so much stead, I parted company, at noon, with Doña Maria, her *niñas*, and the good city of Xerez.

In an hour and three-quarters, I was at Port St. Mary's. The *calesero*, with whom I had made the journey up was my Jehu down also, and, as I was alone, both he and the gray seemed to think trotting could not hurt me. A rival, with a gaudy and fantastic vehicle, made play at us in the beginning of the drive, and we had a tight race of it, until the gray fairly distanced the chestnut. Jehu seemed to take quite a pride in it, for the opposition line was obviously a new and

grand affair, the *calesero* having a huge flower-pot with flowers, in colored cloth, inserted in the back of his jacket, and a magnificent display to match painted in the rear of his *calesa*. "I'll beat him, señor," said my man, "*como quince mil demonios*—like fifteen thousand devils." If the reader can conceive himself, *cæteris paribus*, on the inside of a kettle, and the kettle tied to a frightened dog's tail, he may have some faint idea of what driving in a *calesa* feels like, when the respectable number of evil spirits mentioned above concern themselves in the business. It was only when we were in the arms of victory, and the vanquished out of sight, that coachee unbent himself and regaled me with a little Andalusian democracy, suggested by a story he had heard, that morning, of a rich marquis, who had said that poor people ought to eat brown bread, and be glad. "*Que lo coman su padre y su madre!*" he exclaimed in his wrath—"may his father and his mother eat it!"

As we drew near Puerto, I could but wonder again and again at the prodigies of flowers, scattered every where among the grain and between the stones—on hill and hedge—in ditch and meadow. We could see our little steamer, however, making its way to meet us, and there was no time for courting Flora. I reached the Hôtel de l'Europe in good season for dinner, and finished my day by a charming walk along the ramparts and the Alameda. It was the birth-day of Louis Philippe, and a French war steamer that was in the offing, bedecked with innumerable colors, fired a salute in his honor, as the sun went down. A Swedish corvette in port joined in the amusement. Who salutes the Count de Neuilly now?

Even Punch laughs at Mr. Smith, for being polite to him in the railway wagons!

"Sus infinitos tesoros,
Sus villas y sus lugares,
Y su mandar,
Qué le fueron sino lloros,
Qué fueron sino pesares,
Al dejar!"

CHAPTER XIII.

Fair at Puerto Real—The Star-spangled Banner—The Balon and Theatrical Performances—Spanish Dancing-girls.

ON the second of May, the fair at Puerto Real, across the Bay of Cadiz, was to begin its three days' frolic; and although it was Sunday, I found myself, at half-past ten, on board the launch which was to bear me to the steamer, with the rest of the sinners in like case offending. We were soon off, and went by, in their turn, the famous and now dismantled batteries of the *Trocadero* on the other shore of the bay, the fort of *Puntales* on the Cadiz side, and all the other fortifications with which the peninsula, the isthmus, and the coast about are bristling. Then stretching round, in full view of the Carraca and the town of San Fernando, we speedily dropped anchor at Puerto Real, and were taken ashore in launches, through a very heavy swell. We carried with us, of course, a good many folks, young and old, in the *sombrero calañes*, and duly bedizened with gay cravats and handkerchiefs, jackets, vests, and sashes. We soon found, however, that Puerto Real had finery enough of its own. Every street of any note was rustling with banners. They were flaunting from the terraces and balconies, and swinging all across the ways from ropes hung in the air. All the nations of the earth

were represented, and many, below it or above it but certainly not on it, had streamers glancing in the sun. From the top of one large house, the flags of the United States, France, and Great Britain were fluttering together. I was alarmed for a moment, when I first caught sight of the spangled banner—a vision, usually,

> "Welcome as the hand
> Of brother, in a foreign land."

They had managed, unfortunately, to make it look a little ragged, and had actually extinguished one of the stars with a big patch. Who knows, thought I, but that during the short half-year I have been from home, some bright particular star, after long promising, has shot right chivalrously from its sphere, at last? Another look, however, soon satisfied me that the rent had been produced by the gnawing of rats, and no dissolution of the Union, so I made my salute, with all my heart, to the stars and stripes that were left. If, at that distance from us, the good people had actually taken our orators at their word, and supposed the confederacy at an end, as it so often is, in speeches, I should have had no cause to wonder; so I made up my mind, for the future, to be under no apprehension, if I should see the whole galaxy at sixes and sevens, either in rhetoric or bunting.

As I went the rounds of the gay and crowded streets, I could not help noting the resemblance between what I saw and the aspect of a certain good city of our own, on the memorable days of the "Great Conventions" of 1840 and 1844. Had it not been for the strange beautiful costumes, and the unaccustomed language, I might have listened at every corner

for the voice of some enthusiastic patriot, bidding "Clear the track for old Kentucky!" In the stead, however, of our well-remembered friend, "that same old coon," so conspicuous on banner and transparency upon the festivals alluded to, there hung high over the chief street of Puerto Real, a snowy flag, rustling among the armorial bearings of ancient empires. Upon its ample folds, depicted to the life, was the gigantic effigy of—a flea! Grand and dismal was he in his proportions and expression, and but for the bold inscription beneath him—"*Microscopio solar: la pulga*"—he might have been taken for the megalosaurus, or some other antediluvian monster, or the universal father of all lobsters. Below the flag, a placard informed the "*público ilustrado*" (the enlightened public) that by the aid of the wonderful microscope within, many strange insects and animals, and "especially the flea," loomed large and terrible! A queer notion it was, that anybody needed a microscope in Spain, to enlarge his ideas of the natural history of fleas! As if one did not know enough of them, as pests, without dreaming of them as night-mares! I did not visit the microscope, though all the world did.

Nor did I pay my respects to the wonderful giant, seven feet and a great many inches high, who, like all the giants at home, "to the most startling size, added the most graceful proportions." The cattle and horses interested me more than ogres; and having heard that many of the former would be on the ground, I went about to look for them. It was Sunday, however, and the first day, therefore nothing was on show, and I afterward learned that the Puerto Real Fair, unlike the most of those in Spain, is rather a merry-making, usually, than a place of real traffic. In the lack of buyers and sellers,

however, there were people in abundance. Pretty faces peeped out upon you, from behind the grating of every deep, low window that you passed. The noisy church-bell turned round and round, and rattled for near an hour, and many a graceful form enchanted you as you stood near the thoroughfare, and saw the bright-eyed creatures going and returning. Then the men! what splendid fellows some of them were! the finest specimens of vigorous, athletic, lusty manhood! Few of them were in full *majo* dress, so far as their unmentionables were concerned, the loose breeches of the *majo del monte*, or the common trowsers being in most request. But in jackets—*chaqueticas*, as they affectionately call them—there was a perfect revel; from the plain roundabout, loose and long, to the tight, short *majo*, with silver buttons and rich embroidery, and a gay handkerchief protruding ostentatiously from each pocket. By far the greater number wore the *calesera*, which is large and heavy. Some had it over the *majo* jacket, for the weather was fresh and windy: others wore it, hussar-fashion, upon the left shoulder, with one sleeve under the right arm, as only an Andalusian could fling it. Then what varieties of trimmings there were, which only a woman or a tailor could remember or describe; from the full-blown glories of the *calesera*, with red and white cloth facings, collar, and elbows, and the gorgeous flower-pot upon the back, up through all shades of velvet to the most subdued rich olive, the pervading color of the cloth! What treasures of filagree buttons, and silk and velvet lacings, with silver points! What bright fantastic vests! What embroideries! What many-colored, party-colored paraphernalia, in both good taste and bad!

Of articles for serious traffic there were, as I have said, not many, but yet buyers and sellers were not idle. One Plaza was filled with toy-booths. All the streets were lined with the stalls of *orchata* and lemonade dealers. Pea-nuts, and dates, cakes, candies, and filberts, were at every corner, and hawked about in sacks made of rushes, by all manner of bedraggled boys. Here went a fellow, screaming, "*Bocas frescas y ricas! bocas de la isla!*" These were neither more nor less than crab-claws, from the Island of Leon. The poor animals are caught, their claws are broken off at the first joint, and they are then thrown back into the water, to get along as cats are supposed to manage, without claws, in a certain place that shall be nameless. For those who liked the whole crab better than the *boca*, another huckster had his ready basket; while another attempted still further to stimulate your appetite, by praising and pointing to his piles of shrimp and crawfish, and a commodity looking amazingly like snails. Fried fish, reeking hot, smoked along the side-walks, and were dusted delightfully by the accommodating breeze. Oysters were scraped from their shells, for your temptation, as you passed, and were poked under your nose invitingly, between rusty knife-blades and dirty fingers. Gypsies, dark as Indians, and carrying babies of course, were at hand, to tell your fortune. "*Barato, baratísimo! señorita!*" said a weird sister to a young lady, as I passed; "Cheap! very cheap!"—and, no doubt, famous luck, and warranted! A better purchase than the gypsy's prophecy, and cheaper, too, perhaps, was the cool glass of sparkling water you received from the busy *aguador*. "*Agua fresca! como la nieve!*" (cold as snow!) he cried, in hoarse Galician accent. It would take him long to

get rich, you would imagine, at the rate of half a cent a customer, and obliged to throw a pinch or two of appetizing anise seed into his bargain! And yet, better do that than beg.

Beggars there were, by scores, among the crowd. Blind men asked a *limosnita*, for "a poor fellow who couldn't see to earn it." Wretched women, hooded, hungry, and importunate, clung to you and implored your pity, for God's love and the blessing of "*Maria zantizima!*" Pinched and ragged little boys, made prematurely cunning by starvation, would hold their palms up to you, with a few coppers, and tell you that they needed but one more, to buy them bread. Cripples made ostentation of their deformity, and loathsome, leper-looking creatures challenged your bounty and disgust, exhibiting their sores. I remember a poor wretch, whose shrunken, palsied leg was his whole capital. He kept it naked, and ever and anon he would prop it with a cane, and take toll from the passers-by. Then, shifting his quarters to the very centre of the largest crowd that he could find, he would balance himself upon a crutch and his sound limb, and turning on one heel with wonderful agility, he would describe circle after circle with the naked leg, flapping it around to every comer.

These things, and many like them, occupied me until the afternoon was beginning to advance, when, tired of *majos*, banners, beggars, and the rest, I turned my footsteps back toward the ferry. There were "bull-feasts" assigned for the entertainment of the public, later in the day, but they were only what they call *novillos*—bull-calves to be baited, not full-grown heroes to be slain. These did not tempt me to risk the loss of a tide, and a consequent delay till midnight, at Puerto Real, when I had the ramparts and Alameda of Cadiz, to

finish the pleasant day. I made the best of my way, therefore, home, and was repaid by the beauty of a sunset which Naples could scarcely have surpassed. At the suggestion of one of my friends, I then went to the *Balon*, a little theatre which promised an attractive performance. It was a *sans façon* sort of a place, and not over-genteel, I suppose, for I saw one of the fairer sex, with an infant in arms, in one of the most conspicuous boxes, and I will certify that she did not permit the presence of company to interfere, in any way, with the most thorough and elaborate performance of her maternal duties. The men, on the other hand, puffed their cigars at their sweet will, so that there was, in the appearance of things, as I entered, a delicate blending of the smoke-house and nursery.

I went into the pit, where I took what they called a *luneta*, which was, in plain English, a seat on a bench, but numbered, so that, at any time during the evening, I could assert my title to it, by showing my ticket. The *sainete* was capital, full of the peculiar humor of the Spanish farce, and performed with very considerable comic power. But the charm of the evening was the dancing, in which the *Balon* had the reputation of surpassing the principal theatre. We had a superb *bolero* by four couples, and then the fascinating *ole*, by a fair dancer of some fame, who was rapturously encored. I saw this voluptuous dance under more favorable circumstances at Seville, where the reader, if it so please him, shall hear more of it. Ford says that the Venus Callipyge, in the Neapolitan Museum, is the undoubted representation of a Cadiz dancing-girl. It would be rash to dispute the fact, in the face of Martial and Petronius Arbiter, who are summoned into court to prove it;

but nowadays, so far as I saw, there is a little more conscience and a good deal more drapery, than when Callipyge trod the boards. And yet, even in the plain way (compared to the gymnastics of the Venus) in which the *ole* is managed now, if the Shakers would make it a part of their ceremonial, and would not hold it sinful to shake the dust of worldliness from off their feet to the sound of castanets, I would engage that it would draw proselytes enough to Lebanon, to cultivate bone-set for the continent.

CHAPTER XIV.

Decay of Cadiz—Manufactures and Trade—Free-trade Newspaper—Agriculture—Grain and Flour—Journey to Seville—The Guadalquivir—Herdsmen and their Mares—Approach to Seville—Gardens and Groves—Fonda de la Reyna—Don José and the Widow—The Maiden's Balcony.

EVERY one says, and no doubt it is true, that Cadiz, commercially considered, is travelling down hill, as it has been for many years. This might be naturally enough accounted for, by the mere decay of the national commerce, Cadiz being dependent almost entirely upon trade. The decay alluded to, however, goes farther. Port St. Mary's, and the other towns upon the bay, being more advantageously situated for the purposes of the wine trade, are now reclaiming, by their natural facilities, the commerce which was once drawn to Cadiz by superior capital and more enlarged and active enterprise. Even Malaga, though farther removed, has borne its part in the work. An intelligent English merchant, my fellow-traveller in the Heredia, who has resided twenty years in Malaga, told me, that, within his time, the amount of exports from that city had been doubled, and that it was still steadily increasing. Of course, a portion of this gain has been the loss of Cadiz.

The *Gaditanos*, however, have set themselves to work, to arrest the evil, if possible, or rather, to counteract it. They

have established large and fine factories, which, according to the accounts they gave me, were busy and prosperous. On board the steamer, as I went to Puerto Real, I met a very well-informed young gentleman, the editor of the *Propagador*, the free-trade journal of Cadiz. He told me that, in order to show the preposterousness of the Catalonian tariff of seventy-five per cent. upon certain fabrics, the advocates of a more reasonable system had but recently forwarded to Madrid samples of the same fabrics, manufactured at Cadiz. These they accompanied with the corresponding British article, submitting their comparative excellence to the judgment of the government, and furnishing, at the same time, a particular and detailed statement of the outlay upon the home fabric, so as to show that, with a protection of twenty-five per cent., they could support a profitable and successful competition.

The object of the free-traders, as the *Propagador* informed me, would be entirely gratified by the establishment of a rational system of protective duties, in lieu of the prohibitive absurdities to which I have elsewhere alluded. They were clamoring for free-trade, he said, in order to get something less, with which they would be very well satisfied. I could not help suggesting, that where there was so much prejudice to be overcome, as well as so much comfortably established monopoly, it seemed rather more rational to seek what they wanted, little by little and quietly, than to frighten the fools by wild innovation, and set the knaves on their guard.

My companion spoke, very sensibly, in regard to the paramount propriety of developing the agriculture of Spain, which he considered its great interest. The grain growers of Andalusia, he said, who were few, and owned, each, immense tracts

of land, were very jealous of the free trade doctrine, supposing that its adoption would bring foreign grain into competition with theirs, but forgetting how impossible it was, that with such a soil as theirs, competition could be formidable. The only result, he argued, would be an improvement in the appliances of cultivation and transportation—matters which seemed mountains to the good people, but which the necessities of competition would soon level to mole-hills. He spoke, with great confidence, of the agricultural capabilities of the Castiles and Leon, which, he said, were the chief grain growing provinces, and needed only some of the improvements of modern science, with a few more roads, to be without rivals in the grain market. The Asturias and Galicia, by their immense coal beds and abundant water power, he deemed especially marked out by nature for manufacturing districts. Catalonia, he said, was almost without such natural advantages, and would insist, notwithstanding, upon manufacturing, though all the rest of the kingdom should be plundered by custom-houses and smugglers, to make her holiday.

How far the view which the editor took was tinctured by his prejudices in regard to poor, persecuted Catalonia, I will not stop to inquire; but he certainly did no more than justice to the extreme value of the agricultural interests of Spain. The wheat of the Peninsula is pronounced by Loudon, and known by every one who has eaten Spanish bread, to be the finest in the world. The Castiles and Leon, though the most productive, probably, are still but a part of the immense district of the Peninsula which is devoted to the cultivation of cereal products. Aragon, Estremadura, the greater part of Catalonia, Upper Andalusia, and part of Navarre, are men-

tioned by Widdrington as constituting a region, through whose whole extent "wheat is produced in quality, and would be, in quantity, if properly tilled, equal, if not superior, to that of any country on the globe." Whether free-trade, by stimulating competition, or a properly encouraged system of manufactures, by furnishing a home market, would be the wiser policy for the development of this great mine of agricultural wealth, is a question for the sages, and not for a scribbling land-louper. Even as things are, the quantity of flour exported by Spain to her own colonies, has much increased, I learn, of recent years. It seems that, hitherto, the mode of packing, and even the inferior wood of which the barrels have been made, have aided the defective laws in hindering its consumption. Once discovered, such accidents, of course, can easily be remedied. Graver evils are of slower cure.

Monday, May 3.—At eleven, we were all on board the *Rapido*, and our anchor was weighed, punctually at the hour appointed, for Seville. The Rapido, though provided with English engine and engineer, was a Seville-built steamer, and did very great credit to her architect, being a fine vessel, and fine-looking, into the bargain. I particularly admired some very pretty pannel-painting in the saloon, representing Andalusian customs, with views of Seville and its environs, executed in a highly creditable style of art. The wind and waves drove me to the cabin and my accustomed sea-sickness, almost as soon as we were off, and it was not till after a wretched hour or two, that, I knew, from the motion of the boat, we were safe in the Guadalquivir. When I went on deck we were just passing the town of San Lucar, a desolate and dilapidated looking place, whose good wine, however, needs no bush.

Soon after, we stopped to take passengers from Bonanza, where a stupendous custom-house, now deserted, and a church, built but a few years ago and already tumbling down, conveyed a rather poor idea of prosperity and permanence. Our pilot, contrary to the fashion on the western waters of the United States, turned the head of his vessel down stream, as the passengers were rowed out to us.

The journey, from Bonanza to Seville, is quiet enough. Down toward the mouth of the river, there are some ranges of low pine-forest, of the deepest green. One upon the left bank, and of very great extent, belonged, I was told, to some duke or other, who used it and let it out as a chase, there being abundance of wild boars and other game. With the exception of these woodlands, you may sail up to Coria, near seventeen long leagues, without seeing any thing but marsh, or dead, desert-looking flats, over whose solitary places birds of prey career in full dominion. Now and then, you have some little relief to your sense of perfect desolation, as you pass a herd of cattle or of mares at pasture; though the lonely herdsman, as he sits upon his horse and gazes at the steamer, or gallops with his long-handled goad behind his charge, does not give you any very lively notion of cheerful or humanizing life. Occasionally you are amused, when the drove is set in motion. All but the young are hampered, to prevent their wandering very fast or far, and when the herdsman drives them, or they take a notion to be off themselves, it makes one laugh to see so many hundreds of them, moving, in their ineffectual attempts to gallop, like a drove of hobby-horses. Up about Puebla, which is some two leagues below Coria, the country begins to be more varied, and to show signs of cultivation;

hills and gardens, orchards and orange-groves, with fields of fine grain, being all about you. Still farther on, when you reach Gelbes, you see the Giralda of Seville rising high and beautiful in the distance, while around you every ridge is green with olive-trees. Then, between beautiful gardens and groves of orange and lemon trees, whose perfume burdens the air, you make your delightful way over the smooth water; passing, now under the grim old walls of the Moorish castle of San Juan de Alfarache, with its picturesque village on the bank: now, again, enjoying the bright, full view of Seville, which bursts upon you; and landing, at last, at the very foot of the beautiful garden and walk of the *Delicias*.

On the very steps of the landing, a vile *carabinero* explores the secrets of your boxes, but you are soon rid of him, for

"*Poderoso caballero,*
Es Don Dinero!"

A powerful gentleman, indeed, is my Lord Cash! and custom-houses do him reverence. You take a glimpse, in passing, of the famous *Torre del oro*—the tower of gold, of which you have read so much; and then bribing still another *carabinero*, at the city-gate, to let you in, unrummaged, you make the best of your way (if you are well advised) to that excellent hostelry, the *Fonda de la Reyna*, No. 68 of the *Calle Jimio*. The fat, comfortable-looking landlady, who receives you, is a living sign that good cheer abides within her tents. Don José, who ushers you to your chamber, and who wears, that warm afternoon, a black sheep-skin jacket (which is called a *zamarro*, as you learn), is not the landlady's husband, for she is a widow, and still sorrows for the departed, in weariness of

spirit though not in waste of flesh. Don José is her steward, and an excellent one, no doubt, he is to her, if he attends to her affairs one-half so well as you will find he does to yours. If, "No. 5" is vacant, seize on it at once. It is on the gallery of the first floor above, and has a window, with a balcony, upon the street, just opposite another where a gentle maiden sits (or sat, at all events, when I was there), plying her needle briskly, surrounded by roses, and all manner of sweet flowers. The street is ten feet wide, perhaps, and the balconies project somewhat, so that you must be careful what you whisper, or she may hear it. When house affairs, or any little business she may have, shall call her from her bower, you can look inward (I do not mean into your heart—but) into the *patio* of the Fonda, where, in the bright and cheerful air, and among vines and blossoms that cluster round the slender Moorish columns, Don José's gay canaries hold their concerts. You are in Seville, depend on it! *la tierra de María Zantizima!* You may not yet have seen, perhaps, "where black-eyed damsels dance the *zambra*, under every orange grove," as the old raven hinted to Prince Ahmed, when he sought an object for his love: but task your patience yet a little—you have been in Seville but an hour! Go out, then, to the Cathedral, before it is quite dark, and wander, as I did, up and down the solemn, awful, twilight aisles. There will be still some moments left to stroll in the *Delicias;* and then, if you are weary as I was, get you beneath the wings of your mosquito-net, and you may dream, if you are fanciful, of Moors and Christians, rivers, groves, and gardens. If you should happen to forget them all, as I did, you may have pleasant slumbers, notwithstanding.

CHAPTER XV.

Seville—Domestic Architecture—Moorish Relics—House of Pilate—The Alcazar and its Gardens—English Critics and Whitewash—Sir John Downie—Holyrood and Durham Cathedral—The Spanish Kings—Peter the Cruel.

THE idea which I have already attempted to give of the domestic architecture of an Andalusian city, may serve as well for Seville as any other, except that, there, the buildings in general, are finer and their style and finish are more tasteful and thorough, than any where else in the province. The traces of the Moors too, are visible upon a larger scale than you will see out of Granada. The streets, with a few exceptions, are narrow and crooked, and the houses are tall and of inhospitable exterior, though, when you enter their marble courts, sheltered by thick awnings from the heat and glare, with fountains murmuring and flowers profusely blooming, you would scarcely be surprised were some Lindaraja or Zorayda to come forth and welcome you, as wandering princes in disguise were met in eastern story. In Seville, the custom is universal of migrating to the ground-floor, when the warm days begin. The *patio* then becomes the drawing-room, and the awning is removed at the setting of the sun, so that when the *tertulia* is assembled, it is beneath no canopy but that which the stars silver.

I have no doubt, that in many of the older dwellings (for houses live to a good old age in Spain) fine relics of Moorish art will be discovered, one of these days. In a private house—the "*Casa o 'Lea*"—there is a saloon of singular beauty, in its form and proportions and the exquisiteness of its arabesques. Until within a few years back, it had the appearance of an ordinary apartment. Chance, however, gave some of its hidden ornaments to the light, and an outer coating of plaster having been removed, it was found to be, so far as one can judge, a work of the same period with some of the finest chambers in the Alcazar. Here and there, throughout the city, similar discoveries have been occasionally made.

The *Casa de Pilato* (house of Pilate) the once magnificent mansion of the Riberas, is remarkable for its singular and graceful blending of Gothic and Saracenic architecture. It was built, as the inscription on the portal tells us, toward the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the arts of the Moslem were still in perfection and request. Time, neglect, and whitewash have done their usual work upon the noble building, and, as if these engines of destruction were not ruinous enough, the revolutionists of 1843 had the good taste to aid them with a few bombs. The present proprietor is the Duke of Medina-Celi, who is reputed, among his countrymen, to be no wiser than he should be. His sad abandonment of such a monument of art and of ancestral splendor, goes, certainly, very far toward establishing the correctness of the popular judgment.

It appears that, in the days when this palace was building, Don Fadrique Enriquez de Ribera, Adelantado Mayor of Andalusia, was a pilgrim to the Holy Land. Some say that

he brought with him earth from Palestine to hallow the foundations of his mansion, and others, that he gave to it the name it bears, in memory of the dwelling of Pilate, which he had visited when in Jerusalem. Certain it is, that he was full of the enthusiasm of his pilgrimage, for beneath a pious inscription on the gateway, taken from the Psalms,[1] and commending his dwelling to the shadow of the Almighty's wings, you may read, in the centre of a maze of crosses, the following legend—

"4 *dias de Agosto* 1519, *entró en Hierusalem.*"

(On the 4th of August, 1519, he entered into Jerusalem.)

Against the outer wall, close by the entrance, there is a large crucifix. This is the beginning of the "*estaciones*," or stations, commemorative of the pauses of our Saviour, as he bore his cross, which are visited with so much devotion by the whole population during the ceremonies of Easter-week. Outside the city-walls, as you go eastward toward Alcalá de Guadaira, you pass an ancient crucifix, standing beneath the dome of a small open temple, which crowns a gentle mound, or Calvary. It is called *la Cruz del Campo*, and there are generally some peasants kneeling before it. That crucifix is the last of the stations which begin at the House of Pilate. The Ribera,

[1] I give the inscription for the benefit of the curious.

"*Nisi dominus edificaverit domum, in vanum laborarent qui edificant eam. Sub umbrâ alarum tuarum protege nos.*"

(Then follows)

Esta casa mandaron hazer los ylustres Señores, Don Padro Henriques, Adelantado Mayor de Andaluzia y Doña Catalina de Ribera su muger, y esta portada mandó hazer su hijo, Don Fadrique Enriques de Ribera, primero Marques de Tarifa, ansi mesmo Adelantado. Asentóse A. D. 1533.

when in Jerusalem, is said to have measured the very ground over which Jesus passed to crucifixion, and to have laid out these stations in accordance, on his return.

The Christian memories of Palestine, which the Adelantado brought home with him, are mostly visible upon the outside of his house. Upon the inside, he seems to have remembered chiefly its Moslem luxuries. You enter beneath a noble gateway, crowned with a fine Gothic balustrade in stone, and passing through an unimportant court, you make your way, by a gallery upon the right, into a *patio*, some sixty feet square, surrounded by light Moorish columns of white marble, over which spring the fairest arches you have ever seen, of varied span and exquisite detail. The gallery which runs round it, is closed, upon three sides, by walls, the upper parts of which, to within a few feet of the ground, are a labyrinth of the most intricately beautiful and finished arabesques. Beneath these delicate pencilings of the Moor, the walls are covered with the famous *azulejos*, or porcelain tiles of Triana, (the suburb of Seville) upon whose brilliant and perfect surface, among those combinations of mathematical figures which pleased the Moors so much, you note the arms of the noble families of *Medina-Celi* and *Alcalá*. The chapel, into which you enter upon the northern side of the *patio*, is strangely and fantastically beautiful, from the union it presents of Saracenic ornament with Gothic forms. The vaulted ceiling is purely Gothic, and yet clustered with a wreath of arabesques; and the walls have tracery all over them which the courts of the Alhambra might envy. In the centre of the chapel there is a low column of red marble, to typify that at which our Lord was scourged.

The superb side-saloons, upon the ground floor, are decorated, like the rest of the building, with *azulejos* and arabesques, and their fine ceilings of carved wood, here and there richly gilded, are as perfect as they came from the artist's hand. All about the courts, and in the garden to which you pass from them, there are ancient statues in abundance, some of them from Italica, others from the collection presented by Pope Pius V. to Perafan de Ribera, when he was Viceroy of Naples. A sad time they have had of it—to judge from appearances—these relics of the classic past! Here, a leg, there, an arm, and here again a mutilated torso, is preaching whole volumes of the "sermons in stones." Emperors, innocent of noses, are asleep among damaged deities. *Pallas belligera*, with her present countenance, would be cut, in spite of lance and Gorgon's head, by one half of her acquaintances on Olympus. *Ceres fructifera* might thank her stars, if she were permitted to pass muster as a market-woman. In the midst of such good company, the mother and the wife of Don Fadrique have reason for the resignation which marks their battered and afflicted visages, as they kneel, in marble raiment so wretchedly the worse for wear!

Leaving the antiques and the now rank, neglected garden that blooms and flourishes about them, you go up to the terrace, by a splendid stairway. Proud arches and a graceful dome or two rise or hang over it. Along its sides, the bright-colored *azulejos* are gorgeous with blazonry and fringed with frost-work. You are not admitted to the upper chambers, and having admired the columns of the gallery and breathed the fresh air upon the ample terrace, you pay your *peseta* and are about to depart. The good woman who has attended you

begins to be amiable and communicative, at the touch of the silver, and takes you to a corner, where you may see, before you go, what Don Fadrique built, in memory of the porch where Peter denied his Master. You do your best to locate the cock that crew on the occasion, and you turn to your *cicerone* for particulars, but alas! she can make you none the wiser—probably because she is, herself, "no chicken," as you have already observed. You go your ways, therefore, sadly puzzled as to the possible resemblance between the fine horse-shoe arch above you, and the humble place, on which you learned at school, that

"*Unusquisque gallus cantat.*"

After you have done with Pilate and his mansion, you will hardly consider it worth while to be particular about the repute of the houses you visit, and you will, perhaps, extend your walk to the Royal Alcazar, which the bad memory of *Pedro el cruel* has done any thing but consecrate. If it be one of the fine days on which the gardens are opened, as they often are, to the public, and you go in with the cheerful crowd which the occasion never fails to assemble, you will see too much of beauty in the young and living specimens about you, to feel interest in tracing even the fairest dead antiquity. To be critical, therefore, you must select a *dies non*, when a *billete* from the proper authorities, or a *peseta* or two, judiciously administered, will give you the freedom of hall and bower. The grounds, though extensive and well enough kept, are in what Théophile Gautier, half ashamed of it, calls, "*le vieux goût français*"—a very bad sort of taste, as every body knows. The luxuriant orange-trees, burdened with fruit and

flowers, are cropped and clipped into all manner of unnatural and formal shapes. The beds of venerable box are carved into the semblance of Bourbon arms, with Austrian eagles and animals of those heraldic species which are becoming more and more a "*vieux goût*," daily. Even the jets d'eau are made comparatively insignificant, by their minuteness; giving their moisture, in most homœopathic sprinklings, to the parterres of gorgeous flowers which blossom and are sweet beneath the spray. Then there are fish-ponds and shell grottoes; labyrinths, and rustic temples, in abundance: but these you can see almost any where, and you therefore hasten on into the palace itself, which is a thing not to be stumbled on in an every-day walk.

I doubt very much whether an architectural description of the Alcazar, such as I could give, would contribute much to the reader's edification. *Patios* and *salones*, *ajaracas* and *almocárabes*, though excellent things to look at, labor under decided disadvantages in print, and I am by no means sure that I could do them the justice which even their hard names admit. There is a wide difference between admiring what is beautiful yourself, and so portraying it that others may endorse your taste. A wise man was the learned judge, who refused to give reasons for his judgment. "The opinion may be very good," he said, "and the reasons quite the contrary!" Suffice it to say, then (as the newspapers write), that the Alcazar, like all the buildings that I saw in Moorish style, is as unattractive without, as it is graceful and beautiful within. The outer court—a sort of limbo between earth and fairy-land—gives you no notice of the beauty that bursts on you as you enter the grand *patio;* and even

this suggests to you, but dimly, the treasures that are on the inside of the walls.

Imagine ranges of apartments, opening into each other and on marble courts, through arch-ways varying in shape and span, yet graceful as the rainbow, all of them, and stooping to fair columns, as light, almost, as they! Above these arches, and around them, all along the walls of these enchanted chambers, imagine the finest filagree and open work, traced upon a ground of blue or crimson, and seeming, from its delicate beauty, to be made of melting frost, fixed in its slenderest moment. Beneath your feet, let every thing be marble, and over all, hang airy domes or ceilings, in your fancy, gorgeous with carved and inlaid work, and gold. When you have done all this, be seriously persuaded you have done but half enough, and then imagine some rascally Alcaide, turned with his brush and whitewash tub into your Aladdin's palace, leaving unprofaned, of all the wonders you have fancied, but just enough to show you how polite you are, in calling him Vandal only.

The poor Spaniards have been sadly berated by all travellers, and especially the English, for their indifference to art, in having thus defaced one of its fairest monuments. If the facts be, as I heard them from no bad authority, John Bull might well forego, for once, his Magna Charta privilege of grumbling. The gallant Scotsman, Sir John Downie, for his bravery in leading the desperate charges on the bridge of Triana, when Soult was driven out of Seville, was made Alcaide or Royal Lieutenant of the Alcazar. Before his time (in 1805 according to the records), the sin of whitewash had been partially committed in some of the apartments, but the wholesale iniquity, so much lamented now, was perpetrated

during his administration. The legend is, that it was done, to get the palace rid of bugs! There is a Scotsman told of in "Eōthen," who kept up Edinburgh tastes and habits, after he had turned Turk and had "suffered captivity, conversion, circumcision!" Perhaps Sir John was equally Caledonian in his notions, and remembered the superb old ceiling of carved oak in Holyrood, which they have whitewashed—to light up the pictures! When the reader visits Auld Reekie, he will know the apartment by the portrait of Lady Rich that hangs in it, and a Duke of Newcastle by Vandyke. Perhaps Sir John, on his way down to London, had stepped into old Durham's proud Cathedral, and had seen the effect of whitewash on the noble clustering columns of black marble, that rise about the choir and around St. Cuthbert's tomb. They have scrubbed and oiled some of them, of late, and they begin to look as black as ever, but, in the Alcaide's day they were, no doubt, in the full radiance of lime, and it may be that their beauty pleased him! Be all this as it may, however, the work of restoration was going on steadily in the Alcazar. They were scraping the whitewash off, as carefully as possible, and renewing the original colors with fidelity and taste. One room was already nearly finished, and how exquisite it was! Around many of the rest the scaffolding was up, and the workmen were steadily industrious.[1]

The Alcazar was begun by the Moors, two or three centuries before Seville was reconquered by St. Ferdinand. Toward the

[1] Since the last French Revolution, the restorations of the Alcazar have been completed, as I learn, and the palace is now occupied by the Duke and Duchess of Montpensier, who have added the splendor of a brilliant court to the other attractions of Seville.

middle of the fourteenth century, Pedro the Cruel enlarged and improved it, summoning to his aid the most accomplished artists from the neighboring kingdom of Granada. The fine basin beneath the palace is supposed to have been made by his order. It bears the name of the "bath of María de Padilla," the mistress to whom he sacrificed his wife, poor Blanche of Bourbon, and his brother, Don Fadrique, the Master of Santiago. It may be doubted whether it would have consoled these unhappy victims to have known the immortality they were to earn in ballad and romance; but posterity, of a truth, is much indebted to them and to Don Pedro, for the interesting and poetical manner in which their exit was accomplished. The traveller is still shown the hall, called "*la sala del sacrificio*," where Don Fadrique is reputed to have been murdered. It adjoins the Hall of the Ambassadors, and there is a slab of marble in the pavement, which bears the relics of an inscription in the characters of days gone by, together with some stains which are reputed to be the marks of Don Fadrique's blood. Unhappily, white marble, in that region, has red spots, often, without reference to Peter the Cruel, and you may, if you please, be skeptical. If you prefer being of great faith, you will find inspiration for it in the old ballads, or in Mr. Lockhart's paraphrases, or in the romance by Perez de Miranda, called the "*Primojénito de Albuquerque.*"

The alterations made in the palace, down to the time of Charles V., were in the style of the original architecture and embellishment, but, from the incoming of the cold blood of Austria, every change has been a mutilation. One of their majesties signalized himself, by running a screen of lath and

plaster across a glorious arch. Another cut away a wall of priceless arabesques, to make himself a window. Another gave himself to immortality, by building chimneys and fireplaces, with appliances suggestive of tea-kettles. Philip II. had nothing better to do than to destroy the beauty of the grand Hall of the Ambassadors, by having the drum of the dome stuck full of portraits of the Christian kings. "There, may be seen" (says the guide Bailly, in a little book he lent me), "the whole dynasty of Spain compressed into little squares, from the earliest king down to the hideous Ferdinand!" Rare Christians indeed they were, these pictured monarchs, who have left such traces of themselves! Granting them the advantage of all orthodoxy, as to the other world, one Moor was worth the dome full of them, in his notions of what is beautiful in this. Look out from the old chambers which front upon the garden, and which tradition gives to Abdalasis, son of Muza. Does there linger in your memory a fairer prospect, than the plain of orange-groves and olives and ripe bending grain, through which the gentle river ripples, as of old, upon its way? On any of the sultry days which Seville has in plenty, go down to one of the fresh marble courts, where fountains murmur coolness, and where arches spring so light above you, that they seem to lighten even the burden of the air! Think then of the Moor that built them, and afterward of Charles V. and chimney-corners! I confess I never looked up at the gallery of portraits, without remembering the famous "*Oda á Pluton*," which was circulated in manuscript, in Cadiz, during the second siege, and whose author has never been positively known. It is an arraignment, before Pluto, of the whole dynasty of Spain, from

Ferdinand and Isabella down. As a satire and a poem, it is inimitable, of its kind. Its spirit may be understood, from the concluding line, which hands the whole blood-royal, past and present, over to all the devils—

"Y si hay demonios aun, que se los lleven!"

And yet when you go to the gorgeous chapel of St. Ferdinand, in the Cathedral—the Chapel of the Kings, as it is often called—you will read, in golden letters, on the crimson canopy over the high altar, the fashionable text so oft perverted by royalty and its flatterers, *"Per me, reges regnant."* If Providence did not, now and then, think fit to scourge the nations rather than to bless them, inscrutable indeed would be the ways which have committed the destinies of such a land, to the keeping of such majesties as Philip V. of happy memory, and Charles IV.—

"El Borbon de los Borbones!"

CHAPTER XVI.

Improvements at Seville—Literature and the Press—The Bible—Mr. Borrow and the Causes of his Failure—Newspapers—American News—General Taylor in Seville—Scarcity of Bread—Bread Riots—The Cigar-girls—Andalusian Character Illustrated—Dancing—The Olé—The Bell-ringer's Daughter.

THE reader is not to suppose, for an instant, that Seville is a mere depository of Moorish relics and monuments of eld; for, on the contrary, its men, women, and children are as full of vitality and spirit and the present time, as if they had never heard of hoar antiquity. Things are not, of course, with the proud city, as in the days of her greatness, when the Dominican Mercado wrote of her, that "she had dealings with all the world of Christendom, yea, even of Barbary." Nevertheless she has come bravely out of the Slough of Despond, and you can go scarce any where within her walls, without falling upon signs of increasing population, wealth, and industry. There are several new manufacturing establishments, of recent and excellent construction. Improvements in the comfortable modern arts of life are springing into daily development and use. New dwellings, of creditable architecture, meet you here and there: old ones are undergoing improvement and extension. Occasionally you find yourself in a fine new public square, probably the site of a dismantled

convent: at other times, in a street which they are widening, remodelling, and rebuilding. The shops in the fashionable parts of the city are elegant and extensive, some of them; and you can supply yourself to your satisfaction with the latest productions of the British loom, or the most exquisite *nouveautés de Paris*—smuggled, of course! The booksellers are very well provided with the national classics and translations of the standard works of other countries. The habit of publishing books, in numbers, now so prevalent with us, has become popular in Spain also. So convenient a medium, of course, deluges the community with trash, and particularly with translations of the French novels, so popular with a certain class of readers; but I was gratified to find that the Spanish publishers had the good taste to avail themselves of it for the promulgation of the best portions of their own literature also.

Among the many books in the course of periodical publication, it will surprise the readers of Mr. Borrow to know, that the Bible was one of the most prominent. At every bookstore you might have seen it advertised, in the most flaming letters, at rates to suit purchasers; and there was especially placarded, a fine edition called the *"Biblia pintoresca"* or illustrated Bible, after the fashion of the beautiful work published by the Harpers in this country. To be sure, it was, in all probability, the translation from the Vulgate, which Mr. Borrow would consider no Bible at all: but, inasmuch as the whole Spanish nation happen to differ with him in that particular, it seems but fair to allow them the privilege of reading their own version, instead of hunting up the more orthodox copies, which he dropped on the highways, and in the dens of the

gypsy horse-thieves. I may as well say, here, that unless the portions of Spain I visited have changed prodigiously since Mr. Borrow's missionary excursions, there is too much room for ascribing to that graphic and entertaining traveller, the "Munchausenish tendencies" which Blackwood supposes him to possess. According to the testimony of Captain Widdrington, who is a witness both impartial and intelligent, the whole enterprise in which Mr. Borrow embarked, fell completely through, and altogether from the fact that "nothing was ever conducted in a manner more likely to insure its certain and inevitable failure." By the Spanish laws, both civil and ecclesiastical, at the time of Mr. Borrow's mission, it was not the printing and distribution of the Bible that was prohibited, but of the Bible without the Apocrypha and annotations. Now, whatever may be the opinions of Protestants in regard to the utility or the canonical value of the Apocryphal books, to have published them, with the rest of the Scriptures, would seem (even if the Spanish laws had been silent on the subject) to have been clearly required, by the very Bible Society principle, which gives the whole of the Sacred Writings to the reader, that he may examine, ponder, and judge for himself. Be that as it may, however—to commence a religious enterprise by violating the law, and to determine that he would circulate his own Bible or none—would seem to have savored, on the part of Mr. Borrow, rather more of the spirit of propagandism, than of an earnest desire to give the word of God to the people. The result was a natural one. The missionary arrayed against himself, at the outset, both the clergy and the government, instead of seeking the co-operation which Captain

Widdrington assures us[1] would have been gladly given, under other circumstances. To so impolitic a commencement, the association of Mr. Borrow, principally, with the gypsies—the very *fæx populi* in Spain—and his constant and peculiarly British defiance of all the manners, laws, and customs that contravened his will, certainly gave no favorable direction. The result was, what he has himself admitted, a complete and entire failure. Judging from his books, however, one would suppose that he had shaken the whole Peninsula with a sort of apostolical earthquake. Captain Widdrington says, on the contrary, what I found myself was the case, that "excepting the authorities with whom Mr. Borrow's operations brought him in contact, hardly any Spaniard I mentioned the subject to, had ever heard either of the expedition or the individual." I saw his name in large letters and in Latin, on the visitor's book at the Alhambra, and I had from Bailly, the very intelligent guide at Seville, a description of some of his gypsy-adventures, and of the very summary manner in which his Rommany literature, or a part of it, was gotten together. Elsewhere, if I heard of him and what he calls his "buffeting," it was in connection with the homely proverb which is generally applied to those who meddle with what does not concern them—"*Cuidados ajenos mataron ál asno!*" (Other people's troubles slew the donkey!) On the whole, I do not know whether Christopher North's abridgment of what is to be said of him, does not furnish the best conclusion to this little episode. "Notwithstanding his missionary avocations and Munchausenish tendencies, we have a sneaking kindness for friend

[1] *Spain and the Spaniards*, 304, 306.

Borrow, having collected from his writings, that he is a fellow of considerable pluck and energy, of adventurous spirit, with a sharp eye for a good horse, and who would, no doubt, have made an excellent dragoon, had it pleased God to call him to that way of life."

Among the cries of a Spanish town, the last, perhaps, that a traveller expects to hear, is that of a newsman; and yet, strange to say, it was as regular in Seville, while I was there, as any other of the ten thousand noises that were perpetually dinning in my ears. All about the streets, and in the public places, the paper-carriers went bawling the contents, real or imaginary, of their respective sheets: and I well remember that the most vociferous of them all was a poor fellow who passed the *Fonda* at the same hour every day, and who, being stone-blind, must have relied for his story on a good memory or a happy invention. The two journals that I used to see were of very moderate dimensions, but, as the secret of advertising had not yet been fully learned in Andalusia, they had abundant room for correspondence and editorial matter, both of which were of a very creditable character. The perfect freedom which the press at that time enjoyed, had elicited a great deal of talent, and the journals throughout Spain, so far as I had opportunities of seeing them, were conducted by clever, independent, and well-informed persons. In their strictures upon public men and measures, they were as unrestrained, as our own; in good taste and decorum, they were much above its average. The Seville papers were active in keeping their readers well supplied with the last news, though, occasionally, they used to serve matters up with those innocent variations which are so natural, when men write from afar

and about strange things. Thus, in the *Diario* of May 14, 1847, in an article speculating upon the probable election of General Taylor to the Presidency of the United States, the argument was wound up by the following suggestions;—"It is to be borne in mind that *Generals Fackson and Flamilton* owed their election to the Presidency to their military reputation!" I treasured it up carefully, for a man travels to learn.

During my whole stay in Spain, the Peninsula was effected, to some extent, by the scarcity of bread-stuffs, which was then distressing Europe. Occasional outbreaks in the larger cities were the consequence; and I had the luck to be in the midst of a very respectable little revolution of the sort, in Seville, which began on the 7th of May. It may be much doubted whether there was any real scarcity in Spain; but there was a great deal of engrossing and speculation, which affected the quantity of food in the market very materially; and it was, besides, believed by the populace, that the members of the municipal councils were availing themselves of their official position, to make money out of the public necessities. This, of course, was sufficient to give a very excited tone to the public mind, and the exceedingly absurd measures which the *ayuntamientos* resorted to, contributed to fan the flame. Thus, for instance, the city of Córdova is on the main route from the grain-growing provinces of the north and centre to the south of Spain. All commodities taking the latter direction pass through Córdova. The *ayuntamiento* of the city of Abderrahman, convinced of the necessity of every man's taking care of himself in this wicked world, published a sapient edict, with two clauses: *first*, that none of the grain or flour already in the city should be removed; and, *secondly*,

that all which might be brought in should be kept there! The consequence was, that Córdova was actually overflowing with bread-stuffs, at the lowest rates, while Seville and the surrounding country were in a state of semi-starvation.

The *ayuntamiento* of Seville, scared by the popular clamor, and determined to be as wise as the Cordovese aldermen, passed their edict too, by which they commanded the bakers of Seville and Alcalá (which is a town of bakers a few miles from the city) to continue baking their usual quantity, under severe penalties, and to furnish it in the market, daily, at the prices named in the edict. Unfortunately, the learned Thebans, in setting the price on bread, forgot to set it likewise on grain, so that the poor bakers found themselves, the bright morning in question, compelled by law to sell cheaply, while the law did not protect them from the necessity of paying dearly. Thus cornered, and probably seeing no greater reason why they should be compelled to give alms to the public, than the public to them, the bakers of Alcalá unanimously shut up themselves and their loaves at home, and Seville saw nothing of either in the accustomed market-places. Of course there was a hubbub in consequence. People sought bread and could find none, for the shops in Seville did not provide more than a small portion of the amount daily consumed. I saw, that morning, on the table at the *Fonda*, that the supply and the variety were more limited than usual, but did not anticipate the row that was brewing, until Bailly came to take me out among the lions. He told me that there would probably be some outbreak, for the people were in want, and they were persuaded, besides, that some of the *ayuntamiento* had a hand in the scarcity.

It was about half-past nine when we started on our expedition. As we went out, we saw the shop-keepers closing doors and windows hurriedly, and we had hardly reached the Cathedral, when an immense crowd rushed by, in the direction of the cigar-factory of the government, which was a quarter of a mile, or thereabouts, distant. Like prudent people, we let them go their ways, and proceeded to the Columbian Library, but the librarian, being a timid man, had wisely determined to keep himself out of harm's reach, and the doors were closed accordingly. We then went into the body of the Cathedral, but had scarcely gone half way down one of the aisles, when we saw the vergers fastening all the doors, in great haste and trepidation. Not caring to be imprisoned, even in the sanctuary, we determined to go to the Museum to see Murillo's pictures, but our way thither led through the *Plaza de San Francisco*, where the Hall of the Municipality is—and the Plaza itself was filled with troops under arms, while crowds of men and women were rushing madly, with wild screams, through all the streets that led to it. The shops and houses were closed in every direction, and, for the moment, the only place of safety seemed to be within our own doors. We returned to the *Fonda*, therefore, and had scarcely entered it, when Don Francisco, considering that the safety of himself and the fat widow, with their guests and canaries, required it, commanded his doors to be closed and barred, so that no man might enter without summons. The window of my apartment being on the *calle Jimio*, which enters the Plaza not far off, I had convenient opportunity to hear the sounds of war, and learn the particulars from passers-by. There then, I entrenched myself, for the time being.

With capital generalship, the mob had driven in the guards at the cigar-factory, and had let out the *cigarreras*, the women employed there, to the number of three or four thousand. Of course, in the tumult, there was a general appropriation and distribution of the queen's royal tobacco, and thus, fortified with the weed and its fair ministers, the outlaws returned toward the Plaza. The women led the van; not because the men were particularly afraid of the position, but because it was pretty well understood that the soldiery were too gallant to fire on their sweethearts. Each of the daughters of Bellona had her skirts full of stones. The men, too, carried large supplies of missiles in the *embozos* of their cloaks, and thus, in masculine and feminine commingling, they made their descent on the guards in double quick time, shouting *Viva el capitan jeneral! Muera el jefe político! Pan á dos reales!* (Long live the captain general! Death to the political chief! Bread at two reals!)

A hard time it was for the soldiers and the Town-hall, and a precious collection was soon to be seen of broken heads and windows! Presently, a random shot or two were heard, and then came a sharp volley, followed by shrieking and shouting. Now, a rapid charge would force the crowd up through a narrow street, and then, a soldier, here and there, would tumble, ignominiously, beneath a flower-pot from some rebellious balcony. The *jefe político*, who seemed to be especially obnoxious, managed to have his dignified crown cracked among the foremost, and being thus demonstratively satisfied that the civil authorities were but a poor reliance, he handed the reins over to the captain-general, Pezuela. Pezuela was a man of nerve and sense. He availed himself rapidly of the new troops that

were brought into the city; scattered detachments wherever new tumults seemed to be brewing, and planted a few pieces of formidable artillery in the Plaza. While this was going on, there was rare spurring and galloping of aids and messengers from post to post, and you could see, even from a distance, that an active and strong will was at work. Along with the cannon, came an edict or *bando*, informing the people that the city was under martial law, and that the captain-general meant to enforce it. He promised to do his best for the removal of grievances and the relief of the public necessities, but he would have no further tumult. If good words would not produce order, he promised them that he would try bayonets. He commanded them, therefore, to avoid assembling in groups in the streets or public places, and enjoined on all good citizens, to open their shops as usual, and to have lights, that night, before their houses. In the meantime, he dispatched a troop of cavalry to Alcalá, and brought every baker, with his bread, at full gallop to the city, where he forced them all to sell at the low rates prescribed; the *ayuntamiento* binding itself to make good the difference. By these means, when evening came, the revolution was at an end, and all mouths were stopped effectually, in more senses than one.

When I took my walk, late in the afternoon, the tired soldiers, who had made a forced march into the city, were bivouacking in the streets. Sentinels were at the corners, and a regiment of lancers were under arms in the Plaza. At night, there was a blaze of torches from every balcony, so that no rioter could hide him in the darkness—a fortunate precaution, by-the-by, for the mob had broken nearly all the public lamps, and there would have been rare sport, but for the

illumination. Next day, every thing was quiet, although martial law was still kept up, and the array of sentinels and strong patrols continued, until it seemed a matter of great supererogation. The truth is, that the "*invictos Sevillanos*" became as quiet as lambs, when they got their bread and saw the cannon. Our shrewd little *Gallego* servant, who was no admirer of the Andalusians, shrugged his shoulders as soon as martial law was proclaimed, and told me the feast was over—"*se acabó la fiesta!*" "They were poor devils," he said, "all of them—*se les va todo en palabras*, (every thing passes off, with them, in talk,) the dram (*el traguito*) was all their pluck, and to say the truth of them, they bore the same relation to men that the *bocas de la Isla* did to crabs; they were all mouth!" Whether the valiant little fellow was particularly ferocious himself, I have no means of knowing. He certainly turned very pale, when a poor wounded boy was carried past the *Fonda:* but that, perhaps, was from pity or indignation. Ill, however, as he spoke of the people, there were those who thought no better of the mighty men of war who had subdued them. An intelligent old gentleman from Xerez, who was with us at the *Fonda*, and who, having been a *militar* himself, knew all the tricks of trade, used to amuse us for some days after the riot, by his prophecies as to the number of ribbons and crosses which her Majesty would be compelled to dispense to her brave and faithful officers. But for the hope of such things, he said, the patrols and bivouacking would have ended with the day of tumult. I left Seville before the due time had rolled round for the old gentleman's prophecies to be verified, but I have no doubt the thing ended as he supposed. It is but fair, however, to say, that but for

the energy and promptness of Pezuela's measures, there would, in all probability, have been much bloodshed, and to have averted that, was certainly worth a star or two.

A little incident, which occurred during the prevalence of the excitement, will illustrate, as well as a volume of disquisitions, the strange, mercurial character with which the captain-general had to deal. In his *bando*, he informed them, among other things, that there was no reasonable ground for anticipating any permanent scarcity of provisions; for the coming crop was both near and bountiful, and there was, besides, an unusual abundance of *habas* (a large farinaceous bean), and other vegetables, already ripe, and in the market. The people took the proclamation of martial law and the threat of bayonets, as mere matters of course, and rather respectful than otherwise; but they fired magnanimously at the suggestion that they were to live on greens, like hogs or cattle! Expressions of indignation at the insult were to be heard on every side, and, two days after the *bando* was published and the bread question had been settled, there was a fatal collision, about the beans, between a detachment of the municipal guards, and a body of young indignationists. For some time afterward, the young men, even of the better classes, might be seen at the cafés, and on the public walks, with the hulls of the *habas* cockaded on their hats, or hanging at their button-holes. And yet, probably, there is no article of diet more popular in Andalusia than the *habas*, in their season, and one of the sweetest little melodies they sing for you—full of love and vegetables—is the song of "*Habas verdes!*"

Neither hunger nor indignation had power to keep down the lively spirits of the *Sevillanos*, so proverbially fond of music

and dancing. On one of the evenings when martial law was still rampant, and theatres were, of course, forbidden things, I was informed by Bailly, that a dancing-master, a friend of his, was about to refresh himself with a private ballet, to which, if I pleased, my subscription would make me welcome. About half-past ten, of a very dark night, I started with my guide, and a young Englishman who was at the *Fonda*, in search of the unlawful entertainment. The place was not far off, and we soon found ourselves in a long, dark *corredor*, through which we stumbled into a room with a tiled floor, where a few benches and some very smoky lamps gave token of preparation. In a little ante-chamber, sat the chief musician: an old fellow, with his *calañes* stuck tight upon his head, and a vile fiddle in his hands, on which he sawed with might and main. A desolate-looking guitarist, by his side, pulled a monotonous accompaniment from very sorry strings, and these were the whole orchestra. Around the room with us sat a few elderly dames, decent, though poor, and there were groups gathering rapidly in the *corredor*. In a few moments, some gentlemen amateurs (*aficionados*) came in, and their appearance was the signal for the castanets to sound, and the corps de ballet to show themselves. A black-eyed, gypsy-looking girl, one of the *cigarreras* of the riot, led the way, a fair example, in her humble fashion, that—

> "—are Spain's maids no race of Amazons,
> But formed for all the witching arts of love."

Her clever, graceful figure was done up in a tight boddice of black velvet, beneath which a white *saya*, or short skirt, depended—full, floating, and miraculously flounced. Her

hair was braided into the *moña*, or top-knot, which is worn by the *majas* at festive times, and there were carnations and roses tastefully mingled with her tresses, and festooned along her drapery. The silkiness of her hose was not much to speak of (if one must be candid), but her dancing implements were excellent to look upon, as such things nowadays go. In form and motion, altogether, she had but small resemblance to the fury who, two days before, had shouted, "Death to the *jefe político!*" and had broken the heads of his defenders. After the *cigarrera*, came a troop of younger girls, in *maja* costume, short, bright, and ample; and the rear was brought up by the queen of the evening, whom they called the *campanera*, or bell-woman, as she was the daughter of the bell-ringer of the Cathedral, and lived with him, high up among the hawks, on the top of the Giralda. She was a beautiful woman, even in Seville, of fine form and graceful carriage, and perhaps almost eighteen. Her *saya* was of the gypsy fashion, of varied and bright colors, covered all over with furbelows and flounces, and her little feet kept twinkling to the merry clicking of her castanets. The men were rather a bad specimen for Andalusia, but they had stripped themselves of their vests and jackets, and bound their red sashes tight about their waists, as if for serious work. About eleven, another party of *aficionados* came in, and then the performances began.

It is not worth while to say any thing about the variety of dances that we saw, for to look at such things, without the music and accompaniments, is but a dull business, and to read of them would be doubly dreary. There were *Sevillanas* and *jarabes*, *boleros* and the *jota Arragonesa*, all of which the reader, if he is a ballet-fancier, has seen more or less badly

imitated by dancers from other countries. They are, like the obelisks of Egypt, very national and characteristic, of course, but still not utterly untransportable. The *ole*, like the pyramids, must stay forever where it was planted, and you might, in sober seriousness, as well attempt to ship the tomb of Cheops to France, as to have the *ole* done, as it should be, by any but an Andalusian born. I can not describe it, of course, and yet I thought I had a very decided appreciation of the manner in which the *campanera* performed it, until—after gliding all around the room, with the melting glances, the tossed arms, the gyrations and saltations that the case required—she lingered for an instant just in front of me, and stamping quickly twice or thrice upon the floor, went, "*docili tremore*," through a dozen evolutions in a moment, of which, as I am a living man, I believe the drawing of a circle with her foot, about my head, was one! A strange, topsy-turvy feeling came upon me, as if the room were upside downward, and when my bewilderment was over, the *ole* was a shapeless dream!

Artistically considered, it would have been very difficult for the *campanera* to have been surpassed, but Spanish dancing, and especially the *ole*, is not a thing of art. There is no "poetry of motion," or philosophy, or metaphysics, or any such nonsense about it. It is a business of reality—a labor of love—and has nothing whatever to do with the floating on clouds, and gliding like sylphs, which have made so much money for the ladies "in muslin wings and pink shoes." The performer goes into it with body and soul, as well as arms and legs. The spectators, male and female, gaze on it with a rapt enjoyment, for which enthusiasm is a cold word. When the *maja* ties, in air, one of those indescribable and gordian

knots of hers, the castanets, in every hand, break into one wild rattle! "*Jaleo! jaleo! jaleo!*" rings from every quarter; the fiddler—if there be one—grows lively to very desperation; the guitar jerks his notes out by the roots, and down the *calañeses* go upon the floor at the fair dancer's feet, while cloaks are spread, like Raleigh's before Elizabeth! Excited by the admiration she has won, the *maja* spins around more actively and winningly than ever, when suddenly she pauses in front of some one—if pause that may be called, which is one vibratory motion all the while. Off comes the hat of the gallant whom thus she favors, and probably, before he thinks, he throws it at her feet. It would be wiser were he less impatient, for perchance she pauses but to mock him, and passes to another, not noticing his homage. If he will be cautious, he can cheat her, for her eyes have other business than that of looking at the ground. He may pretend to throw his hat down, and may hide it under the foldings of his cloak. If she is deceived and leaves him, the laugh is his; but if she stamps before him, then let him, as he is a squire of dames, down with his beaver, "*á sus piés.*" She may put her foot upon it in her triumph, if she will, but she is generous, and will not. She will vanish as she came, except that she will pay him, as she passes, the bewildering compliment about his head, which was, as I have written, so mysterious to me.

The small hours were gathering, when I bethought me of the *Fonda*, and I left the dancers still active and the crowd still merry. Of a certainty, it is a wise thing to send invalids to Seville!

CHAPTER XVII.

Italica—The Coach—Triana—San Isidoro del Campo—Guzman el Bueno—Hernan Cortés—The Halls of the Montezumas—Peasants—The Ruins—The Amphitheatre—The Wine-drinkers and our Adventure on the Road.

ON the first Sunday of my stay at Seville, I directed Bailly to procure a conveyance for Italica, and when our coach obeyed his summons, I am not sure it was much less a curiosity than the ruined city of Adrian, Trajan, and Theodosius. Figure to yourself a carriage-body, partaking in some degree of the appearance of a bath-tub. Instead of doors, there was a bar of iron, on each side, which passed across the opening by which you entered, and which answered the double purpose of keeping the machine from falling to pieces and you from tumbling out. There was a seat, for two, at each extremity, and over the hinder one a gig-top spread itself, of the most primitive "*qui quondam*" shape. There was a coat of arms, ample and glorious, painted on each side, and the whole apparatus was fastened, without springs, between the heavy timbers of a huge red frame, which, in its turn, was planted on the axles. There were platforms, red also, of some two or three feet square, before the body and behind, upon the frame; on the front one sat the driver, while he was not running with his team. The tongue was like the mast of

some small admiral, and, when we halted suddenly, it would rise so near the perpendicular, that we could almost look to see our horses swinging from its summit, like Baron Munchausen's from the steeple, after his famous snow-storm. Our harness was of twisted ropes, mostly; our steeds were four; our driver wild and wicked, plying his long lash unsparingly, and shouting imprecations—to have divided which into parcels small enough for venial sins, would have puzzled the Abbess of Andouillets and the fair Margarita.

My companions were an English gentleman and the estimable *militar* from Xerez. Bailly, of course, gave us his guidance. We drove, with a rattling and screaming horrible to hear, across the wretched bridge of boats which leads over the Guadalquivir to Triana. Passing through that unattractive suburb of potteries and gipsies, we had, from the open country beyond it, a beautiful panorama of the river, with all its vessels and their Sunday banners flying, and then the venerable walls, the Golden Tower, the stately churches, with the proud cathedral and its lofty belfry above all. Our course was to the right, after crossing the river, and we then went on in a direction nearly north. Upon our left, the country rolled high and gracefully, but before us, and on the river-side, it was beautifully green and level, covered with barley then near ripe, wheat in great luxuriance, and vegetables and olives to the fullest limit of abundance. Though it was Sunday, a good many of the peasants were at work in the fields, and the huge piles of "*habas*" they were gathering satisfied me, that the captain-general was right, and people need not starve. Gently over the smooth places: rapidly over the rough ones: at a run, uphill, and in the slowest walk, down-dale, our

Phaëton carried us, as he listed, through field and orchard; our road made pleasant, in spite of him, by the beauty of the evening, the plenty that was prodigal around us, and the countless flowers, that—

> "their blue eyes with tears o'erflowing,
> Stood, like Ruth, among the golden corn."

We passed through the dirty village of Cama, and then, about a league from Seville, we came upon the dismantled Convent of *San Isidoro del Campo*. Here, hard by the ruins of Italica—perhaps upon the very site of that dead city—Guzman el Bueno, the hero of Tarifa, full five centuries ago, caused a noble monastery to be reared. Within the chapel, he and his wife, and their children as they came after them, were to be buried. There were cloisters for forty monks and more, with broad lands, and rents, and vassals, and the sole tenure was to be, that "every day, forever and ever" (*cada dia, para siempre jamas*), these forty monks should sing ten masses, for his soul and his wife's. Upon the anniversary of the death of each of them, there was to be a solemn service, through all time, and every day they were to be commended, in the chapter, to the mercy of their Saviour. The charter and the terms on which it was thus held were to be read, twice in each year, in order, as the hero said, that the remembrance of himself and of his gentle lady might endure for evermore—"*para que nuestra remembranza sea durable para siempre jamas!*" Reader! the Guzman and his spouse, and the long line that followed them, still slumber beneath the aisles where they were laid. Their tombs are there, with effigies and epitaphs, and all the blazonry of their armorial pride.

But the monks have all gone, among the revolutions of latter days, and many of the works of art, which once adorned the chapels and the cloisters, went away, with Soult, when France was "civilizing" Europe. San Isidoro is now the parish church of the miserable hamlet of Santi Ponce, and the cloisters are a prison for galley-slaves! Yet still, from far and near, the castellated walls look proudly mindful of the greatness they were reared to, and there is something, in the desolate isolation of the lonely hill they crown, which gives dignity and awe even to their fallen fortunes.

As if to add to the melancholy and humiliating associations which surround San Isidoro, Mr. Ford informs us that Hernan Cortés also was buried there, before the removal of his bones to Mexico. This is an error, as will be seen by reference to Prescott's History, where note is taken of his interment in the Convent of San Isidro within the walls of Seville, in the vault of the Dukes of Medina-Sidonia. Where the remains of the bold conqueror now are, not even his acute historian can tell. They were sleeping, quietly, in 1823, in the Hospital of Jesus, in the city of Mexico, when they were removed, by pious stealth, to save them from the rampant republicanism of the mob. From that time to the present, their resting-place has been unknown. It would have been appropriate indeed, if some of our gallant officers—during their late sojourn in what are so poetically called the "Halls of the Montezumas"—had deemed it worth their while to illustrate the second conquest, by seeking out and honoring the relics of the hero of the first.

Aften passing San Isidoro, a turn in the road carried us to the hamlet of Santi Ponce, and we struck off, a-foot, through

the fields on the left, to hunt up Italica. It was not long before we arrived at what is called the Forum, of which a crumbled wall or two, and a poor draped torso, lying on its back, are all the relics visible. Passing on, through a rich grain-field which led us to an olive-orchard, we met troops of peasant girls, crowned with red poppies and other bright blossoms, and wearing chaplets as they frolicked on their way. They were escorted by their fathers or their sweethearts, who walked with the long *porra*, or forked staff, which is the inseparable companion of the Andalusian *majo*. From these good people, we learned the shortest path toward the ruins, and passing, as they told us, by an ancient spring, we came in a few moments on the noble amphitheatre, which lay in a sort of basin, so that we could not see it until very near. A few seats and some of the inner walls remain, with enough of the outer circle to indicate the original extent of the building and give some notion of its once imposing appearance. It is, indeed, a beautiful ruin; gray and solemn, but yet not wild or harshly desolate. The ripening grain grew thick, when I was there, all over the arena once fertilized by human blood, and the huge masses of rough masonry were hidden, half, by clustering foliage and many flowers. It seemed as if the earth were fast claiming its own again, and the works of man were at last following after him. I had read, long before and often, the glorious *cancion* of Rioja, dedicated to the ruined city, and I could but feel, more than ever, as I stood among the broken arches, the expressive melancholy of his solemn verse.

"¿Como, en el cerco vano
De su desierta arena,
El gran pueblo no suena?

¿Donde, pues fieras hay, está el desnudo
Luchador? ¿Donde está el atleta fuerte?
Todo despareció, cambió la suerte
Voces alegres en silencio mudo!"

After a survey from the most elevated portion of the ruin, we descended to the arena and went out into the field below, by a huge covered way, which seemed to have been the main entrance, in the Romans' time. Damp and lonely, indeed, it was, and the lizards ran frightened to their holes as we passed through; so strange was now a human footstep, where the tide of life once flowed so fiercely. Scattered here and there, upon the open ground beyond, were a few more stones remaining from the olden time, but they were not worth a nearer visit, and we skirted the field back to where our carriage was waiting on the road. We found it surrounded by a most Italian-looking group of beggars and coin-venders, constituting, I doubt not, the majority of the worthy citizens of Santi Ponce. We purchased a few coppers, of the times of the later emperors, and had hard work to rid ourselves of importunities which would have done honor to the most experienced Lazzaroni of Pozzuoli. It was getting late, however, and our driver was of an executive turn, so that he put whip at once to horses and beggars, just as I was concluding a bargain with a ragged rascal, for a fine piece of serpentine which might have been part of Scipio's pavement. As we remounted the hill, by San Isidoro, the twilight was folding its wings over the distant city, and the towers of San Juan de Alfarache, on the highlands to our right, were but dimly visible against the darkening sky.

About a mile from Seville we fell in with troops of boon companions, who had come out to drink their *manzanilla*, at

the wine shops on the road, it being cheaper there than in the city, to enter which it has to pay a duty like the French *octroi*. These good people were very merry, as they hastened home, and one of them, more drunk or needy than the rest, kept running alongside our carriage, begging, in a style which sounded very much like—"stand and deliver!" We gave him a trifle, but he was not easily satisfied, and took hold angrily, at last, of the iron bar which served for door on the side next to him, swearing quite fiercely that he was starving, and must have money. Bailly, who is a stout man, and choleric, pushed the intruder from us, with all force, as he was making an effort to leap up. He fell with his face downward, on the stones, and as our horses were at full gallop, we saw no more of him. I mention the incident, because no book of travels in Spain is considered orthodox, nowadays, without a robbery, and this having been my nearest approach to such a catastrophe, I feel it my duty to make the most of it. Perhaps my life was really in more danger afterward, when I fell into the hands of the Faculty at Granada. A man, however, is accustomed to perils of that sort from his infancy, and I therefore note the beggar's onslaught, as my only hair-breadth scape, in Spain, that can be called peculiar to the country.

It was dark and late before we were safe again under the shelter of Don José's roof. We told our story to our worthy host, who gave my companions consolation in the shape of a formidable *gaspacho*, half-soup, half-salad, which must have sat heavy on their souls that night, if there be any thing in vinegar and specific gravity.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Marshal Soult, and Murillo's Works—Picking and Stealing—Murillo's Style and Genius—The Ideal and the Natural—Paintings of the Deity—St. Francis and the Crucifix.

WHEN the Maréchal Duc de Dalmatie went down to Seville, the fair city was glorious with Murillo's works and memory. The bones of the great artist had been, for more than a century, at rest before the altar of the Church of Santa Cruz, where hung Campana's painting of the Crucifixion, which had been the study and admiration of his life, and before which he had begged that he might be buried. Convent and cathedral were filled with the children of his genius, and he had thus woven, if man ever wove, a spell around the city of his birth. The Marshal-Duke (all honored be his name!) had, of course, great reverence for art, but being far above the little superstitions which attach to smaller minds, he pulled the walls of Santa Cruz down, gallantly, upon Murillo's grave, and flung the painter's ashes out, with other rubbish. Of recent years, long after this heroic deed, his Marshalship went on a tour through England, and visited a poet's tomb, at Stratford-upon-Avon. Most probably, he had not heard of Shakspeare, when he was at Seville, except as a rude dramatist, whose uncouth verses not Voltaire himself could hammer into poetry. It must have been, then,

quite a novelty and full of pleasant and suggestive thought to him, to read the Stratford epitaph:

> "Good friend! for Jesu's sake forbear
> To dig the dust enclosed here;
> Blest be the man that spares these stones,
> And curst be he that moves my bones!"

Having made his disposition of Murillo's body, it was but natural that Soult should feel himself entitled to a portion of his goods and chattels; and so, while a commission of *savans*, in the Alcazar, were making their selections for the Imperial Gallery, the Duke-Marshal prudently availed himself of the occasion, to do such picking and stealing, on his own account, as in those days became so high a functionary. When the day of retribution and of restitution came, the imperial spoil, or a great part of it, returned, but the Duke-Marshal proved himself as able to keep as to take, and he has now in his possession, critics say, the finest productions of Murillo, out of Spain—monuments of their owner's Vandalism, and the painter's genius. Yet still, "in spite of my lord cardinal," it is in Seville only that the mighty Andalusian can be seen, in all his power. His choicest labors are still there, cherished with affectionate and proud enthusiasm; altogether unvarnished, unpatched, and un-Frenchified, except where, here and there, some were "restored," during their sojourn in the Louvre. The traveller who has seen Murillo only in England, Italy, or France, has but a poor idea of the master's skill as it thus shines out upon his native soil, and he may rest assured, were he to pack off for Seville to see the pictures only, that no man who had visited them before him would call it a fool's errand.

Among those who are not critically read in things of art, the general notion of Murillo is, that his chief excellence consisted, in painting, to a miracle of truth, the boys and beggars and the common out-door life of Spain. Such, I confess, was, to some extent, my impression on the subject, before I had seen the magnificent Madonnas in the Pitti Palace, which almost hold divided empire with Raphael's Virgin "of the chair." In Seville, the mistake is very soon corrected. The traveller finds himself surrounded by triumphs of Murillo's, in the very loftiest walks of art, and, all unskilled as he may chance to be, he lingers, to his own surprise, among them, attracted by a something which is new to him, after even the master-pieces of the Italian pencil. It is not coloring or drawing—touch or tone—"the purity of Dominichino, the correggiescity of Correggio," or any other of the thousand technicalities that stir the artistic rapture of the critical. It addresses itself to his feelings, rather than his judgment: it is a matter of sympathy more than of taste. Not that his taste or judgment would be skeptical, were both or either put on guard, but that all speculation vanishes at sight of the fair links of human tenderness and beauty, with which the painter has united the bright world he lived in, to his brighter land of dreams.

A great deal has been said and canted (with all deference) about Murillo's strict adherence to mere nature, in his forms, and his devotion to the local, Andalusian type, even in those works he should have most idealized. His Saviours, Saints, and Virgins, beautiful conceptions as they are, are simply men and women, it is said, from Seville and Triana. It is not easy to understand the logic of these objections, even supposing, for

a moment, that they have any foundation in fact. Idealization would seem to be altogether independent of natural type, and unless the painter of sacred subjects confine himself exclusively to Jews and Jewesses, there is no very obvious reason why he should not adopt the traits of beauty which his genius blends, from one variety of the Caucasian family as well as another. But I am convinced that the charge against Murillo of indulging in a localizing spirit, has no foundation, except in the peculiar fidelity with which his purely imitative pieces have portrayed the homely nature he professed to copy. The higher works, in which his fancy revelled among the mysteries and wonders of religion, are as free, it seems to me, from any thing like slavishness to an exclusive model, as those of any other of the masters of the art. His Virgins of the Immaculate Conception (one of his most frequent and famous subjects) are, many of them, fair and fair-haired; not one, that I remember, has complexion, brow, or feature, such as marks the Andalusian beauty. In the wonderful picture called the *San Felix de Cantalicio*, which is now in the Museum, the Virgin, who brings down her blessed infant to the saint in the moment of his ecstasy, is, without doubt, I think, the loveliest creation of Murillo, and certainly one of the most perfect realizations of beauty upon canvas. Yet her blue eyes and golden tresses, and the unsunned freshness and purity of her whole mien, are farthest, of all things, from the characteristic traits of Andalusia. The youthful Baptist, to be sure, is always brown as any gypsy, but that is an exception, for the sake of contrast. There is scarce an infant Saviour, in all Murillo's pictures, who is not painted fair, and in his groups of fresh and blue-eyed cherubs there is not a sign of the "near sun."

The notion that Murillo's tendencies were rather toward the "natural" than the "ideal," amounts to something or nothing, according to circumstances. It is very common to read, in the books of art, of what are called "glorified form," and "divinity of expression;" and, as it is a great deal easier to be enthusiastic than definite, these words and the terms, "natural" and "ideal," are found, generally, very prominent in the criticisms and commentaries on particular and admired productions. Like all things undemonstrable, the ideas to be attached to these phrases have caused great disagreement, from time to time, among the doctors, so that the unlearned may, without much reproach, plead guilty to a slight degree of confusion in respect to their meaning. If, as that profound and admirable critic, Sir Charles Bell, supposes, "the only interpretation of divinity in the human figure, as represented by the ancient sculptors, be, that the artists avoided individuality," the thing is, obviously, of easy comprehension. If the "ideal" be, as other writers have it, a choice and combination in one form, of all that is beautiful in many, the notion, though not quite so elevated, and rather eclectic than creative, is nevertheless, intelligible enough. In neither of these senses is there any reason why Murillo's pictures, or those of any body else, should not be "natural" and "ideal" both, there being no necessity at all why idealization should result in the unnatural. To talk seriously, however, of representing "the divine" in human form, so as to convey a just idea of its divinity, seems as merely absurd as the attempt would be to convey an idea of sound, by addressing the organs of sight or smell. The poet-painter may have what visions it pleases Heaven to vouchsafe to him; if they come to him in human shape, as is most likely, and if he paints

them in the same, it is all vanity and mere vexation to require that he shall make the clay what it has never been, and can not be. The human form is only human, "glorify" it as we may; and till some better shape shall be invented to reveal the spirit, it would seem but reasonable wisdom to rest satisfied with human dignity and beauty, at their best, as all that art can hope to soar to. There is great ingenuity and force, no doubt, in the suggestion of Sir Charles Bell, that the ideal of beauty may be best attained by exaggerating, slightly, on canvas or in marble, the outline, both in face and form, of whatever indicates the higher, purer qualities, avoiding and subduing what is low, and what associates itself with grosser passion or the brutal forms. Yet there is danger in all this, which even genius, of the highest, with difficulty will avoid. Attempting to paint more than man, the artist will probably paint less; and what he calls "divinity," will turn out nothing, it is ten to one, but poor humanity on stilts. It will, in all probability, be the likeness of nothing "in the earth beneath," but it by no means follows that it will resemble any thing in "the heavens above."

The most inveterate iconoclast could hardly look on the Apollo, for a moment, without a thrill of awe and admiration, and yet—perfection as it is, of all that human hands have wrought to image the ideal and the beautiful—no one, I am sure, has ever felt before it that involuntary bending of the knee, which the mere thought of present Deity would prompt. It is the majesty and splendor of humanity we wonder at;[1]

[1] The fair authoress of the "Year of Consolation," seems strangely unable to account for her preference of the Apollo to the Venus. On general principles, it would seem to be a very natural one.

it never occurs to us that we should adore. The mind is elevated, notwithstanding, and refined, by the contemplation of a standard of mere nature, so much more lofty than any previous conception of its own. Few persons, on the contrary, I think, can see the grandest efforts of the Christian painters to clothe the Deity in human form, without a shudder of irresistible disgust. There is a mixture of blasphemy and folly in them, which shocks even the least reverent. They do not elevate the human: they degrade and drag down the divine.[1] The same thing may be said, to a degree, of the delineations of the angelic nature. Childhood, in its purity, embodies our poor notion of a cherub, better than any thing we know; and thus we bear with art when it confines its pictures of celestial choirs to the mere groups of beaming, happy, sinless faces, which make some masterpieces so attractive. But legs and arms, and skirts and tunics, are altogether unangelic, though wafted upon wings; and thus it happens that we sometimes

[1] When I was in Florence, I was taken to see a picture which one of the most distinguished native artists was finishing, as a present to the King of Sardinia. It was a "*Padre Eterno*," painted in the shape of an old man, with lofty brow, grand features, and a long, white beard, and flowing hair. The robe was of that peculiar violet color, which is appropriated to the garments of the Deity, by the almost universal custom of the old masters. The painter had, wisely, not attempted to give the expression of the eyes, for they were cast down and nearly covered by the lids. In one hand the globe was held, and the other was raised to bless a small spot of the continent of Europe, which was covered by the Sardinian arms!

The picture would have provoked a hearty laugh, or an expression of disgust, but for politeness' sake, and the most irresistible temptation to throw both the artist and his work out of the nearest window. The subsequent fortunes of Charles Albert have furnished a palpable commentary on the whole thing and its folly, palpable enough at any time.

laugh, in spite of us, when, high in air, seated on clouds and scraping their unearthly fiddles, we see the hierarchy of the skies making concertos for the saints. In Raphael's St. Cecilia, there is far more of heaven in the enthusiast's face (though it is fat and fair and merely mortal), than in the wondrous orchestra of cloud-borne seraphim, plying their bows above her.

Our feelings, as we look upon the pictures of the Saviour, are modified, of course, by the reflection that the Godhead, in his person, was really made man, and bore a human share of suffering, obloquy, and sorrow. It is not, therefore, altogether unnatural, that he should be represented in the shape he wore, and yet we turn, dissatisfied if not disgusted, from the mass of *Ecce Homos*, *Pietás*, and Crucifixions, that fill the very best Italian galleries. Only now and then some favored genius moulds a face and form, in which, if ever stooping to mere dust, we feel that the Divinity might dwell. Such, for example, is the Christ of the Transfiguration; seen, perhaps, to greater advantage, after the brutal contrast of Angelo's Last Judgment, in another chamber of the Vatican. Yet, even in the splendid triumph of Raphael's high art, let fancy and enthusiasm say what they may, it is the Son of Man we look on, not the Son of God!

Murillo, with a sense of beauty and of poetry almost unlimited in variety and scope, was full, at the same time, of tenderness and human sympathy. No man would have comprehended better, or have felt more thoroughly than he, the splendid epic of which the Apollo is an incarnation, and yet he would have lingered, I am sure, with deeper interest and feeling, by the Gladiator's side. With him, the Ideal was

the child of sentiment yet more than fancy. It was impulse, not abstraction; and in every thing he touched, the loftiest and most spiritual conceptions were softened and surrounded by a glow of human kindliness. The Virgin of the Immaculate Conception—the embodiment of deep religious mystery and dogma—rising amid clouds and seraphs toward Heaven; her feet upon the crescent moon; has, in her holy and ethereal beauty, the sweetest traits of what is lovely and lovable on earth. The Virgin Mother, clasping her infant to her bosom, has none of her maternal tenderness disguised by any effort of the painter to bestow on her the lofty brow and solemn thoughtfulness of a rapt Sibyl. She is the stainless and radiant handmaid of the Lord, but yet a woman nursing her first-born. The beautiful children—whom no man ever painted like Murillo—though in feature they have that which tells you "of such is the Kingdom of Heaven"—remind you always, notwithstanding, of some pure and happy beings you have known and loved on earth. They are of a better world, but they went to it from this.

How much to be lamented, I have often thought, it is, that to a genius such as was Murillo's it did not occur to paint the subject of those simple words—"Jesus wept!" In all the trials of the Saviour upon earth, his persecutions, buffetings, and death, his bond of union with our nature was one of suffering only. He was man, in man's anguish and wretchedness alone. In his transfiguration and his resurrection he was man no longer. To represent him in the one light, is painful and unwelcome; in the other, quite impossible. In the touching scene I have alluded to, however, the Deity came nearest to humanity, just at the point where mere humanity seems nearest

to a holier and better being. Jesus, for the moment, there, was neither God nor victim, but a friend, at his friend's grave, forgetting all things except only "how he loved him." What is there that can consecrate our nature, like the genuine grief which flows from an unselfish love? What could have made us better feel the closeness of the Saviour to us, than to have seen him weeping as a brother? The picture of such sorrow, from Murillo's pencil, would so have touched all hearts, that no one could have paused to measure whether there was more of dust or Deity about it. Those tears would have been grander than a thousand glories!

There is, indeed, in the *Museo*, a painting which may give us some idea of what the loftier subject would have been, in the same hands. It is taken from a legend of St. Francis, which informs us, that, as the saint was kneeling before a crucifix, the Saviour stretched down his right arm and embraced him, to reward and bless his piety. Of course the artist had to struggle with the comparative grossness of such a conception, and yet it would seem hardly possible to fix more grandly, upon human features, the expression of divine benignity and love. "Never," says M. de St. Hilaire, "never, even under the pencil of Raphael, did a head of Christ express resignation so sublime. The miseries of all humanity seem gathered on that heavenly brow, from which there shines, in spite of them, a heavenly spirit, thoughtful only, even under the slow torments of the cross, to bless his revilers and pray for his executioners!" Mr. Swinburne, an English traveller of the last century, who is still much quoted, disposes of this great work, curtly, as "a friar embracing Christ crucified, who stoops from the cross and brings down an arm

to press the saint's shoulder." Mr. Swinburne was obviously a business-man, and probably a descendant of the learned judge, famous in the law for a wise book on "testaments and last wills," which may, perhaps, account for his having set down the St. Francis, after the fashion of an item in an inventory. But, be that as it may, I give his commentary for the benefit of those who may desire a set-off to the eloquence of St. Hilaire, and the poor expression of my own enthusiasm.

CHAPTER XIX.

Notices of Murillo's principal Works—The Museum—Seville School—Zurbaran—Murillo's Pictures for the Capuchin Convent—Story of his Residence there—The Virgin of the Napkin, &c.—Pictures at La Caridad—The San Juan de Dios—Pictures at the Cathedral—The Guardian Angel.

THE chief productions of Murillo, in Seville, may be found in the Museum, the Cathedral, and the Hospital of *La Caridad*. The Museum was established in 1840, in the noble edifice which was once the convent of *la Merced*. It contains a large number of the best pictures that belonged to the suppressed monastic institutions, and is, of course, the only place in which the fine and famous school of Seville can be studied and appreciated, as a whole. The works of Castillo, Roelas, Zurbaran, and Herrera the elder are collected there, in considerable numbers, with a multitude of others from pencils of no less repute than merit. With the exception of Velasquez, Ribera, and Murillo, Zurbaran is perhaps better known than any of the Spanish painters, beyond the limits of his country. His *chef-d'œuvre*, the Ascent of St. Thomas Aquinas into Heaven, was carried to Paris, where, says Widdrington, "it burst on the astonished world of artists and amateurs, as the work of an obscure and unknown painter, claiming to rank with the Transfiguration and Communion of St. Jerome."

In the days when the rule of *suum cuique* was re-established, the angelic doctor went back to Seville, with the other saints who had been roaming. Zurbaran painted a large number of pictures for the Carthusians, and was especially renowned, as he still is, for his skill in managing the difficulties of their white drapery. The celebrated picture of St. Romualdo, in the second chamber of the Vatican Gallery, has derived its chief attraction from the treatment of the white dresses of the saint and his companions. The artist is said to have been indebted to the accident of having seen three millers under a tree together, for the great success with which he has given light and shade to so monotonous a group. Those who have seen the wonderful ease and power with which Zurbaran combined the same unpromising materials, will hold the Roman master-piece far less a miracle than it is commonly reputed.

That part of *la Merced* which was formerly the church, is now devoted, principally, to the paintings of the other masters, Murillo's most attractive pieces having been collected in an upper chamber, which belongs to them, exclusively. Over the altar-place, however, there hangs one of his superb "Conceptions"—a colossal figure of the Virgin, floating upward through an atmosphere of glory. The form has all the dignity and majesty, with more than the ascending lightness of Titian's Assumption: the beauty, purity, and sweetness of the features and expression are beyond any thing that Titian ever dreamed of. The simple blue and white, which are the only colors of the drapery, melt imperceptibly into each other, and the graceful folds, sweeping beneath the feet, seem borne up by the heavier air. A group of angels, ministering, are

gazing, as they rise, upon the Heaven, of which they seem not less a part than are the stars that crown the Virgin's brow.

Of the Murillos in the upper gallery, those from the late Convent of the Capuchins are deemed the finest. The legend runs, that the great painter had the fortune to be wedded to one of those ladies of lively temper and elocutionary propensities, for whose weakness the common law provided, in its gallantry, a pleasant hydropathic remedy. Rightfully or wrongfully, she had possessed herself with certain troublesome conjugal suspicions, and had determined to make the Inquisition as wise as she believed herself to be, on the subject of her husband's sins. Murillo, as the story goes, heard of her kind intentions, by good luck, and quite forestalled her, by asking from the Capuchins permission to retreat a while to their cloisters, for prayer and meditation. The good fathers, nothing loth, welcomed the penitent most kindly, and turned their hospitality to some account besides the expiation of the painter's little trespasses. During his retreat (which must have been a long one, let its cause have been what it might) Murillo began some of his choicest works; and if the story by which they are thus accounted for be true, it will be seen that even shrews may sometimes serve a profitable purpose, and that thus there is a reasonable hope of our being able to understand, one of these days, how even snakes and musquitos have their utility, in the order of Providence.

The Virgin of the Napkin (*la Virjen de la Servilleta*) is said, in the same legend, to have been painted for the *padre cocinero*, the reverend cook of the Capuchins. The *padre* hinted to Murillo, when he was about to go, that, for the many favors he had done the artist in his line, he had received no fit

requital. Murillo yielded to the force of the suggestion and replied, that if the cook would furnish him the canvas, he would return him a painting. The *padre* seized a dinner-napkin, and presented it forthwith. A few days afterward, he found the charming half-length picture in his cell, which is now one of the pearls of Andalusia. The face and figure of the Virgin are among the least celestial of Murillo's religious compositions, but the expression of tenderness and motherly solitude and pride can not be surpassed. The child, whose face resembles, a good deal, that of the infant of the fair-haired Madonna in the Pitti Palace,

"Leaps up in his mother's arms,"

and, with one hand upon her bosom, seems actually pressing himself out from the canvas. The first effect upon you is so strong, that you involuntarily almost stretch out your arms toward the picture. That sort of illusion, I am aware, is often produced by very inferior artists, but, in this case, it is the combined result of very great skill and infinite attractiveness in the subject. The infantine beauty of the attitude and expression haunted me all the day long. The good *padre*, when he received it, is said to have asked Murillo, why he had painted the blessed child leaning thus far out from the picture. "He must needs be on the watch, father," was the reply, "if he sees you all observe your vows."[1]

[1] Bailly, my invaluable cicerone, complains sadly that travellers repeat his stories and give him no credit for them. He says he has made the best parts of some people's books and received no thanks. In justice, therefore, I feel bound to say, that the Capuchin legend is his, and I hope the reader will believe it to be true. Whether he does or not, Bailly will be happy to tell him a good many more.

I have not time to describe and the reader would hardly thank me for enumerating, merely, even the chief masterpieces of Murillo, that are collected in the gallery with the "*Servilleta.*" The St. Thomas of Villanueva, which the artist is reported to have called emphatically "his own picture," will probably, on that account, be deemed the most interesting, as it certainly is, in itself, one of the most wonderful in the collection. I confess, however, that it was by no means the most attractive to me. The subject, though affording a rare opportunity for the display of Murillo's greatest power of drawing and imitation, is nevertheless a very unpleasant one, and not of the highest order as a conception. The saint, a grand, benevolent figure, is giving alms. Immediately before him, with his back toward the spectator, a deformed and miserable beggar is kneeling, to receive the charity. The foreshortening of the lower limbs and of the upturned face—which you see, partly, though the back of the head is toward you—is absolutely miraculous. On the right are an old man and woman. You can scarcely persuade yourself they are not portraits of two trembling wretches who begged alms of you, "for God's sake, brother," as you crossed the "*plaza*" toward the Museum. To the left, a little boy—one of the hundreds who beset you in your daily walks in Seville—is showing the money he has just received, to his mother, who is seated by him on the earth. He leans forward over her lap, smiling, with a sort of starved delight, at the obviously unaccustomed treasure. In front, and near to the chief figure, is a stunted, ragged, scald-head creature, the very incarnation of wretchedness, disease, and want—so true and yet so loathsome, that you are tempted to rebel against the painful skill which has per-

petuated such a sickening comment on humanity. The antidote however is not far off, for all around you are beautiful things, not only warm with life but radiant with inspiration—seeming, many of them, to your enthusiasm, as if they realize what the Andalusians say of their great artist—that he "had seen Heaven, and painted what he saw."[1]

The hospital of *La Caridad*, which is just outside one of the gates, was founded or rather, re-established, by Murillo's friend and contemporary, Don Miguel de Mañara, whose simple grave-stone lies level with the platform, in front of the high altar of the chapel. He was a man whose life and ample fortune were devoted altogether to the poor and destitute. "He gave them," says his epitaph, "whatever he had. He was the visible hand of a hidden Providence, in the universal succor of the necessitous."[2] In a spirit of the deepest self-abasement, he commanded, when he was dying, that they should bury him in front of the church door, so that he might be trodden beneath men's feet and despised. For the inscription, on the plain slab which was to cover him, he dictated these humble words:

"D. O. M.
Here lie the bones and ashes of the worst man there has been in the world.
Pray to God for him."[3]

[1] Murillo vió al cielo, y lo pintó.

[2] "Dióles cuanto tubo:" says the nervous and expressive original. "Fué mano vissible de la oculta Providencia, en el universal remedio de necessitados."

[3] Aqui yazen los huessos y cenizas del peor hombre que a avido en èl mundo.
Rueguen á Dios por él.

The fraternity gave but a literal obedience to his commands, for they speedily removed his body to the spot where it now lies, and caused the epitaph to be written, that now justly commemorates the virtuous labors of which there is a monument in every thing around.

To Mañara, Soult was especially and inexplicably amiable, for he permitted his bones to rest without violation, and only stole four or five of his pictures. Two of the latter, the art-loving marshal peddled away in England, one—the famous St. Elizabeth of Hungary—returned to Spain, but was captured for the royal gallery of Madrid. To the other two, it is believed that the Marshal-Duke still manages to hold fast, as was his custom. The compositions that remain at the *Caridad*, are considered by the critics generally, as, perhaps, the finest of Murillo's productions. The Miracle of the Loaves and Fishes, and the Moses cleaving the Rock, are the most colossal of all his works, and are too well known among those who have read any thing of art, to require even the brief notice I could take of them.

The most interesting of the collection, however, to me, is the *San Juan de Dios*. It represents a scene in the life of that good man (St. John of God), whose charity and self-devotion were Mañara's bright examples. It is a night scene. The saint was passing through the streets at midnight, when he came upon a wretched mendicant, who lay almost dead with starvation and disease. To lift the sufferer upon his shoulders, was, of course, the good man's impulse, but his will was better than his strength. He had proceeded but a little distance, when he found himself unequal to his task. His limbs trembled and gave way, and he was about

sinking to the earth with his burden. Of a sudden, his load was lightened—his strength returned to him—and looking backward, he found himself assisted by an angel! Murillo has seized the moment when the saint first turned his head. His half-bent form seems as if it grew erect before you. The expression of his up-turned features, is a mingling of reverence, surprise, and awe. The homely, warm humanity that glows upon his face, is the very perfection of contrast to the radiant and benignant beauty of the messenger from heaven. His sombre habit, with its cowl and dark and heavy folds, seems a portion of the midnight, beside the glory of the angel's raiment. The angel has just alighted. His form half rests upon the air, and you see the very flutter of his folding wings. The picture is in *chiaroscuro*, taking its light altogether from the angel's presence. The power and skill with which its difficulties are made beauties, astonish the unlearned not less than they delight the critical. The hand of a master has helped the inspiration of a poet; and it would not be easy to conceive a more sublime or touching illustration of the sympathy of heaven with the works of human charity.

The altar-piece is by Roldan. It is an Entombment of the Saviour, done in relief, and in the same style as the Descent from the Cross by the same artist, which is the altar-piece of the *Sagrario* or parish church attached to the Cathedral. I mention them, as very remarkable specimens of a peculiar style of sculpture, said by some to be found only in Spain, though existing, as I have heard, in some parts of Northern Europe. They are carved in wood, and colored to life. The back-ground is painted likewise. The groups are fixed in planes successively receding, and the figures are in greater or

less relief, according to the exigencies of the composition. It is impossible to form an idea of the effect of these works, from any product of the chisel that is to be seen elsewhere; for, to the ordinary capabilities of sculpture, they add every illusion within the compass of the sister art, and a truthfulness of perspective which neither marble nor canvas can command. Standing at some distance from them, you seem to have the very life before you. You feel as if you had broken in upon the solemn ceremonies they commemorate, and for a moment you restrain your steps in awe. Until I had seen these works, I had indulged the common and very sapient contempt for colored sculpture: but what is there that is contemptible, in the hands of a man of genius!

The Cathedral has many admirable works of Murillo, which, however, I must content myself with wishing that the reader may have the good fortune himself to see. The great picture of St. Anthony of Padua receiving the visit of the infant Jesus by night, in his cell, hangs in the Baptistery. It has been compared, more frequently, perhaps, than any of the artist's pictures, with the great works of the Italian masters; and there are critics of no mean repute, who have not scrupled to pronounce it as contesting the palm of immortality with those that have been held most perfect. "*Non nostrum tantas*," &c. I am content to take the responsibility of a more unpretending selection. In a little chapel, on the left of the great eastern portal of the Cathedral, there is a picture of very moderate dimensions, of which, except at certain hours, the dim light affords you only an imperfect view. The chapel is that of the *Angel de la Guarda*—the Guardian Angel. The picture to which I refer is the altar-piece, and is of course dedicated, in

its subject, to the patron of the chapel. It was painted by Murillo, and at the time, I was told, when he was sojourning in the Capuchin Convent. He needed a screen, in the warm season, before the entrance to his cell, and his ready brush soon furnished door and sentinel. After he had left the convent, a very natural dispute arose among the brethren, as to the possession of the prize, and the archbishop, who was a man of taste, settled the question, by removing the angel to the Cathedral.

The belief, that every man has by his side, through life, a wise, benignant being from a better world, unseen but ever watching over him, is certainly one of the most beautiful and attractive in the whole range of religious consolations, whether it be literally or figuratively adopted. To consecrate an altar to God, in special commemoration of the Providence which walks thus closely and bountifully in our midst, must certainly accord with the grateful impulses of every one who recognizes the truth, or feels the attractiveness of the doctrine. The singular and simple felicity with which Murillo has illustrated it, will at all events admit of no controversy, and the painting, as contrasted with the compositions of other masters relating to the same subject, conveys so distinct an idea of Murillo's peculiar taste and genius, that the reader will perhaps pardon the few moments for which I shall dwell on it.

In the Bourbon Museum at Naples, there is a Guardian Angel, a famous picture, by Domenichino. It represents a splendid and heroic spirit, who, in the concave of his shield, which rests upon the earth, is sheltering a lovely child from the fierce onslaught of a demon on the outer side. The beauty of the child, and the bright smile of conscious safety which is

just driving from its face the expression of natural dread, are quite worthy the skill and fame of the artist. In the long gallery of the Louvre, there is a painting of the same subject, by Feti, which has attracted considerable admiration. The scene is laid almost at the gates of Hell, into which a hideous and baffled fiend is making his way, through smoke and clouds. The angel is a stalwart, able-bodied tutelary: quite as full of thews and sinews as of ichor, and he stands with one foot on the earth, while with one knee he rests upon a cloud, or rock, or something which may be either. One hand, uplifted, points to Heaven, and a youth, with folded arms, stands by his side, in the expressive attitude of Sunday-childhood enduring an explanation of its catechism.

In Murillo's picture, there is no demon, no terror, no struggle, no shield or weapon, no sign of force protecting or repelled. A little child is walking with an angel. It is not one of your Italian angels—your sublime and winged Apollos—nor a warlike spirit, wearing his radiance and splendor merely, as the badges of his mission—but an angel, in the stainlessness and perfect purity that could have only come from Heaven. He is a guide and not a champion. The child is beautiful, of course, as all Murillo's children are, and in his face there is the innocence, which, Wordsworth tells us, is but the memory of immortality. Around his tender form there is a pure white robe, half-cinctured and floating lightly. The angel, with his left hand, gently grasps the little arm, and with his right, points upward, to where there is a soft and dawn-like brightness in the sky. With confident and upturned eyes, the child is following the spirit's hand, and the whole sentiment and thought and action of the picture thus look heavenward,

altogether. Buckler and sword were but poor melo-drame, indeed, and would profane the blessed presence of innocence as it walks with God!

Mr. Borrow took particular note of this picture, which he describes as that which always wrought on him the most profound impression, though it is one of the least celebrated of Murillo's works. "This child," he says, "is in my opinion one of the most wonderful of all the creations of Murillo: the form is that of an infant of about five years of age, and the expression of the countenance is quite infantine, but the tread—it is the tread of a conqueror, of a God, of the Creator of the universe: and the earthly globe appears to tremble beneath its majesty." I confess I did not derive the same impression of awe from the composition, but that is no reason why it should not be a correct one. I must protest, however, as a matter of fact, against Mr. Borrow's description of the angel, as "holding a flaming sword in his right hand." If he had said "holding a harpoon," or a "blunderbuss," it would have been quite as accurate, and quite as much in accordance with the spirit of the picture.

CHAPTER XX.

Ferdinand Columbus—His Tomb—And Works—The Columbian Library—Relics of Ferdinand—Books belonging to Christopher Columbus—His Book of Prophecies—The Sword of Garci Perez—The Lonja—Seville Merchants of Old—The Archives of the Indies—Navarrete.

IT is generally and gallantly conceded, that few things great or noble have happened in this world, without the intervention of the gentler sex, at some stage or other of their history. It is, perhaps, not so generally known, that the fair continent, which we are so fast appropriating to ourselves, was discovered as much under the influence of Venus as of any other of the bright propitious stars. During the long years of tribulation and despair, which vexed the spirit of Columbus while he waited the termination of the Moorish war, he meditated, more than once, departing from the realm of Spain; but he had chanced, at Córdova, in spite of his mathematics, geography, and piety, to fall into Love's toils, and while his hopes and his ambition prompted him to seek a land of better augury, his heart had treasures of its own by which it kept him moored. "Thus," says Martinez de la Rosa, who relates the incident, "the most august events depend sometimes on little causes. Spain owes, perhaps, the discovery and possession of a new world, to the bright eyes of an Andalusian lady." The reflection might be carried out, by insisting, that we too owe the

"sublime moral spectacle" of California, to the glances of the gentle Beatriz de Enriquez! Columbus himself, at all events, might count that soil not ingrate, altogether, which blessed him with so fair a maiden's smile. Unhappily for her, she loved him rather well than wisely, for the benison of Holy Church was never given to the birth of the brave boy she bore him, the admiral's most famous son, Fernando. When you enter the great western portal of the Cathedral of Seville, Fernando's tomb lies just before you, level with the pavement of the nave. It is of simple white marble, and in the form of a large cross. The upper extremity or head of the cross has a Spanish, the lower, a Latin epitaph, which the reader, who is curious in such matters, will find in the appendix to this volume.[1] On each arm of the cross, there is a quaint caravel engraved in shallow lines. These are odd looking vessels, certainly, according to modern notions of naval architecture, and they seem so utterly unfit for any of the purposes of navigation, that they might serve as models for our government transports in the next Mexican war. From each of the high poops there hangs a most prodigious lantern. Besides oars in abundance, each has three small masts, two in the body, one in the very bow of the vessel; and each mast has a small lateen sail. Upon the deck of the caravel, to the right as you face the entrance, are two soldiers, with firelocks on their shoulders. On board the other, there is a single figure standing before two that are seated, which last have on their heads grim semblances of crowns. Whether their majesties are Indians, or the Catholic monarchs, or who or what they are, I am unable to divine; but if the standing figure be that of Columbus, he was per-

[1] Appendix I.

mitted to wear his hat in the presence of royalty.[1] In the centre of the tomb, between the caravels, there is an ornamented scroll on which a sort of globe is cut, or rather a circle, designed to represent the western hemisphere. Around and outside of that circle, is the famed inscription, known better out of Spain perhaps, than any other thing within its borders—

"Á Castilla y á Leon
Mundo nuebo dió Colon,"

I was particular to transcribe it carefully, as to orthography and all, so that the reader may depend on having before him the genuine article.

After looking at Fernando's sepulchre, it is natural enough to visit the "Biblioteca Colombina" which he founded, and which is alluded to in one of the epitaphs. You accordingly pass through the Cathedral, and making your exit by a door in the northeastern corner, you find yourself in what is called the *Patio de los Naranjos*—the Court of Oranges, the site of the old mosque, a spacious and beautiful quadrangle, shaded here and there with orange-trees. Above your head, as you step out from the Cathedral which occupies one side, is a portion of the building used for the Columbian Library, and resting upon columns. On the opposite side is the *Sagrario*, the parish church, attached to the Cathedral. Over against the Cathedral are some relics of the walls of the mosque, through which you may pass to the street, beneath the superb Moorish archway called *la Puerta del Perdon*—the gate of Pardon.

[1] In the edition of Mr. Irving's Columbus, lately published, an engraving of one of the caravels will be found, at page 312 of vol. iii.

Pursuing your book-hunting researches, you pass from the door by which you left the Cathedral, to a stairway within a few paces, which leads you to the library. On your way up, at the first landing, you see against the wall, the tomb of Iñigo Mendoza, the chaplain of Ferdinand and Isabella. His effigy is said to be the work of Miguel Florentin, and it does small credit to his personal beauty, if it be as good in point of resemblance as in that of art. He was, however, if his epitaph is to be believed, a good priest and an honest man, who "*vixit moriturus*," and died "*semper victurus*." In the library you find long lines of presses, neatly and carefully arranged and tended, over which hang portraits of the archbishops from time immemorial, kept in good company by a Saint Ferdinand of Murillo's. The volumes number some twenty thousand, but they are mostly of the times gone by—classical, theological, moral, and controversial—many of them rare and valuable, but unilluminated by the discoveries, and unleavened, for good or for evil, by the spirit of these latter days. The halls, however, are sombre, still, and student-like; and the "rime of eld" they have upon them is the last thing in the world unwelcome to a scholar's taste. Around the tables you will always find grave groups of silent readers, and in the genial spring-time—when the open windows let in the air made balmy by the orange-blossoms, and the deep-toned bells of the Giralda, high above you, send their solemn music down—you must be graceless and unkind indeed, not to remember the request on Don Fernando's grave-stone, and say a good word for his soul!

When I inquired of the intelligent and courteous librarian, for any relics he might chance to have of the illustrious founder's personal labors, he produced to me an index of all

the works in the library at the time of Don Fernando's decease, together with an "*inventorio*," a sort of *catalogue raisonnée* of the same, in four solid manuscript volumes, prepared by his own hand. These last, I take to be the "*quatro libros*," mentioned in the epitaph, which have caused some little speculation among the learned,[1] and they furnish no small evidence of Don Fernando's industry, intelligence, and patience. They are now sadly out of order, though the librarian seems to nurse them like favored children. Some years back, one of the volumes managed to get soaked, and a good deal of the learning as well as the paper was washed out of it. It is a pity that time and accident should have dealt so hardly with them, for they are very curious nowadays, as showing what was a learned man's idea, three hundred years ago, of "all the books of all the sciences."

There was a copy of Seneca's Tragedies also shown me, which seems to have been a favorite work of Don Fernando's, for it has many marginal annotations, in his handwriting. One, especially, is very interesting. It is upon the famous passage in the Medea, which Mr. Irving has selected as the appropriate motto to his Life of Columbus, and which was held, as we shall see, in particular esteem by the great navigator himself:—

"Venient annis saecula seris," &c.

Don Fernando has inclosed the whole passage within brackets, and has added on the margin—"*Hæc prophetia impleta est per patrem meum Christophorum Colon, almirantem, anno* 1492."—

[1] Appendix I.

(This prophecy was fulfilled by my father, Christopher Columbus, the Admiral, in the year 1492.)

The most curious and interesting thing, however, in the whole library, to those who belong to the New World and should prize the relics of its discoverer, are two rare and ancient books, connected closely with his personal history and labors. The one is a quarto, containing some of the learned works of the Cardinal Petrus de Alyaco and the famous John Gerson, and was obviously one of the admiral's most constant and beloved companions, for its margins are literally covered with annotations, in his own handwriting and that of his brother Bartholomew. It treats of geography, cosmography, astrology, theology, and matters and things in general. Fernando Colon, in his "History of the Admiral of the Indies," speaks of this work as one of his father's suggestive authorities, and Las Casas refers to it, even more particularly, in the same light. Indeed, it is obvious, from an inspection of the volume, that it must have given to Columbus, or, at least, have developed and encouraged in him, many of the theories and hopes which resulted in so much glory. Happily, it is printed very well and is in excellent preservation, so that it may yet afford much opportunity of interesting examination, to those who delight in tracing great enterprises back to their remotest sources.

The other volume is a dilapidated manuscript, which contains the collection of passages made by the Admiral, with the assistance of Fray Gaspar Gorricio, a Carthusian monk of Seville, from all the works within the scope of his reading, which seemed to him to indicate or prophesy the discovery of America and the redemption of Jerusalem from the infi-

dels. It is, of course, well known, that the influences which bore most actively upon the admiral's enthusiastic mind and temper were deeply religious in their cast, and there is, therefore, matter of profoundest interest in this little volume, which illustrates his own idea of his destiny and the divinity that shaped his ends.

Extracts from works so grave and learned would hardly tally with the purposes of this cursory narrative, but, for the satisfaction of the lovers of Spanish history, I have given a more extended notice, in the Appendix,[1] of what I found by no means the least interesting investigations made during my brief travel.

The readers of the Spanish ballads are familiar with the two exciting stories of Count Fernan Gonzalez and Garci Perez de Vargas, two doughty heroes, the first of whom did wonders early in the tenth century, while, in the middle of the thirteenth, the other was foremost, with St. Ferdinand, in the re-conquest of Seville. It seems that the good sword, with which Fernan Gonzalez won renown, descended, in due course, to Garci Perez, who wielded it, with prowess worthy of its fame, in many a bloody fray; as witness the wonders that he wrought with it in slaughtering the seven Moors:

> "Bare was his head, his sword was red, and from his pommel strung,
> Seven turbans green, sore hacked I ween, before Don Garci hung!"

Among the treasures (*cedant arma!*) in which the Biblioteca Colombina most rejoices, is this very trenchant weapon, found in the coffin of Garci Perez, when his remains were transported to their splendid resting-place the Royal Chapel of the Cathe-

[1] Appendix II.

dral. The blade, between three and four feet long, is flexible though heavy, and is made to cut and thrust. Upon the one side, a helmet is engraved, together with the words "*Del Conde*," and the sacred initials "I. N. R. I." On the other is "*Fernan Gonzalez*," with a double cross. The ponderous basket-hilt was evidently made to serve no purposes of holiday. Painted on wood, well warped but framed as something precious, they show you with the sword an ancient "*redondilla*," which makes it tell its story thus:

"De Fernan Gonzalez fuí,
De quien receuí el valor,
Y no le adquirí menor,
De un Vargas, á quien seruí.
Soy la octava maravilla
En cortar Moras gargantas,
No sabré io decir quantas,
Mas sé que gané á Sevilla."

meaning literally,

I belonged to Fernan Gonzalez,
From whom I received my value (or valor,)
And I did not acquire less
From a Vargas, whom I served.
I am the eighth wonder
In cutting Moorish throats.
I know not how many to say,
But I know that I gained Seville.

While in the spirit of looking after relics of the past, we went over to the *Lonja*, or *Consulado*, or *Casa de Contratacion* (for it is known by all of these names), which faces the southern transept of the Cathedral. This stately building, though badly altered in more modern times, is a monument of Herrera's

architectural taste, and is generally supposed to do as much credit to the liberality of Philip II. The inscription, however, which is over the northern entrance, informs us, very candidly, that his majesty graciously "commanded" it to be erected "at the expense of the College of Merchants." It was designed as a place of meeting for the traders of Seville, and for the negotiation and solemnization of commercial contracts. Down to the period of its erection, the men of traffic in the fair city had been, from all accounts, a graceless and perverted set of mammon-worshipers. The Court of Oranges, in the very shadow of the Cathedral, had been their Rialto from time immemorial. They held 'change daily on the *gradas*—the capacious steps and terrace around the sacred edifice—and made proclamation of their auctions and judicial sales, even at its very doors. Nor was this the worst. There is, unhappily, too much reason to know that many of their chafferings and bargains were carried on and made, customarily, within the walls of the sanctuary itself. In the "Colloquies" of the "*magnifico caballero, Pedro de Mejia,*" published as late as 1570, and quoted in the "Sevilla Pintoresca," the magnificent Peter makes a certain Baltasar irreverently say, that "to settle his accounts with God and the world too, it seemed a man was forced to go into the Cathedral once a day."[1] Not much unlike and quite as sinful, was the London custom in regard to old St. Paul's, the nave of which was once the common rendezvous for fashion, business, politics, and vice. "I bought him in Paul's," says Falstaff, of his rascal Bardolph. A note of Steevens, on the passage, gives an ancient proverb, which

[1] "*De manera que para lo de Dios y para lo del mundo, parece que es un hombre obligado á venir á esta iglesia una vez al dia.*"

links the church with rather sorry company. Some charitable Spanish writers have endeavored to excuse the scandalous doings of their ancestors, by attributing them to the natural wish of a devout and simple people, that their covenants should have the solemn sanction of religion. It is, however, to be feared that the simplicity which this implies has never been fairly attributable to the class of whom the Son of Sirach could write, even in his time, that "a merchant shall hardly keep himself from doing wrong, and a huckster shall not be freed from sin." In a commercial country it would not, of course, do, to say that the practice of the Seville traders converted the house of prayer into "a den of thieves;" but we must admit that it approached sufficiently near, to come within the ban against the buyers and sellers and money-changers in the temple. So thought, at all events, that excellent and pious prelate, Don Cristobal de Rojas, archbishop of the see, on whose petition the king directed the *Lonja* to be built, in order that not even the pretext of necessity might be set up, for further profanation of the holy place.

The lower apartments of the *Lonja* are devoted to the uses of the commercial tribunals, whose occupation, now, must needs have almost gone. The noble staircase leads you to the second floor, where are the "Archives of the Indies," founded in 1784, and containing the great body of the records, left in Spain, relating to the discovery and administration of her American possessions. Here it was that Navarrete, during researches painful and protracted, discovered many of the valuable documents, by which, in his "*Coleccion de Viajes*," he was enabled to illustrate, so copiously and originally, the history of Columbus and of his companions and successors in discovery. The

collection is an immense one, truly, and requires to be seen, if one would appreciate the magnitude of Navarrete's learned and patriotic labors. The rooms devoted to the "Archives" occupy three sides of the spacious quadrangle, and the records themselves, arranged in admirable order, fill the large presses which line all the walls. Future historians will find their toil materially lightened by the care with which the documents have been prepared for reference—an improvement commenced by Navarrete, and carried out by his learned co-laborer, Don Agustin Cean Bermudez.

At the extremity of the first apartment you enter, hangs a portrait of Columbus, and in another room there is a picture, said to have been taken for Hernan Cortés. As works of art they have but little merit, and their age is perhaps the only argument in favor of the authenticity which is sometimes ascribed to them. In the chamber, from whose walls Columbus looks so grimly, we found two officials busy at the time of our visit. They readily granted us permission to go through the rooms, and consigned us, for the purpose, to a person of much gravity, whom we took to be an antiquarian, from physiognomy as well as association. Accordingly, during our progress, we asked leave to look at some of the old manuscripts, and if possible at one or two from the hands of Columbus. To our surprise, our conductor informed us that we could not see them. "No," he said, "*porqué? son de una letra muy fea! —muy mala!*" (Why did we wish to look at them? They were in a very ugly hand-writing—very bad, indeed!) We, of course, laughingly insisted, whereupon he opened one corner of a bundle which lay upon a table, and pointing to some ancient, half obliterated characters, exclaimed with an air of

mingled triumph and commiseration, "*Ya ven vmdes. que son feos, feísimos!*" (There now, your worships see, they are ugly, wretchedly ugly!) It was hardly worth while to press the matter further with the good man, who so obviously, like the oilman's ass in Iriarte's fable, carried oil all day, and yet had no light. We accordingly bestowed on him a *peseta* for his guidance and safe-conduct to the noble terrace of the building, from which we had a charming view of town and country.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Tobacco-factory—Pope Urban's Bull against Tobacco—Pasquin's Reply—Public Walks—Delicias—Spanish Horsemen—Farriers—Necessity of Public Walks in the United States.

TO all persons of well regulated minds and correct moral principles, tobacco is, or at least ought to be, a nuisance every where. In Spain, as in France, it has had its naturally bad character made worse, by being classed among the subjects of governmental monopoly. Whether the free and enlightened nose of "*la jeune France*" has been of late, or is likely to be, turned up at the *Régie*, among other abominations of the past, I have not learned; but the system certainly deserves to be looked into by the philosophers, inasmuch as it has the doubly ill effect of disseminating bad cigars and incorrect notions of political economy.

The *Fabrica de Tabacos*, at Seville, is said to be the largest building in Spain, except the Escurial. It is set down in the books as measuring six hundred and sixty-two feet in length, with a breadth of five hundred and twenty-four. It certainly is huge enough, in all conscience, and as ill-looking as large, having been designed by a Dutchman, among whose æsthetical elements, the broad and squat occupied their national predominance. The entrance is adorned by busts of Columbus and Cortés, who deserve some such punishment, for their instru-

mentality in poisoning mankind with the pestilential weed in question. There is a moat around the whole establishment, and you cross a drawbridge and are challenged by a sentinel as you enter. The ground-floor is devoted to the manufacture of snuff, and the preparation of all the boxes and appurtenances for keeping, storing, and transporting, which so extensive a concern requires. The upper story is occupied by the cigar-factory. The Spaniards are so benighted and backward in civilization, as not to have arrived, yet, at the tobacco-chewing stage. The lower courts, stables, and snuff-factories seem to you almost infinite in number. In one range of apartments, the tobacco is at soak; in another, they are stemming it; in another, twisting it; in another, they let it rest from its labors and ferment, until (after eight months they said) it has become duly rotten and offensive. On the lower floor, none but male laborers are employed. The motive power is supplied by large numbers of mules, which here and there are turning a primitive sort of mill, that lets drop certain heavy and rude choppers on the tobacco in the troughs, and so, chop! chop! chop! it goes, from coarse to finer, until it comes out, the ultimate bad powder which is all you get in Spain. "Kentucky" and "Virginia" are the principal growths in requisition, and you may see the brands of our inspectors at home, marking the fresh supplies as they come in. "Green home of my fathers!" says Tom Moore, as the ravishing odor of the punch steals over him—"green home of my fathers! I smell thee here!" I could have wished for some such pleasant incense to recall my patriotic memories, in lieu of the stifling atmosphere of this mundungus.

Up-stairs, you enter the immense apartments, where, when I made my visit, four thousand women were at work! The manufacture of *cigarritos*, or small paper cigars, is carried on in a separate chamber. For the rest, you see long lines of little tables, at which, rolling and twisting the weed, and chattering like mad the while, the *cigarrera* cohorts sit and toil. They looked sallow and badly, the most of them, as might have been expected. They had but little beauty, generally (considering that we were in Andalusia) and were not remarkable for tidiness, or for any thing, indeed, in especial, except the rapid motion of their tongues and hands, their proverbial sauciness, and the careful combing and braiding of their magnificent black hair. Each of my two English companions stuck his glass among the wrinkles of his right eye, and investigated the personal appearance of the ladies, like a Turk in a slave-market. The fair ones, upon their part, took revenge in certain complimentary observations upon "*Ingleses*" in general and the trespassers in particular, which were only not edifying to my companions, because of their ignorance of the language. Our gay little friend of the *ole* claimed acquaintance with us, as we passed her, and, but for her fine eyes and brow, we should have hardly recognized the May-queen of the dancing-night, in the shabby and snuffy-looking roller of the weed.

These poor creatures receive at the rate of a *real* (five cents) for making a bundle of fifty-one cigars, and we were told by our conductress (a sort of tobacco Juno among these celestials) that they could readily make eight bundles a day. In so cheap a place as Seville, such wages will support them comfortably, and pay for a trifle of finery besides. Some of them carry

their provisions with them to the *Fabrica:* others buy them from the little shops which are kept in the building. Many of them were eating their *garbanzos* from the tobacco-tables as we passed. They are not permitted to leave the establishment (nor are the men) from the commencement of their labors in the morning, until night comes on. They then go through a regular, and as report runs, a very scrutinizing search, so that, except in some rare cases of great ingenuity in concealment, there is probably, for once in Spain, but very little smuggling.

The Sevillians seem, from the first, to have been sturdy devotees of tobacco—so much so, as to have introduced it even more freely into their churches than they now do into their houses. The priests at the altar and the faithful on their knees comforted themselves, alike, with the dirty narcotic, so that a man needed stomach as well as devotion, to be able to go through his worship. The chapter of the Cathedral complained of this abomination to Pope Urban VIII., who, on the 30th of January, 1642, issued his Bull, "*Cum ecclesiæ*," &c., forbidding the practice in any of the churches of the diocese, under penalty of excommunication. I annex a copy of the Bull, in the Appendix,[1] and the reader will see that his Holiness had abundant reason for launching his thunders at the unclean thing. It appears, from the language used, that the sinners, in that day, chewed and smoked, as well as snuffed, in the sanctuary, and that clergy, as well as laity, women as well as men, participated in these "*actus profani et indecentes.*" It was taken, "*ore, vel naribus, aut fumo per tubulos*"—by the mouth and nose, or by smoking through tubes. It was "*solidum,*" and also cut into plugs—"*in frusta concisum*"—which

[1] Appendix III.

must have been the original of our modern "short-cut;" and, in fine, it filled the churches with a shocking odor ("*tetro odore*) and polluted the very linen of the altar! Reasonable enough as a prohibition of such things must, by the veriest heretic, be admitted to have been, Pope Urban did not escape the persecution of his sworn foe, Pasquin, on account of it. On the morning after the promulgation of the Bull, there appeared, on Pasquin's statue, the most immortal of his famous sayings. It was a simple quotation from the Vulgate, of that magnificent passage from Job, which sounds so feebly in the translation. "*Contra folium, quod vento rapitur, ostendis potentiam tuam, et stipulam siccam persequeris?*" "Against a leaf that is carried away by the wind dost thou show thy power, and dost thou pursue a dry straw?"[1]

The reader will not object, as certainly I did not, to a ramble in the *Delicias*, after lingering so long among matters so unsavory. This charming spot was intended, by Arjona (who was *asistente* for a long time, under Ferdinand VII.) for a botanical as well as pleasure-garden, and has been, they say, of much service as a nursery of valuable plants for distribution through the country. It is not, now, as well cared for as it might be, but it has received the addition of a large orange-orchard, belonging, I was told, to one of the suppressed monasteries, and is therefore, still, to one from colder regions, a paradise of fragrance and verdure. Of a pleasant afternoon, you may go out at the Triana gate, and, turning to your left, which takes you down the river-bank, you may pass through as beautiful a succession of sweet walks as the known world

[1] The version from the Hebrew is more noble, but less literal. "Wilt thou break a leaf driven to and fro? and wilt thou pursue the dry stubble?"

can show you, out of Granada. Long, well-shaded paths, carry you past the Golden Tower to the landing place of the steamers, where a cheerful crowd await their coming, and you enter, then, the superb "*Salon de Cristina;*" a beautiful walk encircled with marble, paved with broad flags, shaded with the most graceful, ornamental trees, and with its cool seats disposed among beds of flowers. Passing these groves and gardens, you lose yourself in the mazes of the *Delicias*, which extend for a long distance down the bank, covering a large space in width, and offering you, in their broad thoroughfares, a view of all the beauty and the fashion, or a quiet, meditative walk, in their long, silent alleys. Upon the opposite side of the river, is Triana, further up, and the old convent of the *Remedios* is just across from you. Fishermen are rowing or sailing, up and down the stream, stretching their nets, and pleasure-boats are out, sporting in the sunset breeze. As the cooler hours come on, the concourse thickens. Beautiful women, nothing loth to be admired, flutter their fans before them as you pass. Gay gallants, here and there, tell stories in a quiet nook to damsels listening willingly. Handsome equipages—horsemen, coachmen, and footmen, if you like—are all about you. If you prefer the paths where stroll the fair pedestrians, it is a free country (for that at least) and no man hinders you, nor woman neither. M. Gautier says that the women of Seville "have pointed teeth, which resemble in whiteness those of young Newfoundland dogs," and give to their smile (not that of the dogs, but of the women) a mixture of the "Arabic and savage," which is "*d'une originalité extrême!*" I am bound to bear witness, however, that, while I was in Seville, I heard of no case of female

hydrophobia, nor was there any occurrence on the *paseo*, during my many walks there, which gave the slightest ground for supposing that the most unprotected stranger was in peril of being barked at, or bitten, or otherwise damnified, except in the due course of ladies' eyes.

Spanish horsemen, among the mountains and on the road, are dashing, bold, gallant riders. When they are on the *paseo*, on parade, I confess I do not admire them. They all ride, or strive to, by the rules of the *manége*, and this, of course, puts natural motion out of the question, on the part of man and beast. The horses are taught to turn and throw up their fore-feet, very absurdly, so that you may always see, and almost count, the nails in their shoes, when they are at a slow pace. Much of their action is consequently wasted on the air, and when the state of the road happens to suit, they will make you capital mud-machines. The tail is generally tied up with bright-colored ribbons, in the shape of a gentleman's queue on gala occasions in the olden times. A bunch of scarlet worsted hangs from the forelock, and a gorgeous tassel swings below the throat-latch. The saddle is high, at both pommel and cantle, with huge box-stirrups, like dismantled shovels. Every one uses a curb, long and strong enough to pull an ox down. For ordinary purposes, such as the snaffle usually serves with us, they have a piece of iron, sharply indented, which presses on the bony part of the nose, and has its rein attached, independently. The grooms, in exercising, often use this nose-piece alone. The gentleman, however, when on the *paseo*, is rarely without the whole of his paraphernalia. If he uses the English saddle, as some of the more fashionable occasionally do, he nevertheless considers it "the thing" to

ride with a straight knee and long stirrup-leather. The most accomplished of them thus look like mounted compasses, and would stand, I think, at a leap or in a hard press, about as much chance of keeping their seats. They used to laugh at me, for my insensibility to high art, in equitation, but I could never avoid returning the compliment, when I saw a gallant cavalier, keeping a straight leg on the side next the ladies, and spurring unmercifully on the other—the unhappy nag, meanwhile, fretting and curveting and dancing beneath the curb, like a learned circus-horse telling fortunes at cards.

The Andalusian horses are, many of them, of fine size and great beauty. They have not the clean and bony limbs, the high, sharp withers and delicate heads and necks, which are the characteristics of the English and American thoroughbreds. Their limbs are rounder and more beautiful, with greater breadth of chest, and they have a peculiar pride and style in their whole carriage. They are exceedingly docile and good tempered, which is saying a good deal, when we consider the farriery to which they are exposed from colthood. The smiths and horse-fanciers, generally, in Andalusia, are gypsies, who are not remarkable for either humanity or theoretical knowledge of horse-flesh. I remember to have seen a poor beast, in Malaga, go through the operation of shoeing, and the style in which the thing was done may give the reader some ideas that are new, in regard to an old subject. The horse was hitched, by the reins, to a hook in a wall. The hind leg, to be operated on, was put in a sling—in other words—was tied up to the tail. Smith then commenced scraping, in such an unscientific and uncomfortable manner, that even the animal's patience waxed low, and he began to jump about, on three legs, as

might have been naturally expected. Smith, incontinently, disappeared and returned with a sedative in the shape of a big stick, which he applied lustily to the sufferer's head and ribs. Having thus done all in his power to produce quiet, he twitched the upper lip with a cord at the end of his club, and having twisted and jerked it until he had produced the proper amount of sensibility, fastened the club-end in the throat-latch. By this time, the horse's agony being obviously extreme, he permitted his hoofs to be gouged *ad libitum*, wincing only occasionally and in the most subdued and delicate manner, when the iron entered the quick. Smith's assistant, in the mean time (for it takes two of them), stood out of reach of heels and did the necessary swearing. If I could have given the kicks a proper direction, it is likely the professors would have received their reward. The bystanders, however, seemed to think it was very fine, and one, to whom I made bold to express my wrath, shrugged his shoulders resignedly, and said, "*así se hace*"—that's the way it's done! I do not pretend to say that it is always done in that way, and yet if I were, the horses might endorse my veracity.

The crowd in the *Delicias* grows rapidly thin as night comes on, and one who lingers to enjoy the moonlight is apt to find himself alone. On one especial evening, I remember to have been the last of all the wanderers. The moon, as I strayed homeward, hung her slender curve low down over the hills above San Juan de Alfarache, and there was just light enough to see the outline of the Tower of Gold, the convent spires on the Triana side, and the vessels that were anchored, or slowly glided up and down the river. Farther up, they had kindled a fire upon the opposite bank, which illuminated the buildings

and the craft immediately around it; but, save that and the few twinkling lights in the boats, the moon and stars had it all to themselves. A solitary palm-tree, which the observant traveler will remember as a beautiful and conspicuous ornament of the plain toward the west, seemed to loom up, in silvery relief, against the deepening sky. I saw, or fancied I could see, distinctly, the gentle motion of its foliage, as it answered the whisper of the low, soft breeze. When I reached the *Salon de Cristina*, I found it deserted, save by two or three well-cloaked, mysterious-looking figures, bent on love or other mischief. The sentinel, as I passed in at the gate, seemed, indeed, to have suspicions that I was myself engaged in something less innocent than listening to the ripple of the Guadalquivir.

How it is to be deplored that some of our many patriotic fellow-citizens should not take it into their heads that "political capital" is to be made out of a grand national system of public walks! I submit that a great deal of eloquence might be profitably employed, in "preparing the heart of the people" for such a project. Go where you may in Europe—and especially in Spain—there is provision always made for giving fresh air at least (if not bread) to the public mouth. Crowded as their cities may be with an over-teeming population—pressed as they must be for space above all things—they will have public squares and promenades, at all events, though they be forced to build their houses ten stories high for room. On Sundays and holidays, and as the hour of daily rest draws nigh, the tired artisan comes from his workshop; the man of toil, of all sorts, has his prescriptive leisure, and his opportunity to escape awhile the noxious atmosphere he delves in.

Rich and poor, gentle and simple, mix in the throng together; and government, forgetful of so many of its duties there, is forced to be mindful of providing and maintaining the space, and shade, and flowers, which, even if they were not vital to the public health, would be insisted on for the public pleasure. In our beloved country, however, where, if we have any thing to spare besides patriotism, it must certainly be land, it seems our effort, and a sort of principle, to build the air as much as possible out of our lungs. Streets we have in abundance; lanes and alleys of all sorts and descriptions; together with public servants abundantly willing to take charge of and govern the same, at the legal rates of compensation. Occasionally, a beneficent proprietor in one of our large cities, who has good building-lots in the neighborhood, will endow the corporation with a small odd corner of his domain, as a public "square," though, in all probability, it is a triangle or a mysterious-looking polygon. Straightway the donor's liberality will be published in all the "local news" of the day—the gift will be fenced in—the gate locked—a "keeper" appointed to see that it remain so—and the public allowed to look through the paling, at the refreshing and lively spectacle of two rows of transplanted saplings, doomed to early and certain death! But squares, and parks, and walks, such as deserve the name; where the fresh pure air of the country is breathed into the bosom of the town; where childhood may frolic and gain strength; the sick inhale new life and vigor; the poor, the wretched, and the toil-worn, renew their wasted energies for next day's struggle; where are they with us? Is there any thing better deserving the care of a popular government?—more properly within the sphere of the State?—better worth

spending the public money for? It is constitutional to make railroads and canals, tow-boats and bridges—nay, more, to go in debt for them, and trust to luck to get out. Why not venture a little, then, for health, and vigor, and life?

We love the people, do we not? Read our newspapers and our speeches. They all say that we do, and they say it in print, and it must be true. Improve the people's air then, ye men of state municipal! It is the best of currencies that you can give them. Make their cheeks ruddy with fresh health—put strength into their limbs, and life into their veins! Let the Constitution alone, and improve constitutions! Give men the chance of simple, natural enjoyment, and they will seek it in preference to the unnatural excitement that corrupts and slays. If you would have the laborer to shun the grog-shop, give him some other place where he may be healthily and innocently merry. Let him see the world, and let the world see him, in his enjoyments. Bring people together often, and in public, men and women—wealthy and needy—on common, equal ground, and with the common purpose of health and harmless recreation! They will not love each other less, depend on it, than they do now, when every man pays for what pleasure he has, and he who has nothing to pay has none. Morals and manners and the smaller charities will thrive the better, you may rest assured, when citizen meets citizen, where trade comes not and politics will hold their peace!

It is an odd thing, really, that the only truly popular government in the world, should be almost the only one where the government does nothing to furnish enjoyments to the people. Think of it then, ye aldermen, or common councilmen, or select-men, or by whatever name ye go! Bear these things

in mind when you are laboring to legislate. If you should think them idle, or, what is worse, expensive—go your ways—enjoy your opinions and salaries. In my humble judgment, however, in such case, you might profitably send a commission of your wisest on a donkey-ride through the poorest hamlets of Spain, to learn civilization and come back and teach you!

CHAPTER XXII.

Propensity of Travellers to climb high Places—The Giralda—The Bell-ringer, his Daughter, and the Hawks—The Andaluz and the English—The Cathedral—Its Magnificence and Beauty—The Royal Chapel—The Virjen de la Antigua—High Mass and Music—The Galleries—The Battle-pieces and the Hawks.

THE properties of bodies in motion, are often quite different from those of the same bodies at rest. Take a worthy citizen, for instance, who has lived his two-score years, more or less, at home. There may be as many steeples and towers and high places as you please about him—it is ten to one it will never enter his head to climb to the top of any of them. Start the same individual upon a journey, and if there is a dome in any town he visits, which can only be ascended in steepness, tribulation, and weariness of legs; if there is a mountain, and especially a volcano, within fifty miles of him, to the summit of which he can only toil through snow and cinders; it is a miracle if you do not find him at the top of dome and mountain, before he has seen half the beauties and wonders of plain or valley. The windows of the print-shops in Naples are filled with caricatures of people ascending and descending Vesuvius, but never a native do you see depicted in any of them, unless he be a guide, or a donkey, or some other professional character, who is doing

the thing for hire. It is "*questi Inglesi*" (as travellers are generally called), who figure principally in them, in the shape of fat ladies and gentlemen, all be-smoked at the crater, or tumbling and sliding down the precipices. Your sensible Neapolitan knows the pleasures of level ground, and never leaves it, except for money.

Before I arrived at Seville, I had done my share of climbing, as became a traveller of an inquiring mind, and I felt a sort of obligation not to neglect the Giralda, the famous Moorish tower attached to the Cathedral. The reader, of course, knows all about this remarkable structure, for it figures conspicuously in the prints of Spanish scenery and architecture, and is certainly one of the finest specimens of its sort in Europe. It is three hundred and fifty feet high, and fifty feet square; the Moorish portion, which is of brick, to the height of two hundred and fifty feet, being exquisitely ornamented with the most graceful patterns in arabesque, and broken here and there in its outline by light-arched windows, with delicate columns of white marble and charming little balconies. The upper part, which serves the purposes of clock-tower and belfry, was the work of a Christian artist, and is of gorgeous beauty. Upon the summit there is a gigantic weather-cock in bronze, meant as a statue of Faith. Some evil-disposed persons have considered it quite inappropriate, to represent that Christian quality as so entirely at the mercy of every wind of doctrine. The good people, however, who did the work, probably knew what they were about, and considered that they did no injustice to Faith, when they made her the same in storm and sunshine and in every wind that blows. The Giralda is said to rest upon the ruins of

certain Roman edifices, which were demolished for the purpose. It is believed, however, that the only foundation for this is the propensity of some people to have the Romans or the Greeks at the bottom of every thing.

You enter the tower, stooping, through a low, small door, upon the very ground. There is a family residing in this part of the building, and they not only take four *cuartos* (two cents) from you, in the way of toll, but compel you, sometimes, to pay an olfactory tribute to an especially culinary atmosphere. The ascent is by a series of inclined planes, so gradual and gentle, that you reach the top of the Moorish structure without the slightest fatigue. Indeed, if you could get your horse through the entrance, you could ride up with great ease. On the summit of the square tower, the bell-ringer and his family reside, in reasonable comfort. They have, of course, no very great abundance of society, unless they find it in the visits of a screaming colony of hawks, which dwell still higher up, under the wings of Faith. Like condescending great people, however, these denizens of the upper circles are constantly wheeling down and fluttering about the habitation of the bell-ringer, seeming to be on friendly and familiar terms with him and his progeny. Our fair friend, the dancing *campanera*, was, we found, the gem of the poor fellow's collection, for he and his spouse and all the rest of them were lean and spare enough, and looked as if they lived on thin air, mostly. The old man was a civil and kindly creature, however, and showed us his thirty bells and his fine clock, with an alacrity that would have graced a man of better substance.

The Sevillians are proud, as they have a right to be, of the Giralda, and many stories are told of the jealous care with which they insist on its receiving the admiration of all travellers. The most current anecdote is of the *Andaluz* who saw a foreigner gazing at the tower with delighted eyes. "Does your worship like it?" he inquired. "Very much," was the reply. "I'm very glad you do, for it wasn't made in Paris!" When I went up, a stout, fine-looking fellow in full *majo* costume, was escorting two buxom damsels in the same direction. One of the ladies chanced to travel faster than her companions, by means of which it happened that she overtook me. It being "the custom of the country," which it behoves all reasonable travellers to follow, I offered the lady my services, and we were on very sociable terms before we had reached the bell-ringer's air-castle. This, of course, gave me an introduction to the rest of the party when they came up afterward, and the *majo* took a good deal of interest in answering my questions satisfactorily, and pointing out the principal objects in the boundless landscape around us. When I was about to go, he looked at me, with a perplexed smile, and, in the choicest Andalusian, said, "It's a wonder, sir, you haven't your pencil and your little book in hand!"

"What do you mean?"

"Why, you are an Englishman, and there is no Englishman who goes any where without taking notes."

I told him I was no Englishman, and set him to guessing my whereabouts. When his geography had completely failed him, I told him that I was a North American. His countenance immediately cleared up, and he exclaimed, like a man who had fathomed a mystery unexpectedly—

"That explains it! Englishman you couldn't be without the notes, and that was puzzling me, seeing that you had light hair, and didn't take out your book."—(" *Vaya zeñor! que ezo lo explica! Inglez era impozible fueze vmd., zin loz apuntez: y ezo me eztaba faztidiando, viendo que era vmd. rubio y no zacaba el librito!*")

If he had seen me a few moments after, with both book and pencil, at the tomb of Ferdinand Columbus, he would possibly have put more trust in my complexion than my veracity.

The Cathedral of Seville, seen from without, rather disappointed me. It has no spires of any striking elevation, and its fine details look older and more crumbled than the real antiquity of the building would seem to warrant. It is encumbered, besides, by the huge incongruous *Sagrario*, and the scarcely less heterogeneous chapter-house and chapel of St. Ferdinand, so that its *coup d'œil* is very much impaired, and the space that it covers seems greatly disproportioned to its height. But all feeling of disappointment vanished at the first glimpse of the glorious interior. I have seen the great churches of Italy and Normandy, and the most famous of the English Minsters, but it is without any hesitation of my humble judgment that I place the Seville Cathedral above them all, in that peculiar solemnity of grandeur, which makes the Gothic the architecture of religion. I do not speak of size, or ornament, or style, or any separate and special characteristic, but of the mingling of all things that produce a sense of appropriateness and awe.

Figures do very little toward conveying an idea of an edifice, but I feel bound to let the reader have a few of them, so that he may judge whether my enthusiasm has not some loops

to hang on. The Cathedral, within the walls, has a length of three hundred and ninety-eight feet, and a breadth of two hundred and ninety-one. It is divided into a nave, four aisles that are open, and two which form the chapels of the sides. The nave is fifty-nine feet broad, and one hundred and thirty-nine feet high, except immediately over the high altar, where the *cimborio* or transept-dome increases the elevation to a hundred and forty-five feet. The aisles are equal in dimensions, and are divided only by rows of columns. Their breadth is forty feet and their height ninety-six. There are thirty-six gigantic piers, of fifteen feet diameter, each, rising from floor to roof. They are made up of graceful clustered shafts, and support no less than eight-and-sixty arches of the loftiest and boldest span. Every thing you see is made of massive stone, the rich brown hue of which finds beautiful relief in the white and black marble of the checkered pavement. Ninety-three stained windows, the best works of the best Flemish artists of the sixteenth century, give to the edifice the light, alternately subdued and gorgeous, which covers every thing with splendor. There are nine entrances to the Cathedral, and they are never closed, so that at whatever hour the spirit of penitence or thankfulness may come upon a man, he never lacks an altar before which to pour it forth. Mr. Ford adverts, with great propriety and force of observation, to this freedom of access which is peculiar to the Spanish churches. It would not, indeed, be easy to exaggerate, it seems to me, the value of a custom, which leaves the way thus always open to the House of God. Pride, human respect, a thousand motives unholy and unworthy, may attract the worst and vilest to the public stated service; while sorrow, poverty, and shame may drive

away from public observation those who need the consolations of religion most. How meet it is then, that there should be, always, a place of refuge open to the desolate! How wise and just, that all facility should be afforded for that humble, unobtrusive worship, which cares not to be seen of men! The grand cathedrals of the middle ages might well be called mere monuments of vanity and superstition, were they opened only for a few hours in the week, that well-dressed piety might enter and be briefly and respectably devout. But when, by night and by day, at all seasons and under all circumstances, they welcome the wanderer in—when the treasures of high art, the grandeur of architecture, the beauty and sublimity and inspiration of painting and of sculpture, are made tributary, without ceasing, to the religion in whose name and service the devotion of long ages gathered them together—one is at a loss to know where civilization can be found, if the spirit which so dedicated them is to be held as barbarous.

In speaking of the Cathedral of Malaga, I had occasion to notice the bad effect which is generally produced, in the Spanish churches, by the habit of building a solid, heavy choir, of stone, in the very centre of the nave. This blemish is not avoided, by any means, in the Seville Cathedral. The immense loftiness of the building, however, relieves it in a great degree from the usually unpleasant effect, and the fine marbles and sculpture of the *coro* itself, interfere, greatly, with your desire to have it put out of the way. Behind the high altar, and of course directly in front of the choir, the superb *retablo* or altar screen rises almost to the very roof of the nave. Even among so many wonders, this great work is perhaps the most wonderful. It is of wood altogether, divided into many niches, stories,

and compartments, filled with statues and reliefs, all admirably carved, representing the transgression of our first parents and the prominent incidents of the Saviour's life and passion. It is surmounted by a gigantic crucifix, of great merit, upon which, at noon-day or a little after, there pours down a flood of splendor from the crimson windows of the dome. The style of the *retablo* is purely Gothic, which is that of the whole Cathedral proper. In some of the chapels and more modern additions, there are many and strange variations from the original idea, but the consequence has been, in every case, to weaken the general effect, notwithstanding the beauty of the particular details.

It is the least of my intentions to enter into any thing like a minute description of what is worth seeing and describing in this great repository of the arts. So prodigal is the wealth of painting and sculpture, and carving in wood and silver; so admirable the preservation of the building and of every thing within it; that no small book could tell the story fully, if it were to tell of nothing else. I made various incursions—undertook sundry expeditions into and about its precincts—but am very well persuaded that I saw scarce more than half of what deserves a traveller's admiration.

The Royal Chapel, frequently called the Chapel of St. Ferdinand, is large enough for an independent establishment of its own; which it in fact has, being the property of the crown, and not subject to the Cathedral jurisdiction. It occupies the eastern extremity of the building, and you enter it beneath a lofty arch, which spans the whole of the great nave. It is not opened to visitors without a special permit, which it is not easy to obtain, so that I was compelled to sacri-

fice a little of my morning-sleep, in order to attend the early and only service of the day. As I have had occasion to say, the chapel is entirely at variance, in style, with the body of the Cathedral, being after that peculiar fashion of architecture which they call the *plateresco*, or silversmith's style, from the profusion and elaborate minuteness of its ornaments. It contrasts ill enough with the simple Gothic grandeur which you leave behind you; but has still a certain dignity in the elevation of the entrance-arch, and the noble pitch of the dome. Before you, as you walk in, you see upon an elevated platform, the silver-gilt shrine of St. Ferdinand, with crown and all adornments. The dome is sculptured full of kings, and as I have mentioned, in speaking of the *Alcazar*, there is a gilt inscription on the crimson canopy above the high altar, which compliments their majesties by saying, "*Per me, reges regnant.*" Above the recesses, on each side, are grim medallions of the conquerors, Garci and Diego Perez de Vargas, looking as fierce in stone as they were rugged in the flesh. On the left, is the proud tomb of Alonzo the Wise, its upper portion covered with faded brocade, on which, raised on two cushions, lie a crown and sceptre. Just opposite, and matching it exactly, is the monument of Beatriz, the wife of Ferdinand and mother of Alonzo. Her epitaph is positive in stating, that though fruitful of royal offspring, she was yet more fruitful of virtues.[1] There are a few old banners hanging high and in decay upon the walls, apparently the trophies of some hard-fought days. Two of them are certainly tri-colored, and I thought that upon one I could distinctly read, "*Légion Polonaise.*" The mass, on the morning of my visit, was an

[1] "*Fecunditate et famâ præcellebat,*" as Tacitus says of Agrippina.

ordinary one, and the tones of the chapel-organ had no great merit, so that as soon as I had made my brief observation, I went away with the crowd.

In the mean time, mass had begun in the chapel of the *Virjen de la Antigua*, which is held in very peculiar reverence, from the possession of a picture that gives the name. Some of the more devout of the good people believe that St. Ferdinand's entrance into Seville had something of a miracle about it, and that this ancient image was not without a share in it. The young ecclesiastic, however, who had previously shown the picture to me, claimed for it nothing but respect. It had been, he said, in Seville, since before the invasion of the Moors, and St. Ferdinand himself had often knelt before it, so that they always lighted the altar when they exposed it to public view. The picture is certainly a very old one, being obviously of the Byzantine school, which has still so many relics left in Italy, and it may therefore, easily, have gone to Spain before the days of Tarik. On the morning that I speak of, the chapel was so crowded, that I could only find room to lean against a column of the nearest aisle, as a soft, sweet hymn stole from the choir. By degrees it rose and swelled, and then the pealing tones of one of the great organs followed it, with solemn echoes, till they rolled far up and died away together. I should have liked, at that moment, to have had beside me some sage philosophers I wot of, to have heard their notions of "objective" worship under the circumstances! A very "subjective" temper a man must have, I think, who could, as Sir Thomas Browne would say, "disdain to suck divinity" from such sweet flowers!

The reader may have wondered how it was possible for the *Virjen de la Antigua* to have remained in Seville during Soult's sojourn—the fondness of that distinguished individual for the arts having been already several times alluded to. But if that fact creates surprise, what will be thought of the further announcement, that nearly the whole of the inestimable ornaments of gold and silver belonging to the Cathedral are still where they should be, as beautiful in art and as ponderous in metal as ever? When the verger, who was showing me these treasures, kept opening chest after chest and press upon press, I could not avoid asking how the contents had possibly escaped the art-appropriating marshal. "They went to Cadiz, your worship," was the reply, "where the *Franceses* could not follow them!" And then he added, "They had a hard time, sir, in those days, but a worse one in Mendizabal's. He was a Spaniard, but he went nigh to melting them. If he had been a Frenchman, it would not have been so bad!" It required a man to be both Jew and finance-minister in straits, to put sacrilege and Vandalism into the same budget!

Strolling often through the Cathedral, I had observed the *tribunas*, or galleries of stone, which run around the interior of the edifice, at a very considerable elevation, and I proposed to my guide, one day, that we should attempt their exploration. He told me, that during many years of service he had gone that round but twice, and I found afterward, from the deep dust we stirred, that the path was, in fact, rarely trodden. For a performance so far out of the usual line, it was necessary to make an appointment with the vergers at least a day in advance, and a programme of *pesetas* was presented to me, likewise, which might have diminished any ordinary curiosity.

My climbing propensity, however, was in full development, and being determined not to be cheated out of the ramble, I made bold to face the *pesetas*, the fatigue and the dust. Up winding stairs (*caracoles*) of stone, alas, how tiresome! in and out of little towers; up and down, and all around dark passages; over the roof, and through iron-shod doors, low, narrow, and innumerable, we made our patient way, amply compensated for the troubles of the journey, by the precious points of view on which we fell. From no place is the Cathedral seen to so much advantage, as from the galleries. The depth and distance below you add to your idea of grandeur and dimension, far more than you lose in the sense of loftiness, by your proximity to the vaulted roof. I defy any man of ordinary sensibility to stand in the transept galleries, among the glowing rays, or at the extremity of the nave, in the mid-splendor of the great rose-window; a forest of columns before him; stupendous arches mingling above and about him; the altars and the choir, the pale lamps and pigmy worshippers, far, far beneath him; without feeling, unimaginative as he may be, that there are temples fitter than the mountains for the worship of God!

From one gallery, and in a light so fine that the view was absolutely perfect, I remember that I saw the fierce but splendid picture, by Roelas, of Santiago riding down the Moors in battle. I had not believed it possible to distinguish any thing with accuracy at such a distance, for the picture was in a chapel far down on the opposite side of the church; yet the point of view at that bright instant could not have been surpassed. In a few moments I was in another gallery, upon the floor of which there were many scattered feathers of

small birds. There were hawks, the verger told me, in the upper vaults of the Cathedral as well as the Giralda, and these were the feathers of their prey. Were I a missionary of the Peace Society, I might say (as perhaps I thought), that hawks and battle-pieces seemed equally appropriate to the place and its purposes!

CHAPTER XXIII.

Journey to Córdova—Carmona—The Road and Travellers—Primitive Agriculture—Ecija—The Alforjas—Dawn upon Córdova—The Mosque—Moorish Relics—St. Raphael, and what he swore—The Christian Captive and his Cross—Procession and Silver Ornaments—General Dupont—Appearance and Decay of Córdova—Return to Seville—The Colonies and Olavide—The Infanta and the Poet—Spanish Diligences.

IT is a scrap of guide-book philosophy worth remembering, that a traveller should always see what he can, when he can. To-morrow is generally able to provide for itself, so that it is always wise to take what is at hand for to-day. I had arranged, in my programme, to visit Córdova after going to Granada; but it occurred to me one day, at Seville, that I had better run up to the ancient city while I had the opportunity. As things turned out, I should have lost the visit altogether, but for my facility in yielding to the whim.

It was very early in the afternoon of a bright, pleasant day, that I found myself, all alone, in the *coupé* of a fine diligence, with her majesty's royal mail-bags shaking in the interior behind me, as we rattled over the stones and out at the Triana gate. We should properly have gone out by the ancient gate of Xerez, but they had commenced that morning to pull down the venerable structure, and along with it had gone all the prestige of the famed inscription—

"*Hercules me edificó*," &c.

Our road led us, for some time, along the old Moorish aqueduct, the *Caños de Carmona*, and then we passed, in due season, the *Cruz del Campo*, of which I have spoken in describing the House of Pilate. The country, as we went on, was fine and fruitful, covered with grain, and studded every where with orchards of oranges and olives. Now and then we passed a field of the *habas*, so prominent in the history of the bread-riots. It is a very pretty crop, and throws a soft, rich shade into the coloring of the landscape. The hedges were mostly of the *pita* or aloe, from the midst of whose gigantic foliage an asparagus-shaped spear sprang up, sometimes ten feet high. At regular and graceful intervals, there were little branches spreading out around these lofty shafts, which looked as if expressly meant for vegetable candelabra. Within a reasonable circuit round the city, there were many neat, white country-houses sprinkled, with pretty groves about them; but as we travelled on, the plains grew wider, and the habitations much less frequent. Then we came upon huge droves of cattle or mares, at pasture, while here and there a group of muleteers, close by the road-side, lay asleep in the shadow of the hedges, their docile beasts improving the opportunity to browse upon what grass there was at hand. Large birds of prey, floating and gliding high up in the air, occasionally threw their lazy shadows on our path, giving, if possible, yet more repose to the sad stillness which hung over all things. I say stillness—but the reader is to understand that term as having only a relative sense, within five miles of a Spanish diligence. Our post had only eight mules, and the people were the quietest I met in Spain, of their vocation; but such a clattering of all things that can clatter—such a cracking of whips, beating of

mules, and swearing in general and particular—would have scared the birds of all sorts out of any less accustomed country.

It was about three o'clock when we reached Alcalá de Guadaira, or Alcalá *de los panaderos* (of the bakers), the bread factory of Seville, and indeed, of all the adjoining country. Scarcely any business but that of baking is followed in the town; and whether it be from the water, or the flour, or the skill of the adepts, it is certain that the staff of life is no where better on the face of the bread-eating earth. It has a fine old ruin—a Moorish castle, with hexagonal and square towers—crowning a bold, green hill, around whose base the bright Guadaira twines itself, and then goes glistening off, through meadows loaded with luxuriant vegetation, and fragrant and beautiful with oranges and olives. Before you, on the right, there is a reach of valley sweeping to the verge of the horizon; while, if you look backward, you will see the graceful form of the Giralda rising high among the hills, over whose farthest fastnesses the castle of San Juan de Alfarache seems keeping watch and ward.

A few orchards that we passed, as we went out of Alcalá, made poor amends for the vast desert, all untilled, through which our journey led us next. The flowers, of every hue and of the richest fragrance, which sprang up in boundless prodigality all over these wild plains, were a perpetual comment on the sinful system which left them thus a waste. Our diligence called a halt next at Mairena, a poor, silent village then, though, but the week before, it had been crowded, at its annual fair, with all the traders and horse-fanciers of Andalusia. A bright-eyed imp of an orange-girl, who brought her basket to my window, insisted on my taking her whole stock. She was

poor, she said, and I was rich, she knew, for the *Ingleses* were all rich!—*muy ricos!* Between Mairena and Carmona, we had a few far glimpses of good farming, now and then, among the reaches of the hills, but cultivation was the exception, not the rule. Full half a league off from Carmona, we could see that proud old town, commanding from its hill-top a broad valley, which was bounded, miles and miles away, by the gray gorges of the Ronda Mountains. When we drew nearer, we discovered that the frowning battlements, so famous once in border-foray, were ruinous and desolate enough. A solitary palm stood, here and there, in view, keeping them sad company.

"Having seen every thing in Seville," says Mr. Swinburne, "that was recommended to our notice, we came to lie at Carmona." The Spaniards say that this distinguished gentleman amused himself by doing the same thing wherever he went. I had not, however, the traveller's privilege of following his example, for our diligence did not enter the gates. We passed to the right, by the green and beautiful Alameda: the fortress-crowned rocks, their clefts all blossoming with flowers, rising abruptly on our left. When you have gone well around the town, the eminence on which you stand gives you a view of wonderful extent. The declining sun lighted it, as we went on, with grayer and grayer light, until at last the mists upon the distant mountains seemed to descend to meet us, and we found that it was night.

We had met a good many travellers in the course of the day, but the most of them were mule or donkey-drivers, guiding or bestriding their beasts, whose high piled loads seemed cruelly disproportioned to the long-eared motive power below.

It was like nothing I had ever seen, except the sport of young natural philosophers at school, who will sometimes put a brick upon a beetle, in order to test the strength of his muscles by his capacity to move it. Yet the "cavalry" (*caballeria*), as they call them, went cheerfully enough along, and were so docile, that the driver mostly guided them by a touch or slight pressure of his staff. The *arrieros* seemed somewhat poverty-stricken, generally, although many of them were exceedingly fine looking fellows. Their brown sheepskin jackets, loose breeches, leather leggins, peaked hats and firelocks, together with their sempiternal and mysterious brown cloaks, had something wild and strange about them, which might have looked half bandit-like, to one fresh from the region of dress-coats. This sort of impression might indeed have been produced, even more naturally, by the gallant riders who now and then went by us, mounted on stout, strong horses, their *calesera* jackets and well swung weapons looking like the uniform and accoutrements of a disciplined corps of the road. And then the lonely shepherds and swine-herds, watching their charge upon the heaths and hill-sides—their long staves in their hands, and large dogs crouching by them! How little of fancy did it ask, to make each of them a desperate Dick Turpin upon foot, and to persuade ourselves that nothing but the speed of mules would save our throats and purses. And yet they were poor harmless creatures, as innocent and pastoral, no doubt, as if they had borne crooks in Arcady, instead of looking like the bravoes in a melo-drama. They were dark brown all over, for they and their sheep wear the same wool, and a white sheep in Spain is quite as rare as would their *pardo* be with us. I remember, vividly, how I was struck, by seeing one of these

poor men upon a hill, as we went up toward Carmona. The afternoon was waning, and the light was what it should be to produce that strange effect which we call "looming," in our mountains. The shepherd's figure was defined with beautiful distinctness against the cloudless background of the sky, and he appeared a very giant, with a staff quite terrible to see. I had not witnessed the phenomenon, at home, so often as to have ceased to wonder at it, and was enjoying it accordingly, when of a sudden there arose another figure on the profile of the hill. It was a donkey, and his ears loomed too! The sun that shines alike upon the just and unjust, made no distinction between the master and his ass!

The ancient poets used to think and sing that the fleeces of the sheep of Andalusia took their peculiar color from something in the water, air, and herbage. No doubt there was philosophy in that, and one is puzzled to imagine from what other sources the innocent animals could have been expected to obtain it. At all events, since the Chinese have shown us that a man may change the color of his hair, by diet full as well as dye, there is still smaller ground for thinking that Martial, Juvenal, and Virgil were ignorant of animal chemistry. Nevertheless the thing has yet to reach that stage of its perfection foreshadowed in the Pollio, when the flowers of the field will give their radiant colors to the flocks:

"*Sponte sud, sandyx pascentes vestiet agnos.*"

As the night was closing in, we passed, occasionally, a group of laborers, retiring with their cattle, from the fields. Coming from a single meadow, where they had been plowing, we met a grave procession of nineteen yoke of oxen, as fine

and well-bred looking animals as farmer's heart could covet. The habit of plowing with many yoke in the same field, is practiced still, after the old Eastern fashion that we read of in the Scriptures. It seems, however, no better than an insult to cattle so respectable, to fasten them to such an instrument as is called a plow in Andalusia. Reduced to its first principles, it is a big, sharp, crooked stick, and nothing more. The business of the plowman is to keep it in the ground; that of the oxen, if they can, to pull it out. No doubt it can be traced back, without change, to the Phœnicians, and if it could be sent back to them, the grain-fields of Andalusia might rejoice. What a piece of charity and wisdom it would be, if Mr. Cobden and his followers, instead of bothering the simple people with free-trade in the abstract, and "consumption," and "production," and "unrestricted competition," would persuade them, in a quiet way, to burn these heir-looms of antiquity, and sell one-half their oxen to buy something agricultural that has been invented since the taking of Numantia!

At midnight, we pulled up before the Post-office at Ecija, and a lonely hour I had of it, while they were ransacking and replenishing our mails. Not a soul was stirring in the dark and dismal streets, except the watchman who came by, with lantern, spear, and cloak, and shouted under the window of the diligence, "*Ave María Purízima! Laz doze acaban y zereno!*" It is a theory of the mail-coach functionaries, that a man who travels under the auspices of her Majesty can fill his stomach sufficiently with the honor of the thing, and there is therefore no provision for taking one's meals upon the road. The conductor and his suite carry bread, wine, and garlic, for their own refreshment, in the little *alforjas* or sad-

dle-bags, made of striped cotton, without which no native travels. If you are willing to share their banquet, the poor men will make you welcome, with all their hearts, but you may, perhaps, not like the viands, and it is wisest, therefore, to provide some creature-comforts of your own. No one had been merciful enough to tell me this before I started, and the fresh evening air and exercise had given me an appetite, by midnight, which was intent on things more solid than listening to the watchman. I had possessed myself of a specimen loaf at Alcalá, and there were oranges still left from the purchase at Mairena, so that, in lack of better cheer, I made a heavy, chilly meal of them, not without forebodings of the morrow. The reader may, perchance, before he dies, be travelling with the mail to Córdova, and if this scrap of my experience should suggest the *alforjas* to him, he will hold it, I am sure, less trifling, than, perhaps, he deems it now.

It was broad daylight when I finally awoke, for I had had some forty parenthetical awakenings during the small hours. The morning showed us nothing, for a while, but a dull series of rolling plains, as we drew near to Córdova. When we reached the *Cuesta de los Visos*, some two or three miles off, the City of the Caliphs rose at last before us, old and dim, and heavy with the shadows of the Sierra Morena. Peasants and travellers passed us then, occasionally, and as our mules made excellent speed, we soon found ourselves beside the little Moorish castle which commands the venerable bridge across the Guadalquivir. The foundations of that noble structure were laid by Julius Cæsar: Hixem the Great adorned it, in the zenith of his power: Christian kings have since done all they could to make it worthy of its proud estate, and yet our noisy

diligence went rattling, in an instant, over it, as if the dynasties were nothing to a post-boy! I was delighted when I saw, as we were crossing, that the Mosque and the Alcazar, which were all I cared to see in Córdova, were very near together, and I for once determined to act upon the principle of "go ahead," and hurry back to Seville as fast as I had left it. A soldier off duty condescended to take my carpet-bag to the *Fonda de las Dilijencias*, which I can commend to future travellers, as possessing a peculiar variety of tea, not known to the most experienced of the Hong merchants. There were several persons sipping their chocolate at small tables in the *patio*, and when they heard me order "*té*," they seemed to think it a much better joke than I did when I tried it. Having no time to lose, however, I swallowed the decoction, and committed myself to the charge of an old varlet, called Don Francisco, who had a peaked hat and freckled face, and glided about softly, on hempen sandals. He was a great humbug, I soon found, as all *valets de place* are.

Of course we went, at once, to the Mosque. Don Francisco entreated me, sturdily, to go up St. Peter's tower, which is the belfry, and I doubt not, from his urgency, that he and the keeper had a permanent arrangement to divide all spoils. I resisted manfully, however, and went, at once, into the Court of Oranges, where, passing the old orange-groves and Moorish fountains, I made my way toward the church. Outside the principal entrance there stood a group of ecclesiastics and of laymen in full dress. They had with them sundry banners and church ornaments, and obviously were about to take part in some special ceremonial. They looked askant at my broad travelling hat, which certainly was not *de etiqueta*, but I bowed

myself on, through their ranks, as gravely as I could, and in a moment was beneath the low roof of the Cathedral. It is a strange, extraordinary building certainly. The guide-books say that it has between eight and nine hundred columns, and full eight-and-forty aisles. I counted neither aisles nor columns, but can readily bear witness that there is a forest of the last, and a labyrinth of the first. Blue spirits and gray, thick pillars and thin, Grecian and Moorish, of all orders and of none, without distinction of color, size, or quality, people the vast area. The huge choir, interpolated by the vicious taste of three centuries ago, annoying as it is to all sense of beauty and proportion, becomes really attractive as a sort of land-mark. The side chapels, which would have been abominable, any where and at any time, lose their unpleasantness when you regard them as a sort of boundary to the stone wilderness. The larger aisles, running from east to west, are about twenty feet in width. A single arch springs over each of them, at every intersection of the transverse aisles, which run from north to south and are some twelve feet wide. Over each transverse aisle, at every intersection of a larger one, rises a double arch, or rather rise two arches, one above the other, so that with aisles and arches, and arches and aisles and columns, look you up or down or all around, you are more and more bewildered, the more and more you turn.

Of the Moorish splendors, other than those of architecture merely, little now remains, except the chapel of *Villa-viciosa* and that of St. Peter, both of which preserve some relics of the gorgeous caliphate. The *Villa-viciosa*, said by some to have been the Caliph's oratory, and by others taken for the sacred place from which the imaums edified the people, is in

the body of the Mosque. It once was level with the pavement, but now stands some five or six feet higher. They entered it, in Moorish times, beneath a splendid arch, which fronts the western portal. Now you go in at a little door upon the south, and pass through a small chapel, where is said to be the first high altar consecrated in the Mosque to Christian worship. The arch, through which the Caliphs entered, is now obstructed by a wretched picture, flanked by gaudy marbles. The painting represents the Archangel Raphael, as he appeared, once on a time, to the good monk Roelas. The father, to his credit be it said, was somewhat dubious of the archangel's name and category, and well he might be, for the glorious visitor, in his red breeches and blue tunic, has nothing of the angel but his wings. Two little cherubs holding a shield, accordingly, before you, on which you read how Raphael announced himself—

"*Yo te juro por Jesu Cristo crucificado que soy Rafael angel á quien tiene Dios puesto por guarda d'esta ciudad de Córdova.*" (I swear to you, by Jesus Christ crucified, that I am Raphael, the angel whom God has placed as guardian of this city of Córdova).

The good Roelas, nothing loth, believed all this, and the poor Cordovese believed it after him, in proof of which, they raised a column, called the Triumph (*el Triunfo*) not far from the Cathedral, on which they placed a gilded image of St. Raphael. It is some ninety feet in height (the column) and made of many-colored marbles. If when you see it, reader, you think you have seen any thing in viler taste (except perhaps the picture) you may be certain you have travelled to advantage.

You enter the *Villa-viciosa* by a postern, I have said. When you are within the little chapel, the verger turns a key close to the altar side, and you go into the oratory of the Caliphs. A chapel for a prince it must have been, indeed, when the rich arabesques, now faded and fast crumbling off, were decked with all their gorgeousness, and every thing around them was in splendid keeping. They point you to a little alcove, where they say the Koran lay, and you see still the open window, from beneath whose graceful arch the commander of the faithful looked out upon the Holy of Holies.

The sanctuary of the Mussulman is now the chapel of St. Peter, the Cathedral's patron, and deserves minute inspection. It is divided into two apartments, each beautiful and perfect in its way. The front presents three airy horse-shoe arches, rising on light colmuns, with three arches that are heavier, below. The splendid arabesques that are all over the exterior prepare you for the bright array within. Toward the centre of the outer chamber, lies the tomb of Don Alonzo Fernandez de Cordova, Lord of Montemayor, on whom the Bishop and Chapter bestowed the chapel, in grateful recollection of his services, as defender of the city, when Peter the Cruel and the King of Granada advanced with their combined troops against it in the year 1367. The warrior's monument is very simple, but over it there hangs magnificence enough—for it is just below the octagon-shaped dome, all radiant with mosaics and glittering with gold. The chapel walls are covered with bright colors, and the lower portion of the dome rests upon columns of rich jasper, contrasting with a band of stainless white; while, higher up, the lantern is supported (if a thing so light can need support), by columns slenderer and brighter still.

Flowers and foliage, delicate and fairy-like, such as none ever moulded save the Moor, are scattered over all, with a prodigality of wealth which only Arab story-tellers could describe. Then, under a grand horse-shoe arch, coated with gold and flashing colors, surrounded by gay arabesques, and quaint inscriptions which, they say, are Cufic, you enter the *sanctum sanctorum*, a miracle of art and architecture. It is an octagon, encrusted with rich, polished marbles, and on twelve columns of the same bright hues, with capitals and bases highly gilded, it supports a precious shell, as white as alabaster, wrought from a single piece of marble, and yet eighteen feet across! With all its massiveness, it seems so delicate and pure, that you might half believe it had been found on the sea-shore—a mermaid's palace thrown up by an earthquake, or a chariot of state new-made for Amphitrite! The marble pavement under it is worn quite visibly; the faithful in old Paynim times believing that they walked to Paradise, by marching barefoot round this holy place. In Hixem's day, as Conde tells us, it was lighted by the *Atanor*, a golden lamp "of marvelous size and workmanship," whose oil, perfumed with ambergris and aloes, might with its fragrance have well ravished even senses orthodox.

Believe the vergers and my sandaled friend Antonio, however, and you will be taught that one poor Christian slave, at least, was proof against this cluster of seductions. On a pillar, by the western wall of the Cathedral, is a cross, cut, and quite deeply, in the stone, which you are told a Christian captive executed with his finger-nail! There is a little iron grating, to preserve the relic and give to it a precious look, while higher up, on the same column, there is a brief inscription. Upon the wall, on the left side, there is a paltry little bas-relief, which

represents an individual dressed in St. Raphael's colors and kneeling, with a rope about his neck. He is fastened to a ring, by a cord around his leg, and his hands are clasped, as if in prayer. Close by, they tell his story in choice elegiacs—

"Hoc sua dum celebrat Mahometicus orgia templo,
Captivus Christi numina vera vocat,
Et quem corde tenet, rigido saxo ungue figurat,
Aureolam pro quo, funè peremptus, habet."

Upon the other side, the legend is retailed again in Spanish verse, so that the captive can not, certainly, complain, that he has lacked a sacred bard. It reads as follows: —

"El cautibo, con gran fée,
En aqueste duro marmol,
Con la uña, señaló
A Christo crucificado,
Siendo esta iglesia mezquita,
Donde lo martyrizaron."

A Cordovese historiographer is rash enough to say that all this legend is "a fiction unlikely and ridiculous." A stranger has no right to be more patriotic than a native, and travellers may be pardoned, therefore, for a little skepticism in the matter. Mr. Ford gives it as his notion that "a nail" achieved the wonder. M. Gautier believes the whole, implicitly, but goes on further to declare his firm persuasion, that "*autrefois*," either the porphyry was very tender, or "*l'on avait des ongles diablement durs.*" For my part, I incline to think the story quite as likely as some others, that we swallow without straining. The unshod feet of infidels, as we have seen, could wear away a sacred pavement, and why should finger-nails do less

with sacred columns? It is obvious, that all the captive needed was sufficient time. I own, it is true, that my faith would be a little clearer if there were not a small obstacle. While all the legends and inscriptions tell you that the wonder was a crucifix, the thing they show you now, is but a naked cross. When that shall be cleared up, I shall unquestionably, side with Don Antonio and the verger.

Having thus visited the relics of the Moor and of his martyr, I was taken next to see the choir and the high altar. There is but little beauty of detail there, to compensate the wholesale sacrilege of sending such a tasteless dome up through the fine old roof. M. Gautier, with curious and purely French felicity, compares the Christian portion of the building to a "*monstrueux champignon de pierre*," a monstrous stone mushroom! But for the carving of the stalls, which certainly is rare and exquisite, the whole would be a melancholy jumble of architecture over-done and vicious ornament run mad. The canons and choristers had gone on their procession round the church, and I could see them, here and there, by snatches, as they marched amid the mazes of the columns. It must have been some festival in honor of the Virgin, for they bore her image with them, superbly wrought of massive silver gilt. Rich as this statue was, however, it seemed quite insignificant, compared with the *custodia* beneath which it stood. This splendid work of art is, in its form, a Gothic temple, and is graced with sculpture so minute, elaborate and perfect, that an eloquent enthusiast in art has said, "It seems to have been imagined in a dream, and executed in a breath." There is a story current in Córdova, which, if true, would certainly justify the rhapsody. They say that, in the war of the

Peninsula, when magnanimous Dupont was plundering the dwellings and churches of the city, and carrying off gold and silver by the wagon-load, he halted in front of the *custodia*, and—left it where it was, in honor of its beauty and the sculptor's genius! What shall be said of the poor captive's wonder after this? Ford says, however, that with other sacred vessels, the *custodia* was "secreted," and only thus was left unstolen; but *la perfide Albion* will libel *la belle France* upon occasion, and Dupont was a man, we know, whose love of art would weigh down massive silver!

As I was leaving the Cathedral, the last lines of the procession were entering the choir. Mingled with the clergymen and acolytes, were several of the laymen I had seen when I went in, but they had clad themselves meanwhile, in robes and hats of crimson velvet, embroidered heavily with gold. What part they bore in the fair show, or what high dignitaries I beheld in them, unconsciously, I never even asked. I saw them, as a child sees pageants pass him, not pleased the less because he does not comprehend them. It was curious to think, however, that the chant which died away as I went out, was waking echoes, which, a thousand years before, had answered, just as solemnly, the music of unholy worship as it rose to a false god!

After strolling round the fortress-looking outside of the Mosque, I went, at once, to the Alcazar, of which nothing now is left but ruin. They use it for a prison, and it looks as if it had been made for one. I gathered a few flowers from the modern garden, where the sweet groves of the Caliphs used to flourish, and which still commands a fine view of the river and the ponderous old bridge. My busi-

ness finished, then, I made my way back to the *Fonda*, along the filthiest streets, among the dirtiest people, houses, dogs, and donkeys, I had seen in Spain. The only sign of true vitality that met me in the city, was a noisy school-room, through whose open windows I could see and hear a host of children, humming their rudiments and making faces at their books. They will have need of all that they can learn, to mend the fortunes of their town, for it is now, to all intents and purposes, a poor, sad ruin, tumbling still further to decay. In speaking of the bread affairs of Seville, I mentioned the profound philosophy with which the city senators of Cordova had laid their grim embargo on all grain. Bread was, in consequence, quite cheap, I found, and well it was so, for otherwise the people must have starved. I had a conversation on the subject with a fellow-traveller, on my return, and asked him how the Government could tolerate the silly burgesses in meddling with the commerce of the realm. "Had the *ayuntamiento* such a right?" "No right," he said, "but power a plenty." "Is there no remedy?" I asked, "no way of appealing to Madrid?" "Oh, yes, you could appeal; but then the remedy would come, *como y cuando Dios quisiera*—when and as Providence might happen to vouchsafe it!" And then he went on swearing at the men in power (as almost every body did), for letting all that most concerned the people go to waste, while they provided place and pension for themselves.

When I reached the *Fonda*, the Madrid diligence had just arrived, with the *berlina* (or *coupé*) empty, and only one man in the interior. To tell the truth, I was quite anxious to be back in Seville the next day afternoon, for they had advertised a bull-fight, and, like all moral travellers, I had a strong desire

to see one. I therefore took my seat for the return-trip on the instant, and at eleven o'clock heard the postillion's whip announce his readiness. I had been in Córdova for hours—but like Barney O'Reardon's sleep, "I paid attintion to it!"

As we drove out, I took a better and more careful view of things about me, than my drowsy eyes permitted in the early morning. The city lies in a broad basin, watered by the Guadalquivir. Behind its walls, with a fine convent here and there in its brown bosom, the Sierra Morena is the limit of the valley. On the other sides, it widens a great deal, and far upon the right, as you go southward, you see the heights of Almodovar, wearing their crown of towers. The river runs along the walls of Córdova, and is quite bold before the gates. Two or three round old Moorish mills, of dark gray stone, are built out in the stream, and have a strange and picturesque effect. The city smacks of age, in all respects: in wall and tower, as well as crumbled dwellings. I missed the multitude of palm-trees told of in the books, and as they had become a part of Abderrahman's story, in my mind, the picture disappointed me. Yet after all, when we had mounted once again the *Cuesta de los Visos*, and I took a farewell gaze, the city, hills, and valley, with the river and the winding road, appeared so glad and lovely in the sunshine, that I felt how little kings and caliphs have to do, in fact, with any thing that can abide. The flowers that carpeted the road-side, that bright day, turned up their faces radiantly toward me, a plain and poor republican, whose country was not thought of, when Hixem hung his lamps of gold. They never smiled more brightly, I am sure, upon that awful potentate himself, although he had an endless roll of fee-farm rents in Para-

dise. There is a moral in the fact, though perhaps the reader may have heard it before.

The town of Carlota which we had passed, by night, on the way up, attracted my attention, as one of the colonies or *nuevas poblaciones*, founded by poor Olavide, in the days of Charles III., in furtherance of his plan of agricultural reform. It lies upon a hill, beneath which a broad valley shows some relics, yet, of what was done for cultivation during the brief time of the experiment. The reward of Olavide was a dungeon. He might have expected as much from the ever grateful House of Bourbon.

We halted at Ecija, before sunset, and rested for some hours. The Alameda was blooming and beautiful; full of gay and happy looking people. It lies beside the Xenil, whose cold waters, coming from the snowy mountains of Granada, were scattered, by a *noria*, through the gardens, and diffused a freshness and fertility quite wonderful to feel and see. We found the good people at Ecija in a great deal of gossip and excitement on account of an arrival that morning. A *Silla de Posta* had passed through, they said, at early dawn, containing a very unhappy-looking and pale gentleman, who was going post-haste, under guard, to Cadiz, as a prisoner of state. The escort would give no account of him, and as the *Silla* remained only long enough to change horses, the gossips had been altogether unable to fathom the mystery. Some supposed that it was General Serrano, who had been, for some time, causing a good deal of jealous discord between the queen and her royal spouse. Others thought it might be the king-consort himself, from whom it was generally believed that her Majesty was quite willing to be divorced—and in regard to

whose fate the public mind was considerably exercised, it being supposed that Mr. Bulwer and the *Ingleses* were anxious for a new match. When I got back to Seville, however, I learned that the prisoner was neither king nor general, but the young Havana poet, Güell y Renté, who had been making love to one of the Infantas, a cousin of the queen. The poor girl was a daughter of the Infante Don Francisco, whom every body admitted to be a great brute, in mind and habits. His house was ordered so entirely with reference to his own sensual pleasures, that the Infanta could hardly live in it with decency, and Güell being a man of talent, and of good looks and good manners besides, found no great difficulty in persuading her to leave it. The affair was discovered one night, and about five, next morning, the poet was arrested. Among his papers was a letter from the Infanta, which sealed his guilt. In an hour, he was duly stowed away in the mail-coach and sent off to Cadiz, to be shipped for Havana with all convenient dispatch. He afterward managed to get back to his lady-love and marry her, in spite of majesty, so that the royal family, for once and against their will, can boast some connection with a man who has brains.

We breakfasted the second morning, beyond Carmona, in what had been a convent-sacristy. My fellow-traveller, in the interior, went with me round the building. We found our mules stabled comfortably in the quondam cloisters! It was, perhaps, a little after noon, when we rattled once more up the Seville streets. A gay young *majo*, who met us near the gate, informed the *mayoral*, to my dismay, that the authorities had put the bull-fight off. There had been further threatenings of riot in the bread-department, and the

heroes of the ring would draw too large a crowd together. I spent my afternoon, however, quite pleasantly, in wandering through the grounds of the Alcazar, which were open that day to the public. An English gentleman went with me, who had come to Seville while I was away. His views of orange-groves and gardens, with their fish-ponds, were quite peculiar. "Lud! lud!" he said, "how they must breed mosquitoes!" And so they did, in fact.

Few travellers have any praise to spare for Spanish roads and road-conveyances. In justice, therefore, and to praise the bridge that bore me safely over, I must say something of my diligence. The carriage itself was a capital one, and but for the usual continental outfit of fleas, would have been as comfortable as any public conveyance I have seen. Its accompanying troops were a *mayoral*, or conductor, a postillion, and a *zagal*—an untranslatable person, whose like is not to be found in English. The *mayoral* was an intelligent and obliging fellow, who took the trouble to walk with me and point out what was to be seen, whenever we halted. But for this, I could never have forgiven him for sleeping in my *berlina*, at Ecija, with a strange, suggestive woollen cap upon his head. The postillion rode the whole hundred miles through, so that there can be no doubt of his understanding his business. I was told, indeed, more than once, that the same postillion will sometimes make the whole journey, from Madrid to Cadiz, catching only three or four hours of sleep each night. The *zagal* was the same wild, rattling, swearing devil, that all the travellers describe; now on the box; now on the road; behind the diligence this moment, and between the galloping beasts the next; kicking this one, cuffing the other, and cursing all!

Sometimes we had a team of a dozen mules—fleet and capital roadsters; and the postillion being mounted on one of the leaders, it required considerable effort to keep the rear-guard up to their work. On these occasions the *zagal* would diversify the exercises, by throwing stones at the delinquents, while the *mayoral* would apply his big whip to the unhappy *macho* (the male mule at the near wheel), who, whether he went ill or well, was always flogged for the sake of the example. "Before God," cried Sancho Panza, when Merlin said he must be lashed, "if Mr. Merlin can find no other way of disenchanting my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, enchanted may she go to her grave, say I!" Perhaps the *macho* would have expressed the same sentiments, had he been able; but as it was, his luckless hide paid all the penalty. A deal of extraordinary driving was performed, as may be well imagined, by this division of labor and combination of processes; yet the road was good, the pace a run, and the sport both novel and exciting; so I parted from both man and beast, in the best humor, wishing only that the one might never need to travel faster, nor the other to swear harder!

CHAPTER XXIV.

Andalusian Jockeys—Start for Ronda Fair—Our Horses, Guide, and Equipments—Andalusian Costume—Appearance of the Country—Utrera—Bull-fighters—The Race and the Carbonero—Coronil—The Venta and the Fleas—Puerto Serrano and the Mountains—Our Cavalcade—Mountain Crosses—The Picador and his Arab—Almodonares—Zahara—Venta Nueva—Morning Ride to Ronda—The Nightingales.

THE time for Ronda fair was now drawing nigh, and Bailly was accordingly commissioned to arrange the preliminaries for the journey. One of my English fellow-lodgers and myself were to travel together. Our heavy luggage was to be sent round to Malaga by the *galera* (a stout wagon), and we were, of course, to take with us only the light furniture which our servant could conveniently carry on his horse. We had heard and read a good deal of Andalusian jockeys and their tricks, and had therefore made it a *sine qud non* that we should have fair and full view of our chargers, at least one day in advance. At the hour appointed, our squire presented himself. He announced himself as Pépe Salinas (*Anglicé*, Joe Salt-pits) at our service, but regretted exceedingly that the horses had not yet arrived. They were fresh beasts, he said, and had not yet come in from the country. We afterward learned that they, in fact, were in the country at the time, but, unfortunately, were out at hire to

very hard riders, who by no means improved their capacity for our purposes. Pépe gave us "his honor," however, that there was no need of our seeing them, for we should certainly be delighted next day when they would make their appearance. "You will say, sir," he assured me, "that they are not livery horses; and when you see the one on which I am to carry the luggage, you will hardly stop crossing yourself, he is such a gentleman of a horse!"—"*Dirá vmd. zeñó, que no zon cabayo de alquilé. Eze que yo voy á montar con el equipaje, va vmd. á quedar hasiendo cruses á vé que zeñó cabayo é)!*" There was no answering that course of reasoning, and we did our best to nurse our patience till the morrow.

It was on Monday, May 17th, that we were to start, and I spent the afternoon of the day previous in the *Delicias* and the Cathedral. I had never seen the latter to so much advantage before—perhaps because I had made up my mind that I should never see it again. Beautiful, grand, solemn temple! I had visited it at all hours, and had never gone into its neighborhood without going through it. I had seen it when the morning sunlight was streaming through the eastern windows, and the painted rays that flowed in through the dome, first kissing the lofty crucifix beneath it, ran down the lengthened nave, and faded into common light before the altar of the Guardian Angel. I had seen it, again, in the full radiance of noon, and in the early afternoon—when the sun was waxing dim—when twilight came on—and when, at last, the canopy of night hung heavy on the arches—and whether with a few straggling devotees before the silent shrines, or in the full swell of grandest worship, I had seen—I shall see—nowhere, the presence of religion made so palpable! I could not help

wondering, as its doors closed for the last time upon me, that Angelo could have stooped to paint "Last Judgments," when he could build cathedrals!

Early on the morning of our contemplated departure, came Pépe Salinas, with his horses at which I was to cross myself. As might have been expected, my beast was lame. Pépe at first denied the fact stoutly, but it was soon demonstrated, and he thereupon confessed and avoided, informing me, confidentially, that he had known the horse a long while, and that although he would occasionally be a little confused at the start, he was always sure, when he got warm, to go like light and even faster—"*Mas que la luz, zeñó!*" I of course declined relying for locomotion, upon so precarious an element as caloric, though before a better brute could be procured, the sun had begun to shine in a sufficiently Andalusian manner to make the experiment a very easy one. My fellow-traveller, in the mean time, had been doing himself up in full *majo* costume, as far, that is to say, as a foreigner is capable of the achievement. He answered our summons, in the jauntiest possible *calañes*, with a rich, short vest and jacket, of bright colors, bedizened with velvet and shining with silver tags and buttons. The English, by-the-by, have a singular fondness for putting on Andalusian finery, not only because it is very becoming to a good figure, but because it is generally believed to be acceptable to the natives. There is, however, a distinction to be made as to the latter part of the affair. While the costume, as a whole and when worn in perfect keeping, is the pride of the Andalusians, it is a subject of very great amusement to them, when ill matched or but partially adopted. "*Andar de chaqueta*"—to go in a jacket—is the phrase for

complete undress. The *calañes*, the *faja* or sash, the jacket, breeches, and leggings, all go together; but to wear either of them, with the remainder of the dress in French or English fashion, is held as perfectly ridiculous, as a lady's riding-habit would be at a ball, or pumps and silk stockings at a fox-chase. You must dress in Andalusian style, altogether, or not at all. Straw hats not being used in Spain, and the sash of the natives being considered advantageous, as a preventive from inflammatory disease in some cases, the English residents or tourists will sometimes make their appearance in *calañes*, *faja*, and frock-coat, than which nothing can seem more outlandish to the crowd. Not a Chinese in the streets of London, with his tail, and trowsers, and a fashionable coat; not an Indian, in New Orleans, with regimental hat and blanket, appears more perfectly absurd, than a foreigner in Seville, with his modifications of the *majo*. Some of the Frenchmen who followed the Duc de Montpensier to Madrid, at the time of his marriage, assumed, I was told such provincial costumes as suited their tastes, and made their appearance in bare legs and hempen sandals, to the immense delight of the mob, who were glad of an opportunity to deride, where they would have "lynched" if they had dared. At Ronda, as I saw afterward, the people are in the habit of assembling on the outskirts of the town, the evening before the bull-fights, in order to see the *Ingleses* as they come up from Gibraltar. A good many of the officers frequently attend the fair, and the opportunity is taken, by any travellers who may be in the neighborhood, to follow in their train. There is, therefore, a pretty fair supply of amusement to the laughter-loving *majos;* and indeed, without any very accurate knowl-

edge of Andalusian congruities, a man must have a dull sense of the ridiculous, who does not, in his walks about the town, meet caricature enough, among the strangers, to answer all the purposes of the mountebank department usual on such occasions. Any one who would play the *Andaluz* among the Andalusians, may make up his mind to meet, at every corner, a criticism which it is easier to despise than escape. There is not a horse-boy, but sees through such disguises, as certainly as an Attic fish-woman could detect the accent of the most eloquent provincial.

It was half-past six, and hot enough, when we finally set our little caravan in motion. My companion and myself had each a cloak strapped to his pommel, and nothing more in the shape of luggage. Mr. Pépe's steed was equipped with the *aparejo redondo* of the contrabandists, on which he stowed our carpet-bags, and finally perched himself. The *aparejo* is a large stuffed frame, covering the whole back of the animal. A *manta* or cotton blanket, of bright colors, gayly fringed, is spread upon it. The burden is then arranged with due regard to equilibrium, and over all again, another *manta* finishes the outfit. There are, of course, no stirrups, and the rider sits as may best please him, but generally with the right knee bent above the pommel, as our women ride. Pépe, however, gave up the post of honor on his pillion, to a pair of stout, well-filled *alforjas*, and kept moving back and forth, as you have seen a prudent skipper, on the first day of a voyage, traverse his craft from stem to stern to make all tight and ready for a storm.

We did not take the turnpike, as usual, through Alcalá, but followed Pépe from bridle-path to bridle-path across the

country, admiring the dexterity with which he managed to lose his way at every turn. We struck the road at a small *venta*, about half-way to Utrera, and my companion, having been too busy with his *majo* dress to breakfast before we started, insisted on trying the hospitality of the poor hovel. "Was there any bread?" we inquired. "No!" "Any ham?" "No!" "Eggs?" "No!" "What was there, then?" "Oh! *aguardiente* (bad brandy), at the service of your worships!" Of such refreshments, of course, our worships would have none, and there was no resource but to make descent on the *alforjas*. Happily some laborers came by, with big, coarse loaves, which they were willing to share, for a consideration; and my companion, seated on the ground, under the shadow of the eaves, managed to make a table of a rude stool, and learn his first lesson of what is called "roughing it," in the expressive vernacular of the West.

The country between Seville and Utrera is level, and the turnpike excellent, for it is the post-road to Cadiz. We passed a great deal of fine grain, and abundant orchards of oranges and olives, but the predominant characteristic was mere desolation. The *dehesas*, or wastes, which fatigued the eye by their monotonous extent, were covered with wild grass, weeds, and flowers, varied, here and there, by patches of stunted but green shrubbery. Of farm-houses there were very few. The farms (*haciendas*) seemed very large, and the houses, when there were any, were apparently on a large scale; the presses and depositories of the oil and olives, being generally under the same roof with the dwelling. A stout wall commonly ran round the buildings, whose little towers and chapel-pinnacles were often picturesque and graceful. Oppo-

site the entrance, there was sometimes a cross planted, which Pépe volunteered to tell us was to keep the devil out; a simple prescription, certainly, if warranted. There was no shade to speak of, on the whole route. The olive-trees are of small avail for that purpose, their foliage being light and sparse. We met but very few travellers, and they looked as if they were not out for pleasure. An occasional muleteer or donkey-driver passed us, with a long caravan, whose tinkling bells relieved the dreary silence of the plains. They carried charcoal or vegetables, and now and then a load of the hateful *cal de Moron*—the lime from which they make the whitewash that glares on you so painfully through all the South, and is associated in your memory with arabesques bedaubed and marbles desecrated.

It was about eleven, of the forenoon, when we reached Utrera, dusty, hot, and weary. We were to dine there, of course, and followed our guide, accordingly, into the court of the Lion Hotel—the *Posada del Leon!* There, by appointment with Bailly, we were to meet the honorable company of bull-fighters, on their way, like ourselves, to the Ronda merry-making. We had been commended to their escort and good-offices, for, in the then existing scarcity of food, it was feared by some that the roads might be unsafe. I, of course, was nothing loth to travel in security through the lonely passes toward which our horses' heads were turned; but my chief object in joining the *toreros* was to see the lower class of Andalusians in their glory—these fellows being the cream of their kind. They are liars and rascals—drinking, dancing, singing vagabonds—with all the vices which infest the dregs of city crowds—yet as clever as they are depraved—quick at

repartee—graceful improvisers of deviltry and drollery—gallant horsemen, and generally splendid specimens of manhood. In the "*sal y gracia*"—which make the Andalusian so famous with his countrymen, the dashing blackguards have no rivals. They are the envy of the men and the passion of the women, in all the coarser walks of common life. When we entered the *Fonda*, we found them, to the number of some fifteen or twenty, lying in groups about the court, some of them playing at cards, others sleeping, others story-telling, and all who were awake occasionally circulating their favorite *aguardiente*. Our appearance created quite a sensation for a moment, and some of the livelier gentlemen were disposed to amuse themselves at our expense, forthwith; but the leaders appeared to consider us as under their guardianship, and received us with a scrupulous courtesy, which had the effect, at once, of relieving us from all share of the practical jokes which they liberally dispensed to each other. The general-in-chief was a noted *matador*, Juan Pastor (called Pastó by these consonant-hating rascals), a proper shepherd for such a flock. He was a tall, powerful, stern man, between forty and fifty—a desperate-looking fellow, and, as I was told afterward, quite as ready with his weapon, in a private feud, as in the legitimate slaughter of the ring. He governed his followers with great discretion and authority, and when the jest and liquor would provoke a brawl, a word from "*Zeñó Don Juan*," would in a moment smooth all things down to peace. The subalterns were, many of them, characters in their way, but that way does not particularly concern the progress of this history.

Though the *toreros*, very liberally, pressed us to partake the viands which were spread for them soon after our arrival, we

preferred making our first trial of road-cookery, alone. The bustling landlady soon ushered us into a clean, cool room, where she had bestowed the best contents of her poor larder. For the information of travellers—whose general notion is, that they can not leave the cities in Spain except at the risk of being poisoned—I may be pardoned for saying, that slim as was the variety, the preparation was excellent. We had a well-conditioned rabbit, stewed with green peas, a capital salad, fine bread, and the best oranges A man might do much worse than that, within a hundred miles of Washington. Following the suggestion of a venerable Spanish proverb, I asked the landlady whether her rabbits had any connection with the feline family. Her answer is only worth repeating in the original. "*¿ Los conejos aqui, Señora, son gatos alguna vez?*" "*Gatos, no Señor; gatas, si!*" If the one she gave us was a cat, I commend the variety to the eating public.

The Spaniards are fond of game, in and out of season, and you find rabbits, hares, quails and partridges, very often on their tables. M. Dumas made the discovery, however, that they rarely eat hares, from a superstition that the innocent animals burrow and feed in grave-yards! This veritable piece of history was taken from the same page of his experience which relates the impossibility of finding a roasting-spit in all Madrid. He traversed the whole capital, he says, in search of one. Two or three hardware-men, more highly educated than the rest, remembered to have heard of such an instrument, and a lucky fellow who had travelled as far as Bordeaux, had an indistinct recollection of having seen one. Nobody, however, possessed one! If the historiographer of the royal nuptials had understood a little Spanish, he would

have found a clew to his difficulty in a somewhat congenial book, Samaniego's Fables. That veracious chronicler details the story of two casuistic cats, who, on some feast day, entered a convent-kitchen, where a capon was at roast. They ate the bird without delay, and then sat down to hold an argument, as to whether it was right in morals that they should make a dessert of the spit. They did not, Samaniego says, for it was a case of conscience! He was probably mistaken; their consciences gave way, no doubt; the spit was eaten, and it was the last survivor of its kind!

While on the subject of rabbits, it occurs to me to note a curious passage, which I casually saw in an old Latin quarto of "Universal Cosmography," published by some unknown Heidelberg professor, early in the sixteenth century. The Balearic Islands, he informs us, are infested by rabbits, which do great harm to field and crops. They were not in the islands from the beginning of creation, but all sprang from a pair which were carried there by chance. After some years, they became so numerous and noxious, that the inhabitants were forced to take the opinion of the Romans, as to the best mode of getting rid of them—for they filled the whole land, farms as well as houses. The Romans advised their allies to provide themselves with "*cattos silvestres*" (wild-cats, I suppose,) from Africa, and send them into the burrows of the conies, either to pull the denizens out with their claws, or drive them forth where the hunters could take them. "*Quod et factum est,*" says the professor.

About four in the afternoon, we started in procession from Utrera, a good many of our escort considerably the worse for *aguardiente*, and nearly all of them mounted on the wretched

brutes that were to be the victims in the bull-fights. The country was more hilly than that we had gone over in the morning, but bore the same general appearance of agricultural neglect. Nevertheless, the ride was pleasant and diversified, for the cavalcade was numerous and merry and the pace decidedly more brisk than any thing that could, in reason, have been predicated from the looks and condition of our horses. It was greatly marred, however, by an unhappy accident, which served to point the eternal moral that Father Mathew preaches. Two of the most boisterous of our people had boasted of their steeds and horsemanship, in rivalry, until nothing but a race could settle the dispute. If they had merely broken their own necks, the calamity would have been sad, but not insufferable. They managed, however, to run over a poor *carbonero*, who was coming up the road, on a small donkey, heavily laden with charcoal. Down went beast and rider in an instant, and there both lay, as if forever. We all galloped up in haste, and raised the wretched man, who seemed full sixty years of age. With difficulty, and very slowly, he regained his consciousness, but scarcely found voice enough to make complaint, though there was a deep cut upon his forehead, and he was evidently bruised severely. After some time, we set the donkey on his legs again, refilled his panniers, put the old man in his seat, and sent them on their way. I observed that when the *carbonero* held his hand out to receive the silver that was given him, it was quite cold and bloodless, and he took the money listlessly, though, in his life, before, he probably had never seen so much at once. I watched him, therefore, as far as I could see, expecting he would fall at every instant; and, though he managed to retain

his seat, my blood runs cold at thinking what may have been the sequel of the story. If he got well, and had lived where men enjoy the common-law, and that "palladium of our liberties," the trial by jury, what a charming case it would have been, for an action sounding in damages!

The shades of evening were gathering around the ruined towers of Coronil as we went into the town. Pépe had told us that there were two "hotels," of which we could make choice; but when we reached the first, it was so wretched that even our *toreros* would not enter. The second was but little better, yet it was late, and there was no choice. We entered, men and horses, beneath a broad, low arch, into a sort of low-roofed court or corridor, where the horses were unloaded, the stable being just in front of the entrance, and under the same roof with the lodging-rooms. On the left, there was a sort of cuddy, with two alcoves, one of which the landlord and his family, male and female, occupied. In the other, the floor of which was of rubble or plain dirt, there were two cots, concealed by a poor curtain. These were destined for the resting-place of my companion and myself. We wished to look a little farther, before making up our minds to kennel there, and were shown into the only other *patio*, on which there opened two low and dirty little chambers—veritable dog-holes. In one of these, two very decent-looking women had been forced to take refuge for the night, and the other was appropriated to the chieftains of our party—"the top-sawyers" as my companion called them. The private soldiers of the company were left at liberty to select the softest places they could severally find, upon the rough stones of the court-yard. About night-fall, we were joined by the celebrated *picador*,

nick-named "*Poquito pan*" (or "little bread"), and another *matador*, Juan Lucas Blanco (called Lucas or Luquillas) who had made himself quite famous by his exploits, during the ceremonies after the Montpensier nuptials. He was a "*beau jeune homme*," as M. Dumas says, and came of a good family, for his father (I heard) had been garroted, not long before, for murder. There came with these heroes a tight-built little fellow, a famous *chulo* and a dancer of high repute, though more fat than bard beseems. He went by the title of "*el raton*" (the mouse), to the physiognomy of which animal his face bore great resemblance. My companion insisted on calling him "the rattan," but even that did not shake his gravity, which was of the most dignified and courteous sort. Our company, by the addition of these distinguished individuals, was now made full, at all points, and the reader will admit, that though it was not of that sort that Mr. Borrow ought to have selected (as he did) for his purposes, yet to a layman and a sinner it promised variety and sport. While we provoked their compassion by taking a cup of tea, our worthies gathered around the entrance to the *venta* and partook of their chocolate and sausage, while crowds of the towns-people stood open-mouthed around, seeing how heroes could eat. The reader may have witnessed the arrival of a circus company in one of our villages, which will give him a better notion than I can, of the sensation we produced at Coronil.

Every body has read "Eōthen," or at all events no one who has that pleasure yet before him will read this book till he has enjoyed it. I may presume, then, that every one will remember the connection between fleas and "holy cities"; wherefore I insist that Coronil has been forgotten in the

enumeration of these last. Yet Eōthen complains of what one would think was a relief—that, at Tiberias, there were fleas of all nations in congress and attendance. If he had tried my bed at Coronil, he would have been glad of some variety of execution. "The vengeful *pulga* of Castile, with his ugly knife," had it all to himself, with a terrible monotony of blood-letting. Scarce one ministry of persecutors was installed and fed, before, *more Hispanico*, there was an awful *pronunciamiento*, and another hungry set came in, greedier and fiercer! Not a wink of sleep had I, in all that weary, dreadful night. One by one, our bull-compelling friends adjusted their horse-furniture beneath their heads, upon the stones, and one by one they dropped away in pleasant slumber, as their silent tongues and busy noses told us; but there came no rest to us, who needed it most. What a relief, when morning dawned, to mount and ride in the fresh air! Our chargers were no Bucephali, as I have said, but they went off with us, as if they, too, were proud to leave the fleas behind them. There is poetry as well as myth, it strikes me, in the story of the Centaurs, and who that has bestridden a fine horse and felt the inspiration of his bounding limbs as he has spurned the lazy earth, can fail to grant me that the steed has part in the heroic fiction, not much less noble than the man's?

Our ride was a hot one indeed that day, and we bore it none the better for our sleepless night. The *toreros*, however, slung their gay jackets across their shoulders, like hussars; cocked their hats against the sun, and made light of it. Near noon we reached *Puerto Serrano*, at the foot of the mountain-range we were to cross. Our escort paused a moment at a

venta-door, to take in *aguardiente*, and we then ascended a steep hill, and climbed through defile after defile until we were, at last, high up among the mountains. Rough as was the travelling, the scenery at times was very full of interest. Now, the hills were rude and stony, to the last degree of sternness: then, again, they would reach down to smiling valleys, rich with grain and olives, or would spread out fields of flowers, skirted by groves of the dark ever-green *encina*. Sometimes the roads were dangerously steep; covered with loose stones, and winding, at sharp angles, up among the cliffs. Now, we would go down a path, every inch of whose hard stone had been cut out by weary hoofs. Again, our way was trod into the soil, so deep that, as we rode, we could almost put our feet upon the ground; so narrow, too, that now and then the horses would strike right or left, and reel until they fell against the other side. Sometimes a steep declivity would force us to dismount and scramble down a precipice or two, while the poor horses, all accustomed as they were, would tremblingly and slowly pick their foothold out among the rocks!

Yet it was a glorious journey! Hot, perilous, and weary as it was, it was well worth a year of duller life. Every thing was new, adventurous, and exciting. Our cavalcade, itself, was something that an artist would have gone some leagues to see—its long array of horsemen in their gay costume; some of them well mounted; all, fine riders; their bright trappings glaring in the sun; their *escopetas* (firelocks) at their saddle-sides; and then their wild and merry songs that echo flung from cliff to valley! Here would come a party meeting us, of three or four stout horsemen, gaily clad

and armed like ours. We would see them, sometimes, at a distance below us or above us—and sometimes they would meet us at a sudden turn, or start out from behind a huge rock we were passing. Now and then, Pastor would have a parley with them, but most frequently the salutation was the short and courteous one, "*Vaya vmd. con Dios*"—or more briefly still, "*Vaya vmd.*"—with the hat raised. Sometimes we would hear, far off, the sound of many tinkling bells, which died away again and then would break on us anew, as we would see a train of mules or donkeys, caparisoned in all bright colors, winding cautiously along the dangerous hill-sides. Dark, weather-beaten crosses, here and there, would for a moment give a shuddering sense of insecurity, as we would think of travellers murdered in those lonely gorges;[1] but the cheerful talk and hallo of our well-appointed company were a sure specific for all such misgivings. Indeed, I am not certain that our numbers and the somewhat wayward bearing of a few among our *chulos*, did not lead a wary traveller or two to think we were, ourselves, unsafe companions for a mountain journey. Several of our people would have made capital studies for banditti. I remember one, especially, a *picador* of note from Alcalá, whose name was Calderon. He was a swarthy, half-Moorish looking fellow, tall, muscular, and graceful; his fine form shown to infinite advantage by his tight and elegant costume. He was mounted on a gallant little stallion, which he called an Arab,

[1] M. Gautier confesses, that if it were the fashion of his country to commemorate all violent deaths, by marking with crosses the places where they happened, there are certain streets of Paris which might rival any Spanish highway.

and which indeed might have been one, in both its beauties and defects. Like many of the Andalusian horses, it was cat-hammed and somewhat under size, but vigorous and active, with a bold and well arched crest, a fiery eye, and nostrils wide and red. The *picador* rode with the *aparejo* only, on which was packed his wardrobe for the ring. Sometimes, he sat cross-legged like a Turk, but generally with the right leg curved in front and the other hanging down along the side. The reins, which were of rope, were joined at a convenient distance from the bit, and they were twisted then, into one piece some two or three yards long, which served him as a whip, and which he flung backward and forward, playing with it in the air. Up hill, down dale, the rascal went, at any pace he pleased, the high-bred horse never once faltering, the rider never shaken in his seat; and as he rode, he trolled out contrabandist ditties by the score, and kept his long lash waving to the measure of his song. Every woman that we met, he made brisk love to, and let no man pass without a gibe. When he dashed across the Guadalete, tossing the rapid waters into foam, the miller and his men looked out in admiration, and exclaimed, "*Jesus! que mozo!*" as he drove his Arab up the bank.

It was hot one o'clock, when we reached a hamlet, which they called Almodonares. The guide-books take no notice of it by that name. We found a *venta* that was only moderately wretched, for it had an upper story, at a decent distance from the stronghold and main body of the fleas. A mountain-stream came leaping down the hill before the door, and by the aid of its refreshing waters, we managed to prepare ourselves for salad and *siesta*—the mid-day exercises most appropriate to the place

and season. Like all the villages we had gone through, Almodonares was very poor indeed. The houses were mostly of one story, and though they were quite dazzling with whitewash, outside, the ragged children and dirty women at the doors were sorry witnesses of filth and poverty within. Thanks, however, to mountain air and mountain water (internally applied), they looked as healthy, all of them, as if they had been Mohammedans and made ablution part of their religion.

When we left Seville, we had counted upon reaching Ronda on the second evening. Don Juan, however, while we were asleep, had called a council of his veterans, and when we were about to mount, informed us that he had determined to press our horses no further that night than the *Venta Nueva*—a station some three leagues further on. The resolution was a wise one, and our weary bones unanimously hailed it such. Our journey led us, now, along the margin of the Guadalete, which flowed, like all the streams that we had passed, through groves of oleanders in luxuriant blossom, and (what was new to me) of most delicious fragrance. Whole hill-sides, now and then, would blush with poppies, as we passed, and if the wild thyme, there as elsewhere, be attractive to the bees, I see no reason why Hymettus should have monopoly of sweets. Above us, as a sort of landmark all the afternoon, was the peak on which Zahara stands: one of those high horns of earth on which the Moor so loved to hang his turban. Its castle crowned the summit of a rocky cone, to which it seemed the very eagles would have need of scaling-ladders. It staggered one to think it possible, that such a fastness could ever have been conquered from a brave and warlike people. Yet Muley Hassan seized it from the Christians, and bold Ponce de Leon was able to recapture it.

We reached the *Venta Nueva* about sunset, and found that it was full already of travellers and their beasts. There was but one room vacant, and our *matadores*, who had spurred on before us, had secured that for themselves. As soon as my companion and myself arrived, however, they very kindly begged us to use it as our own; and two of them, in fact, slept in the open air that night, that we might have their room. They were quite used, they said, to dew and moonlight, but they doubted whether it would do for us. Indeed, although these people were not, as I have already said, the salt, exactly, of the earth, I should be most ungrateful were I to forget the kindness, courtesy, and even gentleness, with which they treated us throughout our expedition. When we were jaded and would lag a little, they would ride beside us and beguile the way. If Pépe wandered off (as, being paid to stay, of course he did), they gave us their assistance cheerfully. Their bread and *aguardiente*—their meals and services —their horses, if we chose—were at our service; all tendered in a way which showed good-breeding innate, and genuine good-will. As to manners, the rascals are born with them, such as education often fails to give, in other nations. You can rarely find them at a loss for a happy compliment, a pleasant word, or a graceful civility. The Irish peasant comes nearest to them, but they have his readiness and humor, with better looks, a finer language, and a far more lofty bearing.

It was not late when we retired, but the moon's soft bow was bent above Zahara, and the castle's dim, gray towers seemed to be resting on the heavy mists which rose between the city and our hostelry. Whole caravans of muleteers and drovers, bound to Ronda, had come up with their cattle, and

were lying in the midst of them, asleep, in groups, about the open ground before the *Venta*. Not far off, the rippling of the river might be heard, and even in the dampness of the air the oleanders were still scattering their perfume. Men, however, must sleep, in spite of flowers and moonlight; so, taking warning from the mattresses at Coronil, we spread our cloaks upon a platform of clean planks, and gave ourselves to slumber in our little chamber, with our hosts, the *matadores*, spread all about us. There was an image of the infant Saviour in the room, and a small taper burned all night before it. Now and then, the hardness of the planks awaked me, and I stole a glance around our sleeping company, whose upturned faces and weapons visible beneath their open vests, looked quite as strange, though certainly not quite so beautiful as did the Oda to Don Juan. Neither the faces nor the knives, however, did me harm or meant it, and they certainly did not prevent my sleeping till the summons of the dawn. With the first light, our company were all astir, and then, to my surprise, I found we had been resting in a very hive of horses, mules, and donkeys. From under archways that I had not seen, and out of holes and corners and all manner of odd places never dreamed of, came sallying man and beast, after the fashion that we see, in the old pictures, of their great progenitors from Noah's *venta* on the waters. The dewy freshness of the morning was on all things when we put our line in motion, and the sun rose as we crossed the *Cuesta de las Viñas*, the beautiful Mountain of the Vineyards. We were entering a defile, with a cheerful *hacienda* at its opening, as the earliest rays fell on us. As we went climbing on, the valley seemed to grow still greener and more wide beneath

us, and when we reached a scattered wood of oaks and walnuts, the music of a choir of nightingales was welcoming the sunshine. It was the first time I had heard them sing, and I, perhaps, exaggerate their numbers and their melody, but there appeared to be at least a thousand piping round us, and I ceased to wonder that Procne should have mourned so long for Philomela.

It was nine o'clock, as we rode up the hill to Ronda. The crowds on watch for the *toreros* gave us a triumphal entry, but we left them in their glory, and I sought the comfortable lodgings which the kindness of my friends in Malaga had, some time back, secured for me.

CHAPTER XXV.

Ronda—The Tajo and Valley—Moorish Relics—The Fair—Cordovese Horses.

THERE are few spots like Ronda, in the world. Its lofty and imposing site, the grandeur of the Tajo and the scenery around, have been made known, by pen and pencil, to all the lovers of the picturesque. Its history is made up of the fiercest doings in the fierce wars of Moslem times, and there are tales of chivalry and blood, for all the fastnesses of its wild mountains. Its people, still, are of the hardiest and boldest in all Spain, reckless and desperate in civil strife, and furnishing most apt material for the robber and the contrabandist. The climate is proverbially healthful, and both men and women are remarkable for beauty, vigor, and fine stature.

Upon a bold, broad hill, surrounded by an amphitheatre of loftier ones, with a sweet valley smiling down between, the ancient city can be seen from far. It has no show of buildings, save a church or two, some convent towers, and a few Moorish walls and turrets. Deep through the centre of the town and of the mountain upon which it stands, there is a mighty cleft in the live rock, dividing the old city from the new. This chasm is the *Tajo*. An earthquake may have rent it, or it may have yawned since first the firm foundations

of the hills were laid. Upon the northwest side, the hill of Ronda rises abruptly from the valley. There is an ancient bridge in that direction, which spans the opening of the Tajo. Stand on that bridge, and turn your back upon the town. You see a quiet and not very copious stream come gliding brightly toward you, through meadows and soft, verdant slopes. The waters, as they near the hill, begin to fret among the stones, and, as they pass beneath your feet, the rocky prison of the Tajo so confines them, that they foam quite madly. Step some paces to the left, on *terra firma*, and you find a dirty, winding passage, which takes you down among the caverns of the Tajo. Still descending, you come upon a rickety old wooden staircase, which creaks at every step. By this, you are conducted to a Moorish mill, ancient of days, and hidden like the nest of a water-fowl, among the crevices of the rocks. In a sort of cave or hollow, there is a basin of clear, sparkling water, which makes the mill-wheels go, and sweeps on, afterward, to swell the river, which, till then, is but a trifling stream. The basin, they call the *mina*, or *nacimiento de agua* (the mine or water-source), and it is well worth your visit. Look up, and you see nothing but a strip of sky resting on the solid wall of rock which only a few lichens darkly fringe.

Leaving your cave of Montesinos, you stroll up through some side streets, until you come upon the other bridge, which crosses the Tajo near to where it ends. This is a work of the last century, a hundred yards or thereabouts in length, and is a wonder to architect and mason. You stand on it, and look in the direction of the Moorish arch to which I first conducted you—yet so stupendous are the rocky bulwarks, so interlocked

with salient cliffs and jagged angles, that there is a single point alone from which you can see back to where you stood. Turning southward, the whole view is open. The Tajo goes on widening, for a hundred yards or more, when suddenly it stops, presenting to the valley down below, a solid, upright wall of rock, flanked by gray, lofty columns. On the one side, it runs round at right angles to the Alameda, from whose balconies you may look down a thousand feet. On the other, it is broken into rugged falls, along which you may see, far off, the windings of a dangerous road, flanked by some relics of a Moorish wall. In front, a few sharp rocks are flung out on the plain, and then there is no limit to the view of beauty and fertility, until the eye rests on the barren range which we had crossed as we came up from Seville. Immediately beneath the bridge, the waters, black and foaming, dash from precipice to precipice, until they hide themselves beneath dark groves of walnut-trees, and reappear, far off, as bright and peaceful, as if they had done nothing all along, but make

"Sweet music with the enamelled stones."

My lodgings were upon the east side of the bridge, and from my chamber window, which looked out on the abyss, there was a splendid view for one with a less dizzy head than mine. Halfway down, upon the side beneath me, were some five or six of the quaint Moorish mills I have before referred to, and their small canals, or races, were like threads of silver, twisted round the crags. The men who were at work about them, seemed like little children, and I more than once mistook their donkeys for mere dogs.

Having made your examinations from above, you take a little turn upon the east side of the Tajo, and you find a donkey-path, which winds down the declivity. Before you reach the first mill, and hard by a solitary horse-shoe arch, you find yourself on a projecting platform, once used, they say, to thresh the grain. It stands out boldly, and enables you to see that what you took, above, for a mere torrent, is a cataract, and that the hill looms like a mountain. Go further down, and reach the level of the valley, and you see fall after fall above you, one of which has a clear hundred feet of foaming water. High over rock and spray, the bridge, with its enormous piers and towering arches, seems to betoken art triumphant in the wildest moods of nature. The reader, I am sure, would willingly forgive me these details, if he could imagine the bright scene before me, on the morning that I went into the valley. From point to point as I descended, new beauties broke upon me, and when I reached the plain at last, and turned my back on rocks and torrents, well-shaded paths led on from cottage to cottage, through fields, and groves, and gardens, cultivated to the very highest point, and rendered fresher and more fair by the still lingering dew. On my way down, I overtook a gentleman, who, like myself, seemed to be on a voyage of discovery. He had a servant with him, with whom he was conversing, like any other Andalusian, and yet I thought that his complexion was not exactly such as Phœbus makes in that hot country. As we went on together, a point of view which we had reached reminded me of something I had seen among the Alleghanies, and I mentioned it. The stranger instantly replied in English, and claimed allegiance from me as our consul at Malaga.

He had resided from his youth in Spain, and had become almost a Spaniard, in all but genial recollections of his home. I was, of course, most happy to meet such company, at such a time, and should indeed be glad, at any time and any where, to fall upon so pleasant and intelligent a gentleman. We followed on our walk an hour and a half together, pursuing beauty under difficulties, over hills and stones at times, but always and a thousand-fold repaid.

Mounting the hill upon the west of Ronda, we found ourselves among the live-stock that had come to make a change of masters. They occupied a sort of rolling plain, outside the city, and were in formidable numbers, and in every variety of breed and quality. Mules, cows, donkeys, sheep, hogs, and horses, were all clustered, or penned, or tethered together, and it was almost as much as one's life was worth, to thread the labyrinth of heels and horns. Some of the black cattle would have done honor to an agricultural exhibition almost any where, and on the whole, there was the mixture of good, bad, and indifferent, which one would have found in any country on a similar occasion. I was glad of the opportunity to see some very fine specimens of the *jaca cordovesa*, the Cordovese hack, the favorite horse of Spain. They were round-limbed, graceful, and admirably-gaited, though generally of but middle size, and as the jockeys would exercise them for the benefit of purchasers, the gallant stallions neighed and tossed the foam about, looking as if they would dash every thing to pieces, yet perfectly obedient to the spur and rein. Many of of them had the *paso castellano*, the Castilian pace, as it is called, in great perfection. It is a compromise between an amble and a walk—more rapid than the one, more steady

than the other, and for those stony roads the finest gait conceivable. It is about the same as our favorite "pace" in America. The prices varied pretty much as with ourselves at home. Two hundred dollars would have bought a capital nag, of very fine form and action. Where there was any particular excellence, the animal, of course, commanded a "fancy" price. There were a great many people on the ground; more sellers, however, than buyers, by a great deal. There they stood, and lay, and leant, in every variety of group, making pictures all the while, in their bright, handsome dresses, and with their cattle round about them. They were the finest articles, by far (the men) that were for exhibition at the fair.

The entertainments last, usually, three days. Upon the first, they look around them, and do nothing. The second, they chaffer and parade their horses. The third, they buy and sell with all their might. Horse-furniture and trappings are the things most in demand, and the supply is both choice and abundant. The streets are lined with saddles and bright saddle-cloths, blankets of brilliant patterns, fanciful bridles, saddle-bags, and *aparejos*. A few old Moors have come up from Gibraltar, it may be, or from across the Straits, with silken sashes, slippers, gaudy handkerchiefs, and other flashy elements of *majo* splendor. You see them sitting just inside their doors, with all their wares around them, while a crowd of peasants, leaning on their forked sticks, look wistfully or spend their fortunes for a flourish. The saddlers bring with them a goodly show of leather leggins or long gaiters, worked and stitched prodigiously—the black ones with white thread, I noted—and these have ready sale. The *majo*, in full dress,

wears the silk stocking only. The *botines*, fastened at the knee and ankle, swell out at the calf, and give, at times, a singular, ungraceful look about the legs. They must be, notwithstanding, pleasant and useful on the road, and it is there that they are chiefly worn.

The booths at which the minor articles were found, extended from the great bridge down to the *Plaza de Toros*, filling the main street, and a broad space just by the bridge itself. There were oceans of bad toys, rough porcelain and brass lamps and candlesticks of most Etruscan shapes; all sorts of indigestible cheeses, confectionery, and rude eatables. Mountebanks went around with their fiddles, and blind men with pipes. Great "*cosmoramas*" and microscopes were to be seen: Punch and Judy were upon their rounds: and high in front of a house on the main street, there was a canvas banner, daubed with a picture of some "*gran funcion*," which was exhibited inside, to the sound of hurdy-gurdies. They said that the attendance was but thin, yet for my life I could not see how Ronda could be made to hold more people.

After wandering all day among the crowds, it was quite refreshing, to sit at night in my cool window, high above the precipice, and catch the hue of things by moonlight. The gay lamps of the booths and shops were glaring while there was a customer, and it was late before the hum of voices and the music would be silent. Yet, at their loudest, I could hear the roaring of the cataract above them, and looking down into the shadow of the Tajo, I could see the valley half in darkness, half in moonlight—a cottage lamp here twinkling like a glow-worm, or a flash of the white waters there breaking through the night. A Prussian artist, of great merit, who lodged in the

same house with me, would linger with his pencil, in the balcony, till all was still enough to hear the mill-dog bark. What a benefactor would that man be to our beloved country, who could persuade the schools and colleges to teach the boys to draw, before they torture them in fluxions or confound them with commentaries on the Constitution!

CHAPTER XXVI.

The Bull-Fights—The Amphitheatre, Spectators, Order of Ceremonial and Manner of the Fights—Moral of Bull-fighting—Fondness of Strangers for it.

AS we rode into Ronda on the morning we arrived, I met an Irish gentleman whom I had seen at Malaga, and who had come up, with his wife, to spend the summer in the mountain air. He very kindly told me that he had secured a box or *balcon* for the bull-fights, and would be happy I should join his party. Early, therefore, on the afternoon of the 20th, we made our way into the *Plaza*, full of expectation and excitement, as the reader may imagine, it being our first essay.

The amphitheatre at Ronda is a large one, two stories high and built of stone. The galleries are covered by a roof of tiles supported by stone columns: but all the rest is open to the sky. The distribution of the parts is very simple. First, is the arena, circular of course, surrounded by a barrier six feet high, of heavy planks inserted firmly into square stone columns. Outside the barrier, there is a *corredor*, some six or eight feet wide, running the whole way round, and opening on the arena by four doors. There is a ledge upon the barrier, on the arena side, some two feet from the ground, on which the *chulos* step, as they leap over when the battle is

too hot for them. The *corredor*, around its outer circle, has another barrier, considerably higher than the first, and from the top of that begins the lower tier of seats. These rise, behind each other, at a moderate angle, and being nearest to the fight are favored as the choice resort of all the critics and the "fancy." The second tier has benches, like the first, which are frequented, chiefly, by the poorest classes, being cheaper than the range below. It has, besides, a few *balcones*, for families and parties, whence you can watch the sport quite at your ease.

The doors which open from the arena to the *corredor*, are placed at the cardinal points of the compass. That to the north, leads out to the main street. Through it, the men of war come straggling in, as the appointed hour draws nigh. They make their exit by the doorway opposite, which leads "behind the scenes." From this last direction the new horses and new *picadores* come out, when they are needed to supply death's ravages. The western door is smaller than the rest, and leads to the *toril*, the bull-house, where the victim is in waiting. Directly over the *toril*, the Alcalde sits surrounded by his fellow council-men, the municipal *baloon* being radiant with red hangings. Above the Alcalde's station, is another box, likewise upholstered famously, where sit the "royal and illustrious" *Maestranza;* a sort of corporation instituted by Ferdinand and Isabella, for the preservation of Castilian purity of blood, and now ranging, in its dignity and functions, somewhere between a jockey club and the House of Lords. Next to these dignitaries sit the reverend clergy, in their box magnificent with crimson velvet; and, to be candid, that box was better filled than any one I saw. I looked in

vain, however, for the "dark, scowling priests" of whom Ford speaks, as snuffing *autos de fe* in roasted bull-flesh. They were fat, comfortable old gentlemen, deep in the shadows of their shovel-hats, and, if the outer man be any token of the inner, more likely to enjoy, as all good Christians would, the odor of a roasted capon than the fumes of hecatombs of heretics. If Mr. Ford had called to see instead of slandering them, they would, I dare say, have heaped coals of fire upon his head, by asking him to dinner. All of the boxes I have mentioned are, the reader will observe, upon the western side—the object being (as the sport is always in the afternoon) to leave the functionaries comfortably in the shade. There were two boxes opposite, upon the sunny side; one occupied by British officers, up from Gibraltar, the other by the gentleman whose guest I was. The sunshine annoyed us terribly, in spite of screens and curtains, and it was easy to comprehend why even the benches *á la sombra* (in the shade), command the highest prices. In the *balcon* of the officers, the trumpeter was stationed, who, at the signals which the Alcalde gave with his white handkerchief, sounded, from time to time, the various summons of the fight.

Down to the moment when the sport was to commence, the arena was full of people, walking, talking and making themselves merry. When all things were in readiness, a file of soldiers cleared the ring; the spectators gathered to their seats; the soldiers took the stations dedicated to their service; the shouts and screams, the gibes and jests (*bromas y burlas*), with which the sovereigns had greeted all they did not fancy, were for a moment hushed, and the performers made their entry by the eastern gate, just opposite the box of the Alcalde.

First came the *banderilleros*, or *chulos* as the people call them, the *matadores* in front, and all on foot. Behind were the three *picadores*, mounted, with their spears in hand. They marched across, and taking off their hats to the Alcalde, asked his leave, as is the form, to follow their disporting. The Alcalde, nothing loth and having himself come on purpose, took his hat off, too, and owned the soft impeachment; whereupon the troop dispersed, each to his appointed station. The *picadores* were dressed with low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, such as were worn when Arcady was but a sheep-walk. They had very rich, short jackets, trimmed and embroidered heavily with gold or silver. Under their buckskin pantaloons, they wore, upon the outside of the leg from hip to ankle, stout plates of iron, that were horn-proof. Their spears were more defensive than offensive, being merely long shafts, shod at one end with iron, and finished with a sort of spike or goad. The footmen wore their silken and embroidered jackets like the knights, but they had silken hose and breeches, and wore light shoes for active motion. On their heads they had black silken caps or nets, beneath which, from the very centre of the organ of philoprogenitiveness, sprang a long, twisted sort of queue. When they came in, they had rich cloaks slung on their shoulders, but these they threw aside, for others quite as gay though not so costly, with which to feed the fury of the bull. Clad in their glittering and quaint raiment, most of them finely-made, and all athletic, active men, they formed a gallant and attractive circle, as they put themselves in order for the fight. The *picadores* ranged themselves upon the left of the Alcalde, each distant about three lengths from his neighbor. The spear (*garrocha*) was firmly grasped in the right hand;

the horses blindfold, and under the complete control of the huge spurs and terrible curb-bits that they were ridden with. The *chulos* spread themselves about the ring—some sitting on the barrier, and others just behind it, with their bright cloaks trailing over.

The Alcalde gives the signal; the trumpet sounds; and then a servant opens the *toril*. Perhaps the bull is standing with his back to the spectators. If so, the servant touches him with hat or stick, and at the sound of shouting he comes forth. Perhaps his head is at the very front, and then the *mozo* has just time to step into his niche behind the door, pull it back over him, and save his life. The bull sees, first, the gay cloaks of the *chulos*, and rushes at them. Their owners leap the barrier and leave him the red muslin. He turns around, and then, for the first time, takes notice of the *picadores*. If he remembers the sharp pricking of the herdsman's goad, he pauses in the centre of the ring to make his calculations. Most generally, maddened by the shouting of the populace and almost blind with rage, he thunders at the horsemen. They brace themselves to meet him, with spear in rest and steadied by the pressure of the arm. The horse is turned half round, with his right shoulder to the bull, and the art is, to press the bull off to the right, while, with the bridle-hand, they bring the horse round to the left, and save him and themselves. And certainly, it is a splendid show of courage, strength, and skill, when the brave horseman, who is first attacked, turns the foe off successively—the second welcomes him with equal fortune, and the third has no worse luck! But when, as often happens, the desperate charge has been too much even for skill and nerve, and, spite of lance and

horsemanship, the bull has gored the vitals of the beast, and, lifting him madly, with the rider, tosses both against the earth or barrier—or when, though well turned off at first, instead of going on from *picador* to *picador*, the bull attacks the rear of the poor horse, as he retreats—drags out his bowels—flings the rider forward and tramples, in his fury, upon both—the scene is frightful to an unfamiliar eye. Then it is, the *chulos* must come forward to the horseman's rescue, and with their trailing cloaks, draw off the bull, to where another *picador* is waiting to receive him.

It may be that the fallen *picador* is stunned. Perhaps his iron sheathing prevents him from getting himself rid of horse and saddle. Assistants gather to his aid then, while others cheat the bull away. Sometimes the *picador* falls toward the barrier, and, catching at it as he tumbles, lets his stirrups go, and with his strong arm swings himself into the *corredor*, while the bull wreaks his fury on the fallen horse. Sometimes, rushing from *picador* to *picador*, the bull prostrates all three, and then the whole arena is alive with fluttering cloaks—the active *chulos* toling the animal from side to side, up to the very barrier, which they leap over, sometimes not more than half a foot before his horns. The greater the slaughter of horses and overthrow of riders, the louder is the shouting of the people, and the wilder their applause. Let the *picadores* fight shy for but a single moment—let there be delay—the slightest—in the forthcoming of new horses to supply the places of the slain—and the fierce cry goes up, of "Horses! horses to the bull!" (*Caballos! caballos al toro!*) When the bull, a moment left ungoaded, turns upon his fallen foes, and gores and tosses them or their poor carcasses, the very

welkin rings with screams of pleasure and excitement, and the animal becomes a hero, for the moment!

New horses are at hand. The *picadores*, perhaps, persuaded by the manager to be a little careful of their horse-flesh, or battered into caution and chary of their bones, hang back. It may be, that the bull himself, sick of the spear and tired with vain pursuit of the fleet *chulos*, stands pawing the centre of the ring, or, with head down to the ground, goes backward from his foes. Up then there goes again the cry, "*Al toro! caballos al toro! obligalo!*" (force him!) The *picador*, excited, moves his terrified, perhaps already wounded, animal up toward the bull, waving his lance, or boldly pricking the poor devil on the nose or forehead! Then there is another charge and probably a dangerous one, for the *picador* is in the midst of the arena, far from the barrier, and has no method of escape, if he is thrown, except to creep upon his knees and hands and trust the dexterous *chulos* to keep the bull away. Lucky he who can escape such peril. But the sport begins to flag. The neck and shoulders of the bull are red with traces of the spear-point. His tongue protrudes, and he is tardy at the charge. The Alcalde waves his handkerchief—the trumpet sounds—the *picadores*, retiring to the barrier, now fly before the bull as he approaches, for their part of the performance has been ended.

The *banderilleros* come next upon the stage. They are the same whom I have called the *chulos*, and they take the former name from the *banderillas*, with which it is their business to torment the animal. These are wooden rods, some two feet long, pointed with an iron barb. The rods, themselves, are covered and bedecked with festoons of cut, colored paper.

When the signal is given, bundles of these are brought into the arena, and the performer takes one in each hand. If the bull has been a coward or a sluggard, the crowd cry "*fuego! fuego!*" (fire! fire!) and they bring in *banderillas*, to the barbs of which are fixed fire-crackers, which explode and hiss on the poor brute as the barb enters, scorching and maddening him. The *chulo's* business is to plant one *banderilla* upon each side of the neck or shoulders, equidistant from the central line, as near as may be, and this, of course, demands no little skill. One of the performers flourishes his cloak and wins the bull's attention. The other, with the *banderillas*, comes up stealthily behind. The bull, perceiving, turns on him, and as he charges with his head bent down, the *chulo* plants his instruments of torture where he will, and leaps, with wonderful agility, beyond the sweep of the huge horns. Another and another follows, till the bull runs furious and lowing desperately, from one side of the arena to the other, or leaps the barrier at a bound and rushes round the *corredor* within. Now, the spectators on the lower seats take part in the performance, beating the poor beast with their long staves. The *chulos* worry and bewilder him yet more—the gate next to him is thrown open, and he rushes once again into the ring.

Now the end draws nigh. The trumpet sounds, and lo! the *matador*, with long, straight sword in hand, and dark red cloak, goes forward to the grave Señor Alcalde, makes his bow, flings down his cap upon the earth, and girds himself for deeds of death! Perhaps he has a speculation of his own on hand, and then he keeps his cap, until he has saluted some *balcon* or gentleman he means to toast (*brindar*). That done,

the cap goes down before the party honored, and the *matador* announces that the bull shall die, in compliment to him. Some largess is, of course, expected, when the deed is done. The executioner now waves his cloak and flings himself before his victim. Perhaps the animal is wary and the *chulos* are compelled to flit around and tempt him to his fate. He makes a charge—the agile *matador* steps to one side, and mocks him with the empty cloak. Another and another charge, and then the thing grows serious. You see the cloak advanced in the left hand, and just behind it, pointed carefully, the formidable blade is glittering. The bull sweeps on, and when the cloak is lifted, it may be he is only wounded—the sword stuck slightly in his neck or shoulder, and falling or flying out as he leaps wildly in his agony. Perhaps it has passed in between the shoulders, and has hurt the lungs. A few more leaps then, and there is a staggering—a bound or two—and with the blood-streams rushing from his nostrils he falls dead. Perhaps the dexterous blow has pierced the heart, and then he falls without the sign of blood. If he but falls and lingers, one of the *chulos* comes up, stealthily, behind, and drives the sword home to the hilt, or cleaves the spine with a short dagger. In a moment, then, you hear the tinkling of the bells, and there comes in a team of mules decked gaudily. By turns they drag out the dead hero and the horses he has slain; a servant covers, with fresh dirt or saw-dust, all the traces of the fray; the ring is cleared again; the *picadores* are once more in their places; the trumpet sounds, and then, amid the shoutings of the more and more excited crowd, another bull comes out, to take his turn at slaughtering and being slaughtered.

In the fights at Ronda, there were eight bulls, each day. The first day, fourteen horses fell; eighteen the second. One *picador* was taken senseless from the ring the first day, but he reappeared the second, and fought his bulls triumphantly. The second day, our friend *Poquito pan* was carried off, as I thought, dead—but, two days after, he rode back to Seville. The *matadores* made rather bungling work of it. Only two first-rate blows were given; both, the second day. Unhappily, the artist toasted the *Ingleses* upon each occasion, which made some inroads on our purses. One of them seemed well pleased with his reception, for he flung up to our box the ribbon, or *divisa*, which was on the bull's neck when he sallied out (the colors of the breeder), and which is held the trophy, like the fox's brush. When the Alcalde deems a death well stricken, he testifies his approbation, by bestowing the carcass on the *matador*, who forthwith cuts an ear off with his sword, and keeps it as a mark of property. The perquisite is worth much or little, according to the market value of bull-beef. After the *matador* has slain his beast, he draws his sword out from the wound—wipes it upon his cloak—makes his bow to the Alcalde, and then to those whom he has toasted. They throw their gift down to him, in a handkerchief. A *chulo*, his attendant, picks it up and hands it to him, and thereupon he takes his leave with majesty.

The first day was a strange one, from two accidents. The one was not so rare as dangerous. One of the *matadores* aimed badly, and his sword, striking a bone, flew like a javelin, some twenty feet, among the crowd, wounding a young man seriously in the hand. It might have slain him, and it was a wonder that it did not. The other circumstance was

said to be without a precedent. One of the bulls, worried and flying from the *matador*, leapt over barrier and *corredor* and inner barrier, alighting, clear, among the benches and the crowd—not stumbling and blundering, but erect and dangerous—goring on every side. Fortunately, it was the sunny portion of the gallery, and the people were comparatively few, so that there was no one seriously hurt, but a poor fellow whose thigh was badly ripped. Yet the rolling down, the scampering and rushing, were wonderful to see. The bull made at the soldiers, and they dropped their musketry and ran. Completely master of the field, he made his way up to the topmost bench, and then, deliberately stepping down, went quietly into the box above the northern or main entrance. There, being on a level with his worship, the Alcalde, the bull looked over, and his worship, quite as much astonished, looked back at the bull. It was a move which was not in the game, and therefore startled the spectators for a while; but they soon recovered. Some of them caught up the deserted weapons of the soldiery, and charged bayonets upon his bullship, who retreated to the topmost bench again. There, the *matador* assailed him with a fatal thrust, and, falling like a stone, he rolled down with a thundering noise into the *corredor*, whence he was dragged at the mule's heels—a hard and ignominious fate, to follow such an exploit!

And for the moral of all this. It is barbarous, shockingly barbarous, no doubt—not on the men's account, because they take the risk upon themselves, and are well paid for it, and then, besides, although they have rude tumbles frequently, they rarely suffer loss of life or limb. Nor does the bull attract much sympathy, for he is *doli capax*—a powerful,

belligerent, wild beast, able to protect himself, and willing. But the wretched horses, blindfold, and goaded to their fate; treading their trailing entrails to the earth, or kicking at them as they horribly protrude; now, limping sorely with their bruised and lacerated limbs: now left, disabled, at the mercy of the bull, and gored so awfully and often! It is disgusting, sickening, brutal to the very acme. Yet still, the crowd shout for more horses, thinking that no fight can be a worthy one unless many horses die, and yelling applause at every pass that gores a poor brute's vitals! "You have never seen a bull-fight, ha?" said one of our *picadores* to me, upon the road from Seville. "Never!" "Ah! then, you will see horses die!" "But that's exactly what I least desire to see." "No?" said he. "Pray, why not?" "Because it is so cruel, and so needless." "*Que mueran!*" he replied spurring his beast, "*sirven para eso. No valen nada!*" (Let them die! That's what they're fit for! They're worth nothing.) And so the populace think commonly. I was informed, by persons cognizant, that the *picadores*, to gratify the vulgar taste and make the feast pass off with spirit, will not only sacrifice their horses when they could with ease escape, but often will receive bribes from the breeders of the bulls, to let them slay the horses, in order that the breed may grow renowned for fierceness and be proportionally in demand.

Yet, barbarous as is the sport, one should be candid, and not suppose it grateful to the Spanish taste alone. Never a foreigner omits a chance to be among the first, and linger with the last of the spectators; and that, not merely once for curiosity, but often and again and for the pleasure of the thing.

I own that I enjoyed the fight, the second day, more than the first, although I could but shudder constantly; and I defy a man, who knows the language and can take part fully in the spirit and excitement of the crowd, to keep his feelings from being swayed by all the various fortunes of the ring. Strength, courage, skill, and recklessness of danger, have something in them which commands our sympathy, let good sense and our better nature oppose what obstacles they may. There is, in the strange compound, man, some sad congeniality, I fear, with qualities we call ferocious in the brutes; and keen philosophy might trace to the same corner of our hearts, the blood which burns at mention of a battle-field, and that which warms in gazing on a bull-fight. The sports that charm the multitude, all the world over, are not the gentlest, commonly; and while public executions, bear-baiting and bull-baiting continue to be popular amusements; while horse-racing and fox-chasing, the cock-pit and the pugilistic ring, are christened "manly," "generous," etc., the good folks who denounce the "cruel" Spaniards, might profitably call to mind their own glass-houses. I saw an Englishwoman at the fights at Ronda—a person both refined and gentle. She went, the first day, quite reluctantly, and well persuaded she should faint at the first horror. She frequently turned pale, of course, but managed to get through, by putting up her fan, from time to time, and hiding the worst sights. Next day, to my surprise, I found her at her post, and toward the close, when they let loose a craven bull which would not face the steel, she cried, like any *Andaluza*, "What a coward! They should set the dogs on him!" It was not, reader, the good lady's fault, that she grew used to it. It was but human

nature, which even Anglo-Saxons are mistaken in supposing that they are above.

Something is said, by almost every body, in regard to the supposed effect which this so bloody sport has had upon the temper and the morals of the Spaniards. They, who have at hand the admirable chapter in which Ford discusses the whole subject, will form, I think, a juster and more charitable judgment than has been the fashion heretofore. As an abstract proposition, it is true, no doubt, that cruelty makes cruel: that callousness comes from the familiar sight of suffering, and much more from inflicting it. But, all through life, we are perpetually seeing how practically possible are theoretical impossibilities, and how our abstract truths and wisest generalities turn out to be mere fallacies in fact. The gullet of a trout, we may suppose, is quite as sensitive, after its fashion, as any horse's flank, and probably the speckled innocent feels just as grievously, in his cold-blooded way, the pulling of his entrails out of his mouth, with hook and barb, as can the horse the goring bull's-horn, or the bull himself the torment of the *banderilla*. Cruelty is not greater or less in proportion to the size of the animal tortured, or our philosophical reflections as to the degree of his sensibility, and therefore the angler who mangles a box-full of worms, for his bait, during a day's sport, is, clearly, in the abstract, the cruelest of men. Yet who reproaches, justly, with blood-thirstiness, the quiet students, the grave doctors of divinity, who take their holiday among the running streams, and read and glorify quaint Izaak Walton? Who sees a murderer in the little boy, who ties a beetle by the leg, impales a grass-hopper, or sets his terrier on the rats? No reasonable Christian, certainly—yet, in the

abstract, these amusements contain the essential principle of bull-fights. The fair conclusion, then, would seem to be, that cruelty to trout makes man trout-cruel only; that cruelty to bulls and horses, breeds but a callousness to all that happens in the ring. Not a step farther can the logic go; and I believe the Spanish character illustrates, fairly, the truth of the deduction. The Spanish women, who attend these spectacles, are as gentle, kind, and feminine, as any others of their sex. The men, as far as my brief sojourn and its intimacies showed me, are as full of amiable qualities as men are any where. "Certainly," says Widdrington, "if taken in the mass, no people are more humane than the Spaniards, or more compassionate and kind in their feelings to others. They probably excel other nations, rather than fall below them in this respect." Ford, speaking of the bull-fights and of their consequences to the children who frequent them in their holidays, observes, that "they return to their homes unchanged, playful, timid, or serious as before; their kindly social feelings are unimpaired. And where is the filial, parental, and fraternal tie more affectionately cherished than in Spain?"

It is but fair, further, to add, that a large body of the Spaniards feel and show the same antipathy to bull-fights which is felt in other countries; and that, except in the arena of Madrid, the *fiestas* are quite rare, and principally on occasions of great note.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Journey to Malaga—Carratraca—The Sulphur Springs—The Flowers and Grain—Valencian Reapers—Reflections on Andalusian Agriculture—Its Defects and their Historical Causes—Rural Labor as a Source of Patriotism and Prosperity—Journey to Granada—Loja—Arrival at Granada—Feast of Corpus Christi—The Swiss Pastry-cook—Illness—The Barber-surgeon and the Doctor—Medicine and Dietetics—My Lodging—The Noises of Granada—Rita and the Russian Count—Kindness of the People—The Professor and *La Presse*.

WE started for Malaga, from Ronda, on the morning of May 23d. Our horses were a sad display indeed, when taken in the abstract, but we found ourselves mounted and accoutred so much better than a party of Biscayan gentlemen who joined us, that we went upon our way rejoicing. We had saddles and appurtenances complete, such as they were: they had, one of them, no bit, another, but one stirrup. Our horses stumbled, it is true; theirs fell most unequivocally, with their noses to the ground. All things being comparative in this world, we accordingly merged our annoyances in an agreeable sense of superiority. My companion from Seville was with us, rejoiced at having been delivered without bail or mainprise, from the clutches of an old confectioner, his landlord, who, though he spoke no English, had made a bill out such as I had thought was only to be seen in London.

Having been sent for, several times during our stay at Ronda, to inform the landlord what the Señor wished for dinner, I feel justified in saying, for the benefit of travellers, that a man can hardly get along through Spain, with comfort, unless he has acquired the words which correspond, in Spanish, with Sir Francis Head's "*changer et manger.*" At all events, my friend's experience enables me to say, with certainty, that foreigners should try at least to learn the use and study the pronunciation of the word "no!" It is a useful word in every language, as perhaps the most of us have found.

Our journey led us through a desolate and mountainous district. A few evergreen-oaks, thin and stunted, and a little sparse, bad grain were the only extravagances of vegetation. Goats and goat-herds were the only tenants of the wild mountain-sides; a few huts, here and there, solitary, poor, and dirty, were all the signs of human habitation. At about half-past one, we found ourselves at the end of eight long leagues, and happily, in a clean and decent inn at Carratraca, which is quite a famous watering place. It has a copious white-sulphur spring, which from its odor, taste, and very heavy deposit, seems to be more strongly impregnated than even the Greenbriar white-sulphur waters in Virginia. It springs up at the foot of a wild, stony hill, and fills two basins, some fifteen feet by twenty, each, to the depth of five or six feet. The citizens of Malaga frequent the waters in the summer season, and the place has all advantages for health and pleasure. It lies upon a hill-side, with a fertile valley all around, which stretches over to a range of stern, gray hills. The Alameda winds along the brow of a deep, cultivated gorge, covered with fig and almond trees and vineyards.

On the next day, early, we took up our line of march. There is a road, "practicable" for wheel-carriages up to the Springs themselves, but the practicability is of a very peculiar sort, except down toward Malaga, where there is a capital turnpike. The first half of our journey was extremely picturesque and pleasant, for our road ran, nearly all the way, along the banks of the Malaga River, through groves of gorgeous and fragrant oleanders. The hill-sides and the valleys, were bright with varied colors; green with vine and fig trees, oranges and olives; yellow, here and there, with the ripe barley; rich and waving with tall wheat, and scarlet with the bloom of the pomegranate. Every variety of superb flowers was clustered by the road side and in the moist nooks far among the trees, making one sigh over his neglected botany, and genera and species familiar no more.

Near Malaga, we met large companies of Valencians, in white frocks and hempen stockings, looking for employment in the harvest. They had their reaping hooks in hand, and went on, singing and laughing, as men always do at harvest-home. These migrations of the peasantry, in search of labor, are characteristic of the agricultural system in some parts of the Peninsula. In Andalusia, for example, instead of the small farms, neat cottages, and careful cultivation, which so bountiful a soil and climate would seem both to suggest and justify, the lands are spread out in vast tracts, without inclosure, belonging to remote and rich proprietors or held appurtenant, as common, to the villages. Rarely does any man, owner or laborer, live upon the soil he tills. Early in the morning, they sally from the hamlets, with beasts and implements of husbandry, and when the night approaches,

you see them in long lines, returning. You may travel, therefore, for whole leagues, without a glimpse of human habitation, and sometimes without a sign of any thing that looks like rural industry, unless, perchance, a shepherd or a goat-herd convey you the idea. This, I learn, is not the case in Biscay or Navarre, nor much indeed in any portion of the north. Those provinces have different institutions, social and political. Their system grew and strengthened, while the southern and the central plains were made the battle-fields of Christendom. Hence their soil is subdivided, and their peasantry live from it and upon it. "Down to the conquest of Toledo," says Jovellanos, "there was scarcely any trace of agriculture, except in the northern provinces. The dwellers on the plains of Castile and Leon, exposed to constant forays from the Moors, and driven to their castles or their strongholds, found pasturage a means of wealth more movable than any other, and less at hazard from the risks of war!" Down to the conquest of Granada, the operation of these causes did not cease, in any portion of the south, and now the state of things I mention, will bear witness, how long

"The evil that men do, lives after them."

Regarding the thing merely in its bearing on production and the country's wealth, it deserves most serious and careful thought and remedy. All experience has taught, that agriculture can not prosper, where the laborer is severed, in interest and feeling, from the soil. The contrast between Andalusia and Biscay settles that view of the question. But, looking at it, in a higher point of view, with reference to its effect upon the peasant and his character, the evil seems still worthier the

care and cure of statesmen. Such a system knits no tie between the laborer and the land. His home is but a lodging-house; he sees it only when he goes to rest in it, and leaves it when he is refreshed. Whether he delves at one place or another, is the same to him. The thoughts and feelings which belong, elsewhere, to those who cultivate the earth, have no foundation upon which to build with him. He is an "operative" merely, not a rustic, in the sense which the word has, where men grow up and rear their children, with a sweet, and simple, and deep-rooted love for the green spot associated with their toil and its reward. Such laborers form no rural population. They wander where the harvest is: they gather another man's grain, and, like their sickles, are another man's tools. As Sismondi beautifully expresses the idea, they are "*sans avenir et sans passé*"—without pride in the past or hope for the future, in their personal connection with their country. A soil on which there is the smile of nature, and than which none other is more fair for men to love and dwell upon, is made a desert or a grazing-ground. The road is dangerous and the field itself not safe; for where there are both poverty and solitude, there is but little force or terror in the law. That men are patriots, as the Spaniards are, in spite of this, gives no small token of the public virtue. What a blessing, if they would but estimate the value of the pledge which agriculture gives to peace and permanence of institutions! What a barrier to civil broil might they not build, by planting men's affections in the soil, and throwing round them the attraction of steady, home-spent, well-requited labor! During the reign of Charles III., the wisest Spanish statesmen thought and wrote profoundly and earnestly upon

the subject. Had they been heard and their suggestions followed, these reflections had been without cause. Again, the subject is in serious agitation, and it may be hoped that there will be some practical results. One can not but despond, however, on remembering the wasted wisdom of Jovellanos and Florida-Blanca.

After three days with my kind friends at Malaga, I took the diligence, at midnight, for Granada. The road around by Velez Malaga and Alhama is said to be by far the most interesting and picturesque, but my experience on horseback had been quite sufficient, and I preferred the drive across the mountains and through Loja. I did not make much of a bargain, however, as it was quite dusk the next day, when we reached our destination, after the hottest and most dusty journey that ever tried a man's endurance. Granada was very full of people, for the feast of Corpus Christi was at hand, which is there celebrated with unusual magnificence. It is like an annual fair to the shopkeepers, who prepare their choicest commodities, in great abundance, for the occasion. Having nothing to sell, I found the crowd rather an inconvenience than otherwise. A fellow-countryman, whom I had met in the diligence, joined his sorrows with mine, and we traversed the streets from lodging-house to lodging-house, until near ten o'clock. Finally, we succeeded in stumbling on the *Pasteleria Suiza*, the Swiss pastry-cook's shop, in the *Calle del Milagro*, where, after forming our plans for the morrow, we committed our bones to the most geological mattresses that ever cheated a wayfarer of his rest.

Next morning, I awoke with a raging fever, and in great pain—no very pleasant introduction, it will be admitted, to

the glories of the Moors. My own small stock of medical skill having been exhausted on the first day, without any perceptible effect but an increase of my sufferings and symptoms, I determined, on the second, to take advice. A converted or perverted Jew, who called himself Manuel Bensaquin, had taken possession of us, on the night of our arrival, to act as guide to the wonders, and in the absence of a better, I had employed him to attend by my bedside. Isaac was a shrewd, well-informed fellow, whose chief fault was his attention to the main chance. When I suggested the necessity of a physician, he informed me that he had a son, a student in the medical college of Granada, whom he would be happy I should see. Having still strength enough left for self-defense, in case of need, I consented, and shortly afterward a young gentleman made his appearance, in *calañes* and cloak. He took off the one, and freed his right shoulder from the other, disclosing his shirt-sleeves as he entered. Then, walking toward me with a sombre look and melancholy salutation, he took my pulse and straightway fell into deep thought. After a moment's meditation, he turned to his father, and observed, with great solemnity, "*Es mi opinion que se sangre el Señor!*"—(It is my opinion that the gentleman must be bled.) I retook possession of my arm immediately, and answered, "*Es mi opinion que no.*"—(It's my opinion that he shan't be.) Whereupon he shrugged his shoulders, gathered up his cloak, made his obeisance, and departed as he came. I found out afterward that he was apprentice to a barber, and did blood-letting at a hospital, wherefore he felt bound, no doubt, to make prescription of the only thing that he could do for me.

Things getting worse, I had recourse to one of the professors in the University—a gentleman of kind and courteous manners, who had gone through his studies in Paris. He thought my case a critical one, as he told me afterward, but seemed to think it was to be cured by cream of tartar. The English, he said, were too fond of powerful medicines, and in that climate men could die fast enough without calomel. All this was very true, no doubt, but I went on getting worse, whereupon he pronounced that there was but one remedy—he must order a *tisana laxante!* He wrote a prescription, with the air of a man who was signing a death-warrant, and sent forth Manuel for the critical compound. Shortly it appeared, in the shape of a tumbler-full of black and awful-looking liquid —enough to shake the courage of the bravest, in a strange land and among strange doctors. If I had been Socrates, I should have vowed all imaginable poultry to Esculapius, before I drained it. As it was, I only shuddered at discovering that the *ultima ratio medicorum* at Granada, was a horrible decoction of bad senna! When it came to carminatives, I found that there was nothing in the shops more vigorous than *flor de malvas*, or flower of mallows, which the professor insisted on my taking, in an infusion about as vigorous as the tea of a nervous spinster. It must have been of great service to me, I suppose; at all events, it was a classical article, for when the brave Moor Muza, so famous in romance, was driven from Granada, he wrote a letter by the margin of the Xenil, and used *flor de malvas*, with water, for his ink:—

"Hizo, de una caña verde,
Con el alfange, una pluma,
Y con agua y flor de malva
Tinta para hacer la suma."

I mention these things, in order that the reader may make up his own mind, as to whether he will be sick at Granada, if he can help it.

As soon as I had taken the *tisana*, the doctor seemed to think he had made a rather hazardous experiment. I must take some soup, he said—something *sustancioso!* I must have some ham boiled in it—a piece of the *jamon dulce*, the sweet ham from the Alpujarras, which was *muy rico*, very rich, and very healthful. If I could eat a little chicken, it would help me, also; for I must remember I was not in England, and if I starved myself in that warm climate, of course he could not answer for the consequences. All this being repugnant to my notions of fevers, and some little in conflict with my personal experience, I took the liberty of translating *jamon* into "gammon," and got well on my own responsibility. It was not, however, until after nine sad days, that, with the aid of Manuel's cane and arm, I was able to creep round the neighboring square of Vivarrambla, so famous in the ballads and old story.

The reader will imagine that it was not perfect bliss to find myself a prisoner and ill, under the very shadow of the monuments that I had come so far to see. I must admit, in truth, that near as I then was to the Alhambra, it would have pleased me better, for the time, had I been nearer home. Nor was there anything in the appliances about me, to reconcile me to my fate. My chamber was upon the second floor, and must have been the tympanum on which struck all the concentrated millions of Granadian noises. Across the street, which was some ten or twelve feet wide, there dwelt a famous songstress, a new accession to the opera, who beat on her piano in the

most heart-rending manner, and cried aloud and spared not, all day long. A few paces back, the street led into the *Puerta Real*, a public square or *Plaza*, where all the water-carriers, and venders of wood, charcoal, fruit, and vegetables, held rendezvous and tried their voices. Under my open windows, all the dogs and cats and children of the town kept revel; for the *pastelero* was a man of note, and blessed was the odor of his kitchen! Within the house, I was but little better off. The hotel-entrance was kept fastened at all times, as is the way in Spain. Every five minutes, from the early dawn till after midnight, there was ringing at the bell. The little house-dog instantly responded from his chamber, close by mine, and Doña Rita, the Maritornes of the pastry-shop (a little, rugged woman, with a black mustache), would mount the platform in the second story, pull fiercely at the latch-string, and cry *Quien?* (Who?) in accents like the filing of a saw. The door-bell was the only one in the establishment, and therefore, day and night, there was a sound of many voices, from the garret to the kitchen. I knew what orders guest and landlord gave; who wanted breakfast, and who wanted boots; and finally, I grew to know the voices that belonged to different chambers, though I had never seen their owners.

My apartment, of itself, was not the beau-ideal of a bedroom. The floor was of brick tiles, which Rita watered every day, at noon. It was "*muy fresco y saludable*," she observed (very fresh and healthful), though rather puddly, to my notion. I ventured a remonstrance to her, once, insinuating that my cot appeared too short. "*No puede ser*," she said, "that can not be. A Russian gentleman (he was a count)

slept in it once, and he was taller than my worship, she well knew, because they had to put him something at the head of the bed to make it longer! He was a *personaje* too; and burned a couple of wax candles every night; a wealthy gentleman; easy to please, besides!" Of course, I ordered wax candles the next day, and got on better afterward, although I durst not ask whether the Russian *personaje* praised my mattress. In Spain, the mattresses are usually of wool, and very cool and pleasant when they are well cared for. It seemed to me, however, from the structure and the properties of those the *pastelero* had, that in Granada, they must drive the sheep in, horns, and bones, and all. This is a supposition merely, be it understood, not to be quoted from this place, hereafter, in any history or school-book, as a specimen of "the manners and customs of the inhabitants." It behoves a man to be particular, about such matters, for since Prescott has been amiable enough to refer to Swinburne, even upon a matter of architectural measurement, there is no knowing to what extent the simplest traveller's flies may be embalmed in the most precious historical amber.

These glimpses of my personal and private story, some may think more fitting for my journal than a book. Yet, after all, the world consists of people rather than of palaces and gardens, and were I merely to tell of the Alhambra and the Sierra Nevada, I had better copy from some precious Arab chronicle. Nor should I do half justice to the kind, good-natured people, were I to persuade the reader, that there was nothing round about me but personal discomfort. A letter, which, elsewhere, would have procured me a dinner or a card, brought me frequent visitors and kind

companionship. Acquaintances, who, in most other countries, would have settled their account with bows, came often, with good words and services. The physician, whose *jamon* I slighted, was, in his bearing and attention, all I could have asked from an old friend. He gave me comforts from his house, and went out of his way to serve me. Even the domestics in the tavern, and Rita, when propitiated by a bright red handkerchief, were as patient and well-meaning as a sick man's fretfulness could ask.

The doctor found himself in quite a troublesome predicament one day, because of his civility to me. He was the only person in Granada who subscribed to the Paris *Presse*, and he used to bring the numbers to me after every mail. When I was able to stroll out, I went, one morning, to the Alameda, by the Xenil, and, as the news from home, just at that time, was full of interest, I read the *Presse* while I was resting. Some one came to talk with me, and when I left the spot, I casually left the papers too. A gypsy found them, and offered them for sale, by accident, to one of the doctor's friends, informing him that he had found them on the margin of the river. The gentleman became the purchaser, and took them to the doctor's, where he found the family quite anxious; the master of the house being absent, though the dinner-hour had passed. Of course the gypsy's story filled the circle with alarm, and till the doctor, whose engagements had kept him at the University all day, made his appearance in the evening, his wife and friends were terribly afraid that he was sleeping at the bottom of the Xenil.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

The Xenil and the Darro—The Alameda—The Alhambra Gardens—The Cuarto Real—Monastic Taste—Gonsalvo de Cordova and the Cartuja—Precious Marbles—Mariana de Pineda—San Jeronimo and the Tomb of the Great Captain.

A LIVELY *Malagueña*, who preferred the present to the past (as lively ladies generally do), predicted to me that the walks and gardens of Granada would delight me more than all the relics of the Moors. The prophecy, I found, was not, by any means, as wild as I had thought it. The Xenil and the Darro, those rivers of romance, unite their waters where the hill, on which the city stands, slopes off into the plain. The Darro, bursting from the mountain-side, cleaves the very heart of the city; sometimes passing through an open channel, sometimes hidden by long vaults or tunnels. It was a trifling stream when I was there, though at some seasons, I was told, it swells and maddens fearfully. Down toward its mouth, it passes through a handsome avenue called the *Carrera*, on which you see some of the finest modern buildings. Meeting the Xenil at right angles, it then passes off to cheer and fertilize the *Vega*. Following upward the more copious Xenil, you find yourself upon the Alameda, one of the most exquisite promenades in Europe. It is wide and ample for pedestrians and carriages, and passes through the richest

vegetation, kept ever verdant by the ceaseless flow of almost icy waters. Trees, tall and luxuriant, bend across the paths, so that the sun scarce more than enters: flowers, in boundless profusion and variety, fill every space between the walks, and dally all along the banks. Bridges, at convenient intervals, stretch across the river, which, half-hidden by the foliage, accompanies the music of the nightingales with droning murmur. Every body rides, or drives, or walks, of afternoons, and the *Salon*, the centre of the Alameda, is the cynosure of elegance and fashion. The fountains then begin to sparkle with all their jewelry of spray, and far and near, among the trees, long lines of carriages go winding, and gallant horsemen spur in bright costumes. The benches, in among the flowers and laurels, are filled with graceful women scorning bonnets, and with men whose taste still clings to ancient habits, despite the ravages of French-taught tailors. The sunset, which is rosy far above you on the brow of Mulahacen, seems to stir the breezes that have slept all day among the snows, and there comes down a dewy freshness upon all things, waking your recollection of the Moorish fancy which hung the groves of Paradise in the mid-sky above Granada.

Nor has the Xenil a monopoly of shade and fragrance. Toil up the narrow street of the Gomeles, till you reach the Gate of the Pomegranates, where begins the jurisdiction of the Alhambra. The steep ascent will give you, it may be, some notion of an Andalusian sun. Enter the enchanted precincts, and so massive are the deep-green arches over you, that scarcely have the fountains light enough to dance in. Streams, melted from the mountain-snows, leap down the

hills in narrow channels, all the earth around them rendering tribute, gratefully, in perfume and in verdure. Summer may be raging in city and in plain, but here the Spring has been made captive, and the singing-birds are at their best to gladden his captivity. Here no crowds come for fashion or display. Love-couples roam, at twilight, in the alleys, or listen to the music, in green, sheltered bowers. The poor and proud, wrapped in their dark-brown cloaks, stroll solitary in the furthest walks. Meditative idlers come and go, with lazy step, and save the playful children chasing one another round the fountains, all you see are in a mood of sympathy with the sweet sadness of the spot. Perchance, through some dim opening in the trees, you catch a glimpse of the Alhambra towers, when, at the nightfall, their old dusky hue is blended with the shadows in the air! So beautiful, so quaint, so strange all is, that you would scarcely wonder, were a cavalcade of Moors to sally from beneath some lofty archway, or a veiled face unmask its beauties, at some window looking toward the evening star.

There is another charming spot, not always visited by travellers, called the *Cuarto Real* or royal chamber, which is said to have been a pavilion of the Moorish kings. Legends say there is a passage underground, from it to the Alhambra, but how or why it was, or where it is, the story does not tell us. At the foot of the great hill on which the Alhambra stands, we left the Alameda of the Xenil, and climbed some ill-paved, tortuous streets, until we found ourselves before the entrance to a *huerta*—a medley of orchard, garden, pleasure-ground, and vineyard—which formerly belonged to the holy brothers of St. Dominic. Within this *huerta*, and

again inclosed, we found the object of our search. While Manuel was looking for the keeper, I stopped to rest at a cottage in the grounds. The good man and his wife and bouncing daughter were sitting at the door, literally under the shadow of their own vine and fig-tree. An arbor, covered with the luxuriant foliage of the vine, sheltered the whole front of the house, and the old woman, bringing a chair out, placed it in the coolest spot for me. The daughter was engaged in the rather curious process of shelling the *habas* for their dinner. She broke them open, like the pea-pods in our kitchens, and then bit off a hard, black part—the germ, I suppose—which was at the extremity of every bean. The old man was extremely curious to know of my country, and marvelled greatly when I told him that the summer was as hot as in Granada, and the winter even colder than theirs. He said *Ave Maria!* and looked over at his wife incredulously, as I mentioned every wonder. I saw he had great doubts of me, though too polite to say so. "Far countries make long lies," their proverb says, and they believe their proverbs.

When Manuel returned, he led me through the avenues of arbored vines, flanked on all sides by irrigated beds of fruit and vegetables, to the door of the inner *huerta*. We entered, and found a succession of beautiful and well-shaded walks, one of which terminated in a superb arbor, some sixty feet in length and full thirty feet high, over which the thick foliage of the walls and the closely interwoven over-arching boughs made a complete and exquisite canopy. At one end was a fountain: there were seats along the sides, and at the other end was the precious pavilion I had gone to see. The doors

of cedar have been painted blue, until the quaint rich figures on them can scarcely be seen, and the fine arabesques upon the walls and arches have had the delicate outlines of their tracery in a great degree whitewashed away. The *Cuarto Real* is a single large apartment, with a vaulted roof of carved and inlaid wood and an alcove to the right and left. In front, there is a pleasant little recess, a *mirador* or observatory, from which there is a charming and extensive view of the Sierra Nevada and the *Vega*. Some of the porcelain tiles, beneath the entering arch, are white, with figures delicately gilded, and the patterns of the rest are of the most intricate and beautiful mosaic. Who can wonder that both Moor and monk, driven from such retreats, should cherish the belief and feed the hope of one day coming back to them? In bowers such as this, impenetrable by the sun; a fairy chamber, through whose arches the sweet winds must always play; a view before them, gladdening to the heart and eye; they must have felt—both Moslem and Dominican—that there was something even in the nothingness of earth!

It has been remarked, and with a great deal of truth, that the sites selected by the monastic orders, all the world over, are generally monuments of the finest taste for natural sublimity and beauty. What a noble view it is, from the terrace of the once magnificent *Cartuja* of Granada! Passing through the famous "*Puerta de Elvira*," you reach it, after a long and sunny walk. It was a superb edifice, judging from the relics, but upon the suppression of the monastic institutions it fell into private hands, and a great portion of the building has since been taken down for the value of the materials. The extensive cloisters are now filthy and desolate, inhabited only

by the household of a poor priest, who has charge of the gorgeous chapel. The cemetery, where the brethren have been sleeping for three centuries, was, when I saw it, a rank, waving grain field. All in front, upon the sloping hill-sides, stretching down into the *Vega*, lie the broad and fertile lands which once were the Carthusian domain; a tract which can not be surpassed for beauty of location, excellence of culture, or bountiful returns. The view is bounded by the white-topped mountains, which have looked, so changelessly, on all the human changes at their feet.

About three centuries ago, Gonsalvo de Cordova, the Great Captain, was desirous to found a monastery for his burial-place, and made arrangements for the purpose with the order of St. Bruno. He chose a site upon a hill not far from that on which the present buildings stand. His object was to render thanks for his delivery, upon that spot, from a great peril, in a conflict with the Moors. The work was going on, when, one bright morning, the poor brethren were found all murdered. Their successors were unwilling to run like risk from the Moriscos, who were charged with having done the deed. Gonsalvo would not compromise; he ceased to be the patron; and the monks selected the present fine site themselves. At least so says the "*Viajero en Granada.*"

The church of the *Cartuja* is of plain exterior, made of brown stone. Over the portal is a creditable statue of St. Bruno, in white marble. The first apartment that you enter is the choir, where the lay brethren used to sit. The doors which open thence upon the body of the church, are of ivory, tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl, inlaid with silver and with plates of glass above. In the main chapel, there is little to

admire. Behind the altar, doors like those just mentioned admit you into a *sanctum sanctorum*, which contains a beautiful *custodia* (or temple) of the richest marbles, filled with exquisite mosaics. Nearly the whole walls of this sanctuary are encrusted with similar marbles, all from the mountains of Granada, and the floors are of black and white marble inlaid. You think that certainly the show is quite as gorgeous as it can be, but they take you, next, into the sacristy, where you find all you can conceive of splendor, in jasper, agate, and stones whose names I did not know. The brown jasper has a richness and variety of penciling I never saw on marble, and taking all together, there are few things of the same size and sort, in Italy, more splendid or remarkable. On each side of the precious doors, and all around the sacristy, divided by the choicest slabs and columns, are the *armoires* of cedar, in which the vestments once were kept. Their whole exterior is of the costliest *buhl*. A single press, out of the twelve or twenty that you see, would make a virtuoso's happiness and fortune. Nothing can give you a better idea, than a glance at this sacristy, of the prodigal wealth of the extinguished order. When the edict for its dissolution came, the numbers of the brethren were very few, I learned, and they were, mostly, old men. Perhaps by this time, they have gone to answer, where charities, well done and faithfully, will bar the statutes of mortmain.

From the *Cartuja*, we passed through, on our return, the pretty walks and gardens of the *Triunfo*, where there is a votive column to the blessed Virgin. Hard by, was formerly the place of public executions, now consecrated by the fate and memory of Mariana de Pineda, a lady of intelligence

and beauty, who expiated, on the spot, in 1831, the crime of having embroidered "*Libertad*" on a tri-colored banner! Though tempted by promises of life and pardon, she persisted in refusing to betray her friends, and added, by her death, one darker shade to the unmitigated infamy of Ferdinand VII. When, in due course, the despot went to his reward, it was determined that no other blood should desecrate the scene of the fair martyr's suffering. A marble column was erected on the spot, and her name and story will live forever as a household word and legend, while the same people and their children shall dwell on the same hills.

My guide next led me to the former Convent of San Jerónimo, within the church of which is the tomb of Gonsalvo of Córdova. There was a regiment of cavalry quartered in the cloisters, or close by, and their bugles sounded as we stood before the portal. It was a fitting introduction to the resting-place of the great warrior. After we had knocked for some time at the door, it was opened to us by a poor and melancholy looking old ecclesiastic, who was wrapped in a brown cloak. It was the Padre Sevilla, I was told, once a great preacher of the Capuchins, now dwindled into the humble guardian of a deserted chapel. Walking up the solitary nave, we saw an altar, on the right and left, and over each were blazoned the arms of the great captain. The shields which bore them were supported by effigies of men-at-arms, whose helmets were so like the basins at the barbers' doors, that they might well have matched Mambrino's. On the left of the high altar, was a kneeling figure of Gonsalvo: his duchess knelt upon the right. High on the wall, there was a painting of the Pope, blessing the great captain's sword—"*uti defensori*

ecclesiæ," as the inscription said. Gonsalvo was depicted, kneeling, in full armor except as to his head. A page, behind, stood ready with his casque, which was adorned with nodding plumes. While I was looking at this proud memorial of the great man's honors, my guide turned up the matting, and showed me, level with the pavement, a plain slab, which seemed the entrance to a vault. It bore the beautiful and simple epitaph, which Mr. Prescott gives, with a slight error—

"GONZALI FERNANDEZ
DE CORDOVA,
QUI, PROPRIA VIRTUTE,
MAGNI DUCIS NOMEN
PROPRIUM SIBI FECIT,
OSSA,
PERPETUÆ TANDEM
LUCI RESTITUENDA,
HUIC, INTEREA, LOCULO,[1]
CREDITA SUNT.
GLORIA MINIME CONSEPULTA."

The tasteful reader will tax his memory in vain for a more classic model. When I had copied it, down went the mat again, and the hero was once more beneath men's feet unnoticed. Perhaps I should say, with more correctness, that there the hero would have been, had not his ashes been removed by stealth, some years ago! Historians dilate upon the splendor of his obsequies; the banners, and triumphal trophies which were hung above the lofty mausoleum, sculptured in his honor by Berruguete and Becerra. They are

[1] Not *tumulo.*

all gone now. The marble has scarce outlived the silken pennon. The French have visited the spot, and, of course, avenged themselves for the inscription on the outside of the church, which calls Gonsalvo, "*Gallorum et Turcorum terror.*" It was the more unpalatable, for that it was true. The Granadians, besides, have been there themselves, so that, between friends and enemies, the Great Captain and his bones have shared the fate, in death, which Ferdinand's ingratitude foreshadowed in the flesh.

CHAPTER XXIX.

The Cathedral of Granada—The Royal Chapel—Pulgar and the Ave Maria—The Royal Tombs—Ferdinand and Isabella—Antique Bas-reliefs—The Sacristy—Ferdinand's Crown and Sceptre—Surrender of Granada—Irving and Prescott—The Historical Bas-relief—Visit to the Hermitage of San Sebastian—The Procession of Corpus Christi. The Lawsuit for Precedence—Spanish Soldiery—Society and Cultivation in Granada.

SOME people, and especially the town's-folk, believe that the Cathedral of Granada is among the finest in the world. Its ground dimensions are nearly identical with those of the Seville metropolitan, which it greatly exceeds in loftiness of dome. The outside is unfinished and discordant; but, from its magnitude and elevation, the interior has occasional effects not easily to be surpassed. The style is hybridous, and of a sort which, critics say, is altogether peculiar to Spain, being, as Capt. Widdrington defines it, "an attempt to apply the Grecian design and details, to edifices constructed in the Gothic form and proportions." It is a "transition style," in fact and chronologically; but though it certainly admits extraordinary displays of architectural ingenuity and boldness, it always struck me, as wanting both the Greek simplicity, and the deep, solemn, reverential Gothic awe. The Cathedral of Granada is reputed the most majestic specimen

of its capabilities, but I confess that my memories of Seville interfered sadly with my ability to give them any high appreciation. The whitewashed walls and columns, lofty as they were, seemed naked and paltry by comparison, and though there were some pictures and statues held to be of note, I did not find it in me to study or admire them as, perhaps, they deserved.

The Royal Chapel is Gothic and magnificent: a separate church in style, as it is, really, in fact and jurisdiction. You may enter it from the body of the Cathedral, or go round on the outside, by a dirty street, which leads you by the palace where Gil Blas was fool enough to question the archbishop's homilies. Between the Royal Chapel and the *Sagrario* (the parish-church), there is a damp, dark passage, which is called the Chapel of Pulgar. Here stood the mosque door, to which the champion, Herman Perez del Pulgar, affixed the Ave Maria with his dagger, during the hottest of the siege of Granada. Martinez de la Rosa has established the authenticity of the achievement, and the reader of the Spanish ballads is familiar with the story of Garcilaso de la Vega, who earned his title in single combat, on the *Vega*, with a Moor who trailed the Ave Maria at his horse's tail. In memory of Pulgar's boldness, the spot where he displayed it was granted to him for an altar and a burial-place, and here he and his children sleep, outside the splendid portal which opens to the prouder mausoleum of his king and queen.

Charles V. spoke truly, when he said the Royal Chapel was too small to match the dignity of Ferdinand and Isabella. It is an inspiring building, nevertheless, and their

greatness and renown fill it with majesty. An iron screen, magnificently wrought, divides the body of the chapel from the royal tombs. In front of the high altar, are two splendid monuments of alabaster. Upon one, lie Ferdinand and Isabella—on the other, their unhappy daughter, Juana the Foolish, with her handsome husband, Philip of Burgundy. The hands of Ferdinand are crossed upon his bosom, touching the hilt of his sword, the point of which rests between his feet. He is in armor, but his limbs are partly covered by the embroidered mantle, which leaves his chest exposed. His face and head are fine: the brow full and intellectual. He wears about his neck some splendid insignia of knighthood. The sculptor has done full justice to the statue of Isabella. Her face is full of thought, benignity, and beauty —placid as with the expression of a happy death. She wears the cross of Santiago on her bosom, and her folded hands rest on the rich mantle, whose drapery envelopes her figure. At the feet of each there is a couchant lion, and on the end of the monument, below, there is a mutilated medallion, representing a Christian cavalier charging down the Moors. The epitaph has been often quoted and criticised for its intolerance, by those who persist in forgetting that the sixteenth century was not the nineteenth.

Philip and Juana lie with faces most conjugally averted from each other; she with a sceptre, he with a sword that rests upon his shoulder. Both of the tombs are superbly sculptured, in the finest spirit of the Italian chisel, and covered with reliefs and statuettes. That of Philip and Juana is the loftier, and makes more show of majesty. While I was looking at them, the sacristan removed a carpet in front

of the altar, and disclosed an iron grate. This he opened, and we descended to a vault, well lighted, painted, and paved with tiles. In the centre, on a platform, in huge leaden coffins hooped with iron, lay the relics of Ferdinand and Isabella, each coffin with its cipher. On a raised ledge to the right, were the coffins of Juana and one of her children who died young. On the left lay Philip, by himself. "*Expende! quot libras?*"

Returning to the upper air, I looked at the effigies of Ferdinand and Isabella, armed and kneeling—he on the left, she on the right of the high altar. Over each of them, a small and dim old pennon is fastened to the wall. Behind the figure of the king, is a bas-relief of the surrender of Granada, which I shall have occasion to advert to presently. Close by the queen there is another, which represents the baptism of the Moors who were converted. It is a grim piece of hydropathy, to be sure, for the sculptor seems to have considered it a joke, if one may judge from the wry faces which the catechumens are making, and their efforts to escape the healing waters, which the friars are pouring on them, or sprinkling by wholesale, here and there, with their *asperges*.

In the sacristy they showed me the sword of Ferdinand. The blade had been broken and ground down: how sad and true an emblem of his empire's progress! His crown and sceptre, of heavy silver-gilt, were of coarse workmanship. The sacristan invested me with both, and told me they became me. A *peseta* will buy flattery for republicans as well as kings! There were shown me, too, an old picture of the Adoration of the Shepherds, which belonged to the sovereigns, and a large, superbly illuminated missal, written and

painted, as the inscription says, by Francisco Flores, in 1496. This is called by Ford, the "Queen's own missal." The legend on the blank leaf tells us merely that it belonged to and was used in the oratory of the sovereigns, who gave it, with other precious things, to this their chapel—("*Del uso y propiedad del oratorio de los Sres. Reyes Catolicos, que con otras alajas de él mismo lo donaron á esta su real capilla.*") On the wall of the sacristy hung also a picture of but small artistic merit, which attracts much interest from its subject: the parting of Ferdinand and Boabdil. The Christian king is embracing his Moorish brother with great enthusiasm, such as a man might naturally feel for a troublesome foe, who was out of his way at last and had left a splendid city behind him as a keepsake.

The story of the surrender of Granada is told by different historians with singular discrepancy in its details. This may be seen, even in the narratives of Mr. Irving and Mr. Prescott, which bear marks of conflict in the statements of the native writers, from whose chronicles they have been taken. The general outline of the story is, however, that on the morning when Boabdil was to leave his city, the sovereigns dispatched a portion of their troops to take possession of the Alhambra, while they themselves remained below, upon the plain. Boabdil, leaving his vizier to make surrender of the fortress-palace, is said to have gone down the Hill of Martyrs, upon the outside of the city, and to have met the sovereigns, at the mosque, upon the margin of the Xenil, which is now called the Hermitage of St. Sebastian. He attempted to dismount, in sign of homage, but the sovereigns courteously preventing him, he delivered up the keys of the Alhambra (or the

city), with a melancholy word or two, and then proceeded on his gloomy way toward the Alpujarras.

Familiar with this usual version of the story, I was quite surprised to see it told so differently, by the old colored bas-relief beside the altar of the Royal Chapel. This curious piece of carving is attributed to Felipe Vigarny, a celebrated sculptor of Burgos, and must have been executed in the first quarter of the sixteenth century. It has, therefore, all the probabilities of authenticity upon its side, especially when we consider its conspicuous position in the mausoleum of the conquerors themselves, and the likelihood of its attracting contemporary criticism and reproach, had the sculptor ventured to vary from the facts so familiar to many who were then alive. The queen, upon a snow-white genet, is riding between Ferdinand and the great Cardinal Mendoza. The cardinal is seated on a comfortable, stately, churchman's mule, and wears his hat and gloves, while the sovereigns ride with their hands uncovered. Behind, there is a fierce following of knights and men-at-arms. Instead of waiting on the plain, they are ascending the Hill of the Alhambra, and have already reached the Gate of Justice, which is now the main entrance of the fortress, and has hardly changed a whit in the three centuries. The towers of the Alhambra fill the background; the *Torre de la Vela*, or great watch-tower, being conspicuous, with its lofty bell, as at the present day. There is a train in Moorish dress, that sallies from the Gate of Justice. Those behind, marching in ranks of two, are said to be the Christian captives, whom Ferdinand restored to home and faith. In front, a groom is holding the white charger of Boabdil, who has left his saddle and is offering the keys which Cardinal Mendoza stretches out his hand to take.

Curious to investigate the matter somewhat further, I went upon a search after the Hermitage of St. Sebastian, where, Mr. Irving says, in his Alhambra Sketch-Book, "a tablet on the wall relates, that on this spot Boabdil surrendered the keys of Granada to the Castilian sovereigns." Following the *Carrera* of the Darro, till it reached the Xenil, I crossed the latter river, and turning to the right, went down a shady walk upon its banks, known as the *Alameda de los tristes*—the Alameda of the sad. After some ten minutes walking, we arrived at the *Hermita*, which is just upon the margin of the stream, and probably a mile from the Alhambra gate. It is a single square chamber, whitewashed, with a spherical dome, and some simple mouldings whose mathematical combinations indicate the Moorish artist. The ornaments and images were very humble, and a solitary lamp was burning before the altar of the patron saint. A poor woman, who lodged in a portion of the building, came dripping from her washing-tub to let us in, and pointed us, as we left, to where we might drop a few *cuartos*, for the benefit of dead and living. What a comment! Who would make holy wars, and conquer Paynimrie, after that? There it was that the sovereigns had knelt, in the proud flush of victory; there the washerwoman held their places! Gonsalvo of Córdova under a mat: Hernando del Pulgar in a dark, noisome corner: Ferdinand and Isabella descended to the suds! "Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams!"

The tablet of which Mr. Irving speaks, is a marble slab, upon the outside of the mosque, but, strange to say, instead of telling us that "on this spot" Boabdil yielded up his keys, it follows, to the letter, the story which is told by the carv-

ings in the chapel. I quote it at full length, as it is old and curious, and give the original in the appendix.

"Muley Boaudeli, the last Moorish king of Granada, having given up the keys of this said city, on Friday, the second day of January, 1492, at three in the afternoon, *at the gate of the Alhambra*, to our Catholic monarchs Don Fernando V. of Aragon, and Doña Isabel of Castile, after 777 years that this city had suffered the Mahometan yoke, from the loss of Spain, which happened on Sunday, 11th of November, 714; the said Catholic king sallied out to take leave of the aforementioned Boaudeli, as far as this spot, formerly a mosque of the Moors and then erected into a Hermitage of St. Sebastian, where the glorious conqueror and his army gave thanks to God our Lord; the choir of the royal chapel sounding the *Te Deum*, and the standard of the Faith fluttering, the while, upon the *Torre de la Vela:* in memory whereof, at the aforesaid hour, the *plegaria* (or bell for prayer) is sounded from the Cathedral, and plenary indulgence is obtained by saying three Pater nosters, and three Ave Marias."[1]

If this tablet and the bas-relief have told the story right, the gateway of the *Torre de los siete Suelos*, which Mr. Irving deems the one through which the vanquished monarch passed, must lose its fame again, and Mateo's legend be henceforward held more full of pleasantness than history.

In Lockhart's version of the "Flight from Granada," he speaks, the reader will remember, of the hour,

"—when the sun was going down,"

as that at which

"One king goes in, in triumph—one, weeping, goes away."

[1] Appendix IV.

The original ballad is not in any of the *Romanceros* to which I have access, but unless the translator has taken a liberty for the sake of the verse, the poet seems to contradict the chroniclers, on whose authority we are told, in the "Conquest of Granada," that the surrender happened in the early morning.

But enough of chronicle and ballad for the present. When I reached Granada, the feast of Corpus Christi was at hand, as I have said. As we passed through the Square of Vivarrambla, on the night of our arrival, we saw the scaffolding erected, which was to bear the splendid decorations for the ceremonial in the open air. It happened, however, that on the very day when we were plodding our dusty way from Malaga, the *Granadinos* had been following the example of their Seville brethren, and had taken to themselves a trifling bread-revolution, for amusement. The demonstration being formidable, the authorities deemed it most prudent to dispense with the usual processions through the streets, and thus the good people from a distance, who had come to celebrate the feast, were forced to be devout at church or not at all. After a few days, the apprehension of further disturbances having ceased, it was announced, that on the last day of the octave of Corpus, there would be some show of a procession; not, of course, as grand as usual, but something to make the season pass after the accustomed fashion.

When I went out, between five and six of the appointed afternoon, the *Plaza de Vivarrambla* (then the *Plaza de la Constitucion!*) and the old narrow Moorish street, the Zacatin, which leads to it, had all their balconies hung with silks and damasks, muslins and calicoes, according to the means

of the proprietors. The procession was to pass that way, and all the world had put its best foot foremost. The Granadian fair were filling the balconies, and the *Plaza* was already crowded. I went to the Cathedral then, and found the doors all fastened open; great numbers of the people hurrying to and fro. The day was bright and fine, and the effect of the light through the stained windows of the apsis was exceedingly magnificent. The whole building, indeed, had a grander effect upon the occasion than I witnessed before or afterward. The aisles were thickly strewn with fragrant herbs. Innumerable lights were burning round the Host, and the organ and the choir were in full sound. Here and there, the standards and insignia which were to be used in the procession, were resting against the walls and columns, and hosts of ecclesiastics in their vestments and choir-boys in their surplices, were making their arrangements. The church was converted into a promenade. Men and women were not permitted to walk and talk within the walls together (as an occasional placard informed us)—a strange prohibition certainly, but

"The sun, no doubt, is the prevailing reason!"

Nevertheless, groups of the same sex were gathered or were walking here and there, chattering and laughing precisely as upon the Alameda. Now and then, little colonies of ladies, seated on the floor after the fashion and in the posture of the East, occupied the front of some chapel or other, and let the men pass in review: receiving, with no protection but their fans, the gaze which, in those latitudes, is a good, sound, investigating stare. My friends and I went round and round,

till we had seen, or rather looked for all the beauty. I can not say of the sweet *Granadinas*, what their sisters of Seville and Cadiz deserve so well. The city, on the whole, is stronger in romance than loveliness.

Having paid our tribute, thus, to holy church—according to the custom of the place at least—we used our eyes along the balconies, as seemed to be expected. Then, finding chairs at a shop-entrance, on the Zacatin, we waited till the functionaries came along. First, marched a squadron of well-appointed cavalry: then came a train of boys and men, bearing wax candles, lighted, and after them the religious associations of the different parishes, with badges, insignia, and banners. The clergy from the Cathedral followed, preceded by a band, not very large or musical. In the centre of their body was the Host, beneath a silver temple, not, however, the great *custodia* of the Cathedral. It stood upon a platform richly hung with velvets and borne upon the shoulders of men, who were concealed by the drapery. Next came the captain-general in rich uniform, glittering with crosses, sashes, and ribbons, and accompanied by the Alcalde and *Jefe politico*. Then followed a fine military band, heading a detachment of infantry, and another admirable body of light cavalry, superbly mounted, finished the procession. The clergy chanted as they marched, and the crowd uncovered and knelt, as the Host passed them: yet I am bound to say, that the whole demeanor of the procession and the crowd was the least reverent thing I saw in Spain. The vestments and paraphernalia were not very brilliant, for, as I have said, the ceremonial was only an apology for something better. Yet there was one feature

which was both appropriate and beautiful. Banners, crosses, all, were wreathed and garlanded with fresh bright flowers, and the platform of the Host was strewed with them, in exceeding richness and abundance.

Devotional as this procession was meant to be, it seems that, in the olden times, it had on one occasion a very strange consequence, in the shape of an angry and protracted lawsuit. Manuel showed me an old parchment-covered volume, of large dimensions, containing the history of the *pleyto*, which lasted for many years, and went the rounds of all the courts involving the important question of precedence between the archbishop and the civil corporation of Granada. The prelate claimed the immemorial right of having a large chair carried in the procession, and of seating himself, at every halt, while the illustrious *ayuntamiento* were standing. There was the further collateral point, as to whether the archbishop, if he sate at all, could legally and constitutionally sit with his back to the authorities! Upon these grave matters there was long, learned, and awful controversy, in which the Pope was appealed to, as the record shows, without any satisfactory result. The matter, if I remember aright, was finally compromised, by allowing the chair to be carried outside the procession, and by the archbishop's consenting to sit at a decorous angle—not as a matter of right, but of politeness!

Speaking of the appearance of the military, I may here observe, that the commentaries made by former travellers upon the equipments and appointments of the Spanish soldiery, were not by any means accordant with the state of things I found. The best troops I had seen elsewhere, had no advantage of appearance over some of those in Spain.

This had been the case, I learned, for some two or three years back, and the impulse to the improvement of the army was given, I was told, by General Narvaez. Their pay was regular—their uniforms were neat and well provided; their arms according to the last improvements, and their cavalry capitally mounted and equipped. In fine, the army was, as they say, *sobre un pié muy brillante*—(upon a very brilliant footing)—so that even the Alhambra, once garrisoned by gaunt and shabby invalids, was guarded then, by fresh, well got-up troops. The *militares* were in great demand, I heard, in the politer circles of the city, but from what I learned on all hands, the tone of society, intellectual and moral, was much below a creditable standard. Of intellectual pursuit, indeed, there was comparatively little, the Alameda, the opera, and the café, being the chief resorts of the *Señoría*, or gentlemanship of Granada. Industry scarcely existed to any valuable extent. The *Vega*, whose astonishing, prolific vegetation—wheat, barley, hemp, flax, and all sorts of grain and pulse—struck me with wonder, as I rode across it, seemed to give no impulse to its idle mistress, and, as I was informed, pride, poverty, and all the shifts to which they lead, made up the back-ground of domestic privacy throughout the thriftless town. My information on the subject was, I think, authentic and intelligent, yet as it was but hearsay (though from natives), it is fair to add, that the *Viajero en Granada* tells quite a different story. It takes great credit to the city for its cultivated and refined society, and enumerates, besides, a number of literary and scientific institutions, which it especially commends.

In front of my hotel, there dwelt a learned Theban, who taught the rudiments of grammar, or *primeras letras*, as he

phrased it. His sign announced him in a manner which, I fear, spoke ill for the discrimination of his enlightened and literary fellow-citizens. He was, it said, the inventor of a *silabario*, which shortened the teaching of reading, and besides being analytical and exact, had the recommendation of having been tried by its author!—("*Analítico, esacto, y esperimentado por su autor.*") I hope he meant that he had tried it upon other people, not upon himself.

CHAPTER XXX.

Mr. Irving and the Alhambra—Mateo Ximenez—The Gate and Square of Vivarrambla—Casa del Carbon—The Alhambra—The Towers of Justice and la Vela—Exterior and Interior of the Moorish Palace—Lodgings within the Alhambra Jurisdiction—The Generalife—Boabdil and his Portrait—Boabdil's Queen and the Abencerrage—View from the Silla del Moro—Ole Bull—Moorish Antiquities—their Condition and the Reasons—Parallel cases in England and Scotland—Shilling Exhibitions—John Knox and the Altar-piece of Queen Mary.

SINCE Irving wrote of the Alhambra, nothing has been left to tell. The traveller who wandered through the silent halls before, missing the beauty, wealth, and kingly following which once filled them with Eastern magnificence and pride, now feels that they are desolate no more. The genius and sweet fancy of our countryman have peopled court and chamber once again, and every garden, hall, and tower, has its legend or its pleasant memory. It is, as if some Arab artist, of great Yusuf's time, had visited the glimpses of the moon, and touched the faded tracery with all the magic of his olden pencil. Renowned Mateo, too, is there, to greet you with his treasures of garrulous romance: and you may listen, or may read his master's pages, till the visions of the twilight grow so thick around you, that you sigh, almost as deeply as the Moor, to leave them.

I had not the good luck to take Mateo for my guide, though such, of course, had been my wish. Bensaquin had forestalled him, as I have related, and my sickness had confirmed the chance. Mateo called to see me, notwithstanding while I was lying ill, and told me, that as he had heard I was a *caballero Americano*, and quite sick, he had come to place himself at my disposal. Ford says, that he is "a chattering blockhead," but from what I saw, I should take him for a kind and simple creature, full of good-will, good memory, and faith in his own legends. He probably is not familiar with the Phœnician derivations, to which Mr. Ford reduces all things Andalusian, and yet I think it more than likely that his stories are in better harmony with the sweet spirit of the place, than if they had been taken from the classics. Mr. Ford, seems, by-the-by, to have been quite in an ill humor with Mr. Irving's hero and heroines. The *Tia Antonia*, so well known to all readers of the "New Sketch-Book," was a "cross and crabbed" wench, he says, who went by another name: and in order to prove it, he shows that the person he speaks of was expelled from the Alhambra, in 1827, two years before Mr. Irving went there. The charming little Dolores, he adds, was "ill-favored and mercenary," but, as the person whom he took her for, was a contemporary of his imaginary *Tia*, there is every reason to suppose that he knew as much of the one as of the other. What manner of man must he be, who would take such pains to disenchant Dulcinea del Toboso, into plain Aldonza Lorenzo!

As I have said, the Pastry-cook's Hotel was but a few paces from the Gate of Vivarrambla. That ancient, storied structure, is now built into the dwellings alongside, so that

you pass through an humble archway immediately over the street, with a lofty horse-shoe arch walled up, above, and windows, roof, and chimneys, on the top of it. Roberts' drawing, in the Landscape Annual for 1835, is a fac-simile of its present grotesque appearance. From this point, up to the Alhambra, you pursue the route Boabdil followed when they told him that Alhama had been taken.

"From Elvira's gates to those
Of Vivarrambla, on he goes,
. . . . . .
Through the street of Zacatin,
To the Alhambra spurring in."

Crossing the Place of Vivarrambla, and following the narrow Zacatin, with its shops, booths, and awnings, you reach a small area called the *Plaza Nueva*, with the stately buildings of the *Chancilleria* on one side. Upon your right, another narrow street makes up the hill. It is the *Calle de los Gomeles*, of which I have already spoken, and conducts you, directly, to the Gate of the Pomegranates. If you choose to deviate a little from your course, toward the Darro, you may see some trifling relics of the ancient bridge, under which the companions of Hernando del Pulgar concealed themselves, during a part of the glorious adventure of the Ave Maria. Not far off, you will find also the *Casa del Carbon*, or coal-house, as they call it now, a magnificent but ruined specimen of Moorish art, supposed by some to have been the post-house of Boabdil, but which appears from later investigations, to have been the dwelling of some Moor of high repute, who, with his friends, was sallying out and met Pulgar and his companions, after they had finished their exploit at the mosque.

On the right of the hill, above you as you enter the Alhambra precincts, are the famed Vermilion Towers—formidable places, once, for warriors. When I saw them, they were only armed with fishing-rods, which had been fastened on the battlements and flung their lines and baited hooks into the air, angling for martlets and swallows! Instead of following the broad, central walk of the Alhambra gardens, you may take a steeper and nearer way to the left, which leads you to the fortress. This seems to have been the path by which Boabdil went away, according to the bas-reliefs. Passing a fountain, built by Charles V., and covered with "*Plus ultra*," you turn another angle toward the left, and, still ascending, find yourself before the Tower of Justice. This beautiful and stately structure, with its mysterious symbols of the hand and key, of course attracts your wonder. When Mr. Irving entered it, first, the guard of lazy invalids lay sleeping on their benches. All was wide awake when we went up, and from the Caliph's balcony above there fluttered garments in the breeze, which told us, clearly, that the *comandante* had his *comandante*, and that the Alhambra, in its change of rulers, had got under an unmentionable government at last. The entrance was as tortuous as if it had been constructed on the common-law principles of arriving at the object which gives the tower its name, and when we were through it, we found ourselves in a long lane, with no apparent turn to it, which looked very much like Chancery. It ended, at last, upon our reaching what is called the Wine Tower. On the left were several towers, the chief whereof—the *Torre de la Vela*—bears, as I have said, a lofty bell, with which, as with the watch-bell at Valencia, they regulate the irrigation

of the *Vega.* The view of the surrounding country from the watch-tower is said to be magnificent, but the captain-general, fearful that some malcontent might sound the tocsin, had given orders that no one should be permitted to ascend it. Turning to the right, around the Wine Tower, you see before you the splendid roofless palace built by Charles V. Its stately, classic architecture and magnificent medallions would win you, elsewhere, to admire and linger, but there is an humble postern, in a paltry wall behind it, and you hasten thither. You ring—they open—and you stand within the Court of Myrtles!

No doubt, in spite of reading otherwise, most people have their notions of the Alhambra, made out of minarets and marbles, gold and fretwork. The exterior, as you draw near it, makes away, most sadly, with such fancies. Square towers, of dusky red, with pointed roofs of heavy, graceless tiles—long sombre walls, monotonous and dreary—are the dull realities that overlay your dreams. You have seen, perhaps, however, from some Genevan workshop, a rustic looking box, which flying open when a spring is touched, sends forth a bird as radiant in its plumage as the Phœnix, its jewelled throat swelling with richest melody! Not unlike, but more cunning still is the Alhambra. Enter and see!

The Court of Myrtles, called, besides, the Court of the Fishpond, has in its centre a deep, copious lake, whose sides are shaded with roses, cypresses, and myrtles. You enter at the upper end of the inclosure, and, beneath a gallery, with columns and high arches that seem scarce heavier than the air, you cross into a sort of ante-chamber, which opens on the Court of Lions. Far down, and filling up the lower por-

tion of the Court of Myrtles, there is another gallery, behind whose slender pillars you may see the lofty entrance to the Hall of the Ambassadors, in the grand tower of Comares—the splendid presence-chamber of the Moor. The Court of Lions every one has seen described or painted. Its columns and arcades; its arabesques, and even its Arabic verses, are as familiar to the world, five thousand miles away, as Trajan's Column, or the Arch of Titus. The Hall of the Abencerrages, with its blood-stained pavement—the Hall of Justice, with its quaint old pictures—the Hall of the Two Sisters, with its matchless dome—who that knows any thing of Spain needs to be told of them? The antiquarians have speculated sagely as to the violation of the Koran by the Moors in making graven images of beasts, to bear the basin of the magic fountain. Alas! they are called lions, but they look like dogs in armor; and if the sculptor's sin were only in proportion to the likeness he achieved, he rests in Paradise, with Houris round him!

From the Hall of the Two Sisters, they take you to the Bower of Lindaraja. Thence, a long gallery conducts you to the Toilet of the Queen, where, from the balcony, you have a perfect view of the Albaycin or old city. Next, you descend into the baths, passing the discreet statues of Lope Sanchez, with averted faces looking after hidden treasures. In the "*Sala del Descanso*," where the princes rested after the pleasures of the bath, you too may take your slumber if you list, for it is fresh and fragrant, and the light which struggles down through star-shaped openings in the roof, invites you to enjoy the drowsy murmurs of the water, and the marble purity through which it flows. Like a good Mussulman, you seek

the mosque, after your ablutions, and next, by a fine corridor which opens on the Court-yard of the Myrtles, you find your way into the Hall of the Ambassadors. You have then made the circuit of the Alhambra—the ring, round which more fairies revel, than any other out of Queen Titania's realm.

The presence-chamber is a spacious, magnificent apartment. It is square, with a high four-sided dome of the richest and most varied inlaid wood-work. In the thickness of the immense wall of the tower, they have made three little alcoves or chambers, on each side of the hall. Each of these has its window, of a single or double arch, with smaller arches above, and the ceilings are of rich stucco, or wood highly carved and inlaid. The arabesques, upon the walls of the principal apartment, are of the choicest, and in perfect preservation, so that the *coup d'œil* is ravishing. Even the *corredor* which leads to it; the archway of the entrance; the ceilings and stalactite-looking pendents which adorn them; the little niches for the slippers, just outside; the colonnade and fretwork, and marble pavement; all are full of that magnificent detail, which well befitted a luxurious monarch's most luxurious chamber. Yet, all its splendors—saving only the gorgeous landscapes upon which its windows open—were without the charm to me of the delicious Bower of Lindaraja. You pass to this, from the Hall of the Two Sisters. Its ceiling is of open wood-work, and the marble windows, with their columns curdled from the snow, look out on Lindaraja's garden. Its arabesques, of the most choice and graceful patterns, are traced upon a ground of blue and crimson, and the tiles, which shine beneath them on the walls, are as elaborate and beautiful as painted ivory. The presence-chamber illustrates the Moor's

magnificence: the bower tells us the story of his loves. It is not strange that we should like the latter, best. Few men are kings or hope to be: most men have had a Lindaraja, or still hope to have.

It does not interest the reader to be told, how often, at morning, noon, and twilight, a sick man trifled with himself in visiting these haunted scenes. I can not avoid thinking that if the doctor's black *tisana* had been nothing but pure, sparkling water from the famous fountain of the *Avellana*, my anxious curiosity would have made it, for the time, as efficacious, as if the talisman of Saladin had been dropped into it. Nevertheless, I felt, and sadly, too, the physical debility which more than once gave leaden feet to pleasure, even among wonders such as were around me. Most of all, it annoyed me by defeating the pleasant scheme I had, of taking up my residence in the Alhambra. I realized this, especially, one charming afternoon, when visiting the Prussian artist I had met at Ronda. He had come, of course, to add to his port-folio, and had fixed himself as near as might be to the centre of attraction. His dwelling was a beautiful old Moorish house, within the inclosure of the fortress. We entered it, through a luxuriant garden, almost overflowing with the purest water from the hills. He had six or seven rooms, with chamber furniture and service, for which he paid the inordinate amount of two *pesetas* (forty cents) a day. The chambers were adorned with arabesques, and the windows with arches and columns, of the same style and apparently the same date, as those of the Alhambra. We saw the sunset on the mountains, from the balcony of the little *torre* which was among his treasures, and I could not avoid feeling, more than ever in my life, the

beauty and the truth of that philosophy, which, without running into pastorals, still teaches the charm, both intellectual and moral, of a life given, half at least, to nature. The Spaniards have described it often—and none better—as all will say, who read and understand the

"Que descansada vida!"

of Leon.

The Generalife is worth a journey, almost as well as the Alhambra. Instead of turning to the left, on entering the Gate of the Pomegranates, you follow the central avenue of the gardens. Ascending the hill, you reach the *Torre de los siete Suelos*, whence Mr. Irving thinks Boabdil made his exit, and which the French pleasantly blew up when they made theirs. You will find a charming little *carmen* or cottage of entertainment there, embowered in roses, myrtles, and pomegranates, where, at the season of my visit, they had strawberries, milk, and wine, for those who had no fear of doctors. A ten minutes' walk carried us to another *carmen*, by the side of which we turned abruptly to the left, into a stony, rugged defile. Upon our right, as we went down it, was a hill, covered with trees of deep, rich foliage, and on the other side we had the walls and towers of the Alhambra. We passed the *Torre de las Infantas*, where the three beautiful princesses, Zayda, Zorayda, and Zorahayda, were confined by their stern father, as is told in Irving's tale, and I measured, with wondering eyes, the height of that blest window, from which the happy pair who fled came down the silken ladder to their Christian cavaliers. Having gone to a considerable distance down the glen—now crossing and then wandering along the little stream, which murmured as we stirred its peb-

bles—we took a short turn up the hill upon our right, and after climbing a bad pathway, with loose stones and unromantic dungheaps all about it, we knocked at the rustic gate of the Generalife. A brown-skinned, executive-looking matron—arrived at that period of life when ladies sometimes acquire a fondness for a narrative style—opened the gate, and after some parley, led us through a cool, low court, where a few upward steps placed us among the marvels.

The garden is not extraordinary for Granada, though in itself a most delightful spot. A rapid stream of bright water rushes through its midst, and green arbors, with a sweet little high-domed summer-house in their centre, rise above brilliant flower-beds, with hedges of myrtle, and scattered cypress. Upon the left, as you go up the walk, there is a long, open gallery, with light columns and graceful arabesques, which gives you a superb view of the city and the *Vega*. Midway the garden, is the little ancient mosque, now made a chapel; but the attractive building is the pavilion, which fills the upper extremity of the inclosure. There is a sort of peristyle to this, the pillars, arches, and open arabesques of which are in the airiest taste. Two or three steps conduct you thence into the chief apartment, with rich inlaid ceiling, and walls elegantly ornamented. There are alcoves on the right and left of this, which are devoted to the portraits. In the former are Ferdinand and Isabella, an apocryphal Gonsalvo de Córdova, and some of the *profanum vulgus* of the later kings. The other chamber holds the portraits of Boabdil and his father, together with that of a certain Cidi Hiaya, a Moorish prince baptized at Santa Fe, to whom the pedigree of the proprietor, the Marquis of Campotejar, is traced back, in a

huge tree of genealogy which hangs between Muley Hacen and the Rey Chico.

Much has been said of poor Boabdil's portrait, by good people who read fortunes after they have been made fact, and who see, in the features of the unhappy prince, clear signs of the vices which the legends have ascribed to them, and all the weaknesses to which his downfall is attributed. The picture, whether it be from life or fancy, is the best of the collection. It represents a man, some forty years of age, and the face is full of character and interest. A profusion of long, fair hair is falling on the shoulders, and the complexion and beard are light, as of one northern-born. The features, though prominent, are handsome, and the expression is soft, affectionate, and sad. The crown rests still upon the placid, noble brow, and well becomes the dignity of the whole subject. It is such a picture as you look at over and again, till the melancholy eyes seem to follow yours.

Passing through a door upon the right of the pavilion, we went into another smaller garden, whose waters nourished a luxuriant growth of roses, myrtles, cypresses, and oleanders. A huge, old, lofty cypress in the midst, is famed as the traditional and guilty trysting-tree of Albin Hamad the Abencerrage, and Boabdil's queen—two very worthy people, villainously slandered, there is now no doubt, by poets and romancers. Perez de Hita, who knew all about it, says they told their love-tale in the shadow of a rose-tree. How it has become a cypress, Mateo Ximenez can, perhaps, explain. A flight of steps went upward from this fated spot, and then we found ourselves upon the hill-side, where a steep, ascending path led to the Moor's Seat—the *Silla del Moro.*

When Boabdil went there, as the legends say, to gaze on his revolted city, there were buildings of some note about him; the French have paid their visits since, and there is nothing left, of course, but ruin.

From the brow of the hill, the spectacle is really magnificent. The city proper and the Albaycin shelve out, far down below you, and you see, across a green ravine, the towers and tiles of the Alhambra, giving small token of the fairy treasures lying hid beneath them. In the opposite direction, on the summit of another hill, there is a stately edifice, devoted to some purposes of learning or religion, and beneath its walls, along the steep descent, you discover, among the fields of prickly pear, the entrances to caves, where dwell large numbers of the gypsies and the poorer people. Looking toward the west, you see, or in fair weather ought to see, the towers of Loxa, thirty miles away among the gorges. I envy the good eye-sight of the travellers who are so lucky, but I hold one very hard to please, who is not satisfied with what he has, within the round of undisputed vision. Glistening, in the centre of the *Vega*, are the spires of war-built Santa Fe, surrounded by a very Canaan of fertility and verdure. Oranges, lemons, citrons, and fig-trees cover the declivities beneath your feet, and if you see them at the season of my visit, you will be dazzled by the scarlet blossoms of the prodigal pomegranate, when the splendor of the noon is on them. The *Vega* is threaded by the silver Xenil, and a thousand streamlets and canals. Scattered all about it (a novel thing in Andalusia) are white farm-houses, which give life and perspective—breaking into measure the long lines of green abundance, which the eye follows till they fade among the rugged hills. Toward

the south and east, the giant summits of the Sierra Nevada seem challenging the summer with their snow, while on the other side, the wild, isolated Sierra de Elvira stands out, as if the hills had moved it forward as their sentinel or vanguard on the plain. Over the little village of Alhendin, to the south, rises, desolate and sad, the hill to which Boabdil's "windy suspiration" gives its name—the "Last Sigh of the Moor." Ayxa, the monarch's mother, taunted him, they tell us, when he looked behind him from that spot, for weeping, as a woman, over what he had not guarded as a man! Unless the story-tellers have belied the dowager, she was a most unconscionable shrew, and, like all women in the Moslem faith, had certainly no soul. Hard was the heart which did not swell to bursting, and tearless were, indeed, the eyes which did not overflow, at leaving such a realm forever! Heroic speeches are a very current coin, in which old women, even, can be rich. Charles V. said nobly, that had he been Boabdil, he would rather have been buried under the Alhambra's walls, a king, than have been throneless in the Alpujarras. And yet his majesty spun out his life within a cloister, trying, in vain, to make old watches run alike!

While I was looking round about me from the hill-top, *Mateo* mounted to the *Silla*, convoying no less famed a personage than Ole Bull! The "Legend of the Rose of the Alhambra" came at once into my memory, and how the magic strings of sweet Jacinta's silver lute descended, through long years, to Paganini's fiddle! Was there no error in the story? Had not the renowned Cremona come again, with Paganini's rival, to make music by the fountain where the gentle Zorahayda's spirit dwelt? I commit the question to

the Historical and Antiquarian Society of Granada—if there be one.

Though the Moorish relics are not in the condition which a lover of art would wish, I found them, certainly, far less defaced and ruined than I had anticipated. There has been a great deal of exaggeration on this subject, and considering the many wars and changes which have persecuted Spain since Ferdinand and Isabella's time, I think it wonderful that what we see has been so well preserved. I have already alluded, in another place, to the reproaches which are lavishly bestowed upon the Spaniards, by some travellers, for their neglect of things of art. With reference to Moorish art, especially, the charge is oftenest made, and in the "Handbook," for example, the changes are rung on it, through a whole chapter on "the decay of the Alhambra." In that place, Ford, who should know better, belabors the good antiquarian Ponz, for counseling his countrymen to rid themselves "*de los resabios de los Moros:*" as if that learned writer had said, or meant to say, that they should level all things Moorish. The phrase, as quoted, simply means "blemishes of the Moors," and any one who knows what Moorish cities are—with narrow, tortuous streets, and low, ill-looking houses—must feel the taste and wisdom of the antiquarian's anxiety to have such "blemishes" removed.

That many of the Moorish monuments should have been mutilated, at the season of the conquest, and neglected afterward, is far from strange, when we remember that the war was one of race and of religion—the victory a triumph of the Faith, after centuries of bloody and vindictive strife. In England and in Scotland, the triumph of one Christian creed

over another was followed by devastation a thousandfold more barbarous, though, in the same proportion, less provoked. "Churches and sepulchres," says Macaulay, "fine works of art and curious remains of antiquity, were brutally defaced. The Parliament resolved that all pictures in the royal collection which contained representations of Jesus, or of the Virgin Mother, should be burned. Sculpture fared as ill as painting. Nymphs and Graces, the work of Ionian chisels, were delivered over to Puritan stone-masons to be made decent." There are ruins all through Britain, and traces in the proudest temples there, to show that there is truth as well as poetry in the melancholy picture which *The Abbot* paints, of the desolate and desecrated magnificence of Kennaquhair. You may still see, at Holyrood, an altar-painting which Queen Mary prized, and which, they say, was broken by John Knox's hand. There is not a scrap of Koran in the Alhambra, mutilated like it. When I was in York, an enterprising lady stored ale and stout in the cloisters of St. Peter's ancient Hospital: and what was left of proud St. Mary's Abbey—after they had partly pulled it down, to build a county-prison with the stones, was in keeping far more wretched than even the *Casa del Carbon*. And more than all, and to the Spaniard's credit be it said—though he may whitewash his antiquities, sometimes, he does not ask as many shillings as some others do, to let you see them. Mellado recently says in his Guide-book, that a good description of the Alhambra would be "a safe speculation." "Thus," says Mr. Ford, "the poetry of the Moorish Alhambra is coined into the Spanish prose of profitable *pesetas!*" For the English "prose" of the *Hand-book*, reader, you pay one

pound ten!—not a farthing more than it is worth, I grant you, but quite enough, one would suppose, to countenance a native "speculation" like it. It may be, however, that a sound morality, as well as wise political economy, demands that guide-books, like cottons, should all be purchased from the stranger!

CHAPTER XXXI.

Return to Malaga—A Midnight Adventure, showing the Value of a wise Wife—Loxa—Colmenar—Descent to the Coast—Voyage to Gibraltar—Population of Gibraltar—Its Situation—The Alameda and Scare-crow Statuary—Fortifications—English and Spanish Soldiers—British Officers and the Siege of Vera Cruz—Contraband Trade—Shamelessness of it—Its Decrease—Lord Brougham and the Canada Frontier—Views about Gibraltar—Military Funeral—Peninsular Steamer—Cadiz—Lisbon—Oporto—General Concha and the Spanish Intervention—Vigo—Spanish Beef—The Gallego and his Province.

THE heats of the midsummer are peculiarly intense about Madrid, and after a fortnight at Granada, I began to feel, that, if I purposed to avoid them, it was necessary to be up and doing. I took my place, accordingly, in one of the diligences for the capital, intending, after a moderate stay there, to pass into the northern provinces, and spend some time, especially in Biscay. But, on the eve of my proposed departure, renewed indisposition threatened to break up my plans. My friends protested that I could not bear the heat and labor of so long a journey, and the doctor said that if I undertook it, I would be more valiant than the Cid himself—*mas valiente que el Cid!* Increasing illness and debility soon turned the scale against me, bringing to naught the hopes and wishes, cherished so long, and which I had believed so near fulfillment. Only one who has, himself, encountered such a

disappointment, can estimate its bitterness; and if the reader should, at any time, incline to think that I have testified, after too brief experience, of Spanish character and customs, he will be just enough, I hope, to grant, that I had all the will to see them further and to judge them better.

The only safe direction for my travel, now, was homeward, and as Malaga was the nearest sea-port, I crept, upon the afternoon of June 14th, down to the "*gondola acelerada*" which carried victims thither. The line of coaches professed to be a new one, and kept up, they said, a famous opposition. Our vehicle was a regenerated omnibus, with a *coupé* prefixed. Three worthy merchants had crowded themselves into this latter, so that the whole of the back building was divided between myself and a fatherly old gentleman who took me under his protection. It lacked an hour or thereabouts, of sunset, when we dashed, with cracking whip, into the *Vega*. The roads were dusty in the extreme, although the copious waters kept all the vegetation green and beautiful, and had it not been for the heavy rain-storm which blessed us after night-fall, there is no knowing how many of us would have suffocated. Romantic battle-fields do very well to read of, and to see; but when you come to breathe them in the atmosphere, it is not well to have more soil than air. The city, with its snow-white buildings, more beautiful from far than near, covering the hill-side and crowned by the Alhambra, looked splendid and imposing in the evening light. I can not say, however, that it saddened me to catch the last faint glimmer on the *Torre de la Vela* or the solemn hills behind. I rather sank into my place, rejoicing that I was already nearer, by some league or two, to my long journey's end.

The night being dark and the road difficult, our prudent *mayoral*, of course, had nothing with him to give light, except some trifling candle-ends, which soon burned out and left us to the instinct and the mercy of our mules. At about midnight, we were startled by a sudden inclination of the carriage to one side—a shock, a halt, and then a volley of such oaths and "*arre!'s*" as would have moved the Sierra Nevada, if they had been prayers. Our company forsook the ark at once. It rained and was as black as Erebus. We were in a slough, with a perpendicular hill upon the one side, and a gloomy precipice, indefinitely deep, yawning horribly and darkly on the other. What was to be done? We were a league or two from Loxa, and the nearest *venta* was "*media legua o cosa así*" (half a league off or something like it), as the postillion said—a most mathematical description of an indefinite distance. For our consolation, we were told that we were near a quondam robber-haunt, of great repute, and we imagined, from the noise and shouting of our people, that they were nothing loath to let the footpads know our whereabouts. Suddenly, the sound of horses' feet was heard, seemingly at a full gallop, and rapidly approaching down the hill. Nearer it came, and nearer, and then—the Malaga post-boys rode by us, offering no assistance. To extricate ourselves seemed quite impossible, for we could not see precisely the nature of our trouble. The mules, wearied with vain pulling, began to kick, for some variety, and our conductor and his men swore louder and worked less as the confusion grew. To take a night's rest on the spot, seemed something of a risk under the circumstances; but my companion and myself, making a virtue of necessity, arranged ourselves upon our

cushions, notwithstanding. Suddenly the old man started up again, with *Caramba!* and *voto á Dios!* saying that he then remembered that his wife had counselled him, never to travel by night without a candle of his own, and that, if he mistook not, he had brought the evidences of her prudence, all the way from Madrid, in his pocket! A shout of triumph announced the discovery. Every man, being a tobacco smoker, produced his *fósforo*, on the instant, and the candle was lighted and fixed upon the bank above us, in one of the coach-lanterns. A few efforts, properly directed, relieved us from our peril speedily, and our mule-bells rang with joy, as we went galloping, once more, upon our way. A blessing, indeed, is a wise woman, and well saith the holy man, that "her candle goeth not out by night!"

A substantial meal at Loxa, which by daylight would have been a dinner, consoled our company for their disaster and delay; and we continued on our journey through a driving rain, which lasted until late in the next forenoon, when we reached Colmenar, some five or six leagues from Malaga. Day dawned upon the dreariest, most wild and arid hills I ever saw; whole mountains of bare, live rock; sharp, jagged peaks, like those of Montserrat—a perfect picture of awful, repulsive desolation. From Colmenar, the turnpike grew a little better, and the hills disclosed sparse vineyards, here and there, with an occasional tall aloe by the roadside. Two leagues from Malaga, the down-hill work began, and we could catch dim glimpses, now and then, of the blue sea. The descent was entirely too rapid and exciting to be at all tedious, even to a weary traveller. The angles were so sharp —the precipices so perilous and rugged—the grades so steep

and narrow—that even a man with his nerves in the best order, might have kept himself awake without exertion. Not only was the lever of the *mayoral* called into constant requisition, but now and then a wheel was chained, and we went slipping, sliding, lurching, and creaking, on the brows of giddy defiles, which would conveniently have given us a thousand feet of rolling had we chosen to improve our opportunities. At last, however, we drove safely into Malaga, and I was once more snugly harbored in the welcome *Fonda* of the Alameda.

After two days rest, I continued my journey to Gibraltar in a miserable little French steamer. The Spanish steamers enter always at Algeziras, on the Spanish side of Gibraltar Bay, and to avoid the exposure of an open boat across, I chose the *Pourvoyeur*, which was going directly to the Rock, in preference to the fine packet, the *Gaditano*, which was likewise in the harbor when I started. I had hardly been on board ten minutes, when I repented of my choice, for the cabin was exceedingly confined and dirty, and every thing on board was redolent of that peculiar odor, which seems unhappily incident to French steam-navigation, so far as my experience goes. It was eight o'clock when we weighed anchor, and I could not see the outlines of the genial city fade from my sight forever, without something of the sadness which clouds the parting from one's home. The cordial welcome—the warm, simple hospitality—the willing services, so kindly tendered and bestowed—were things a stranger does not meet with always, and can not easily forget.

The wind was heavily ahead, and I soon was driven below. There were three greasy sofas and two berths, in the foul den.

A Spaniard, who was taking home his lately broken leg, was stretched upon one sofa; the French consul from Malaga claimed title to another, and I asserted the right of occupancy to the third. We had a desperate night of it, for the little craft danced like a cock-boat; but our sick friend managed to keep up his spirits, and console his leg, by constant reinforcements of sausage and *aguardiente*—a mode of treatment savoring, decidedly, of the Granada system of *sopa* and *jamon*. It was half-past nine next morning, when we anchored in Gibraltar harbor and had the satisfaction of seeing the passengers of the *Gaditano* sweep by us, in a felucca, with a bouncing breeze, while we were waiting for the lazy health-officer. Finally, that dignitary made his appearance, in an open boat, and having taken our papers with a pair of small tongs, as a man might handle the seven deadly sins, gave us permission to enter till the evening gun-fire. The American consul, being kind enough to vouch for my trustworthiness and to give bond accordingly, the permit was duly enlarged, and I had the freedom of her Majesty's stupendous stronghold.

I was kept eight days waiting in Gibraltar, for the departure of the Southampton steamer. No one, I suppose, ever remained that length of time in the place, without some special business or absolute necessity, for it is hard to imagine any spot less pleasant or attractive, in itself. Next in magnitude to the importance of its possession, must be, to John Bull, the *ennui* of keeping it; and it is hardly to be wondered, that the sons of Mars who are condemned to dwell there, should comfort their hearts and redden their faces with roast beef and sherry, and any and every thing else exciting or agreeable. To a stranger, and one, especially, from Spain,

the change of scene and customs is novel and interesting for a little while. The Jews, in their dark gabardines and caps—the Moors, who stalk about, handsome, reserved, and sullen—the Highlanders, with nodding plumes—and the stout "red-coats," gathering at sound of drum and bagpipe—make up, all, a motley and strange crowd, not easily seen elsewhere. In a day or two, however, you have had enough of this, and when you have gone round the works, and taken some few strolls about the Alameda, you are a patient man, indeed, or very stupid, if you do not long for change.

The town lies crowded on the little slip of sand which slopes between the rock and sea. A long and narrow street runs nearly through the whole of it, and this embraces the chief shops and business-places. The rides and walks are either down toward Europa Point, or, in the opposite direction, to the Spanish lines. The Alameda is outside the walls in the direction of the Point, and has been cultivated with considerable taste. It lacks the heavy shade which the hot climate seems so to require, but is filled with pleasant walks, and beautiful parterres of flowers. There is a statue of General Elliott in the midst, which, I have no doubt, has been the means of preserving the gardens from the visitation of depredating birds; or perhaps that happy result is due to a bronze bust of the Duke of Wellington, which is in the same neighborhood; both of these works of art belonging to the class elsewhere called "scare-crows," and sometimes "potato-bogles."

Gibraltar, like all Andalusia, has its air, at evening, full of darting birds, which the English, there, call "swifts;" ever on the wing, and twittering and gliding in myriads. If

they be the "temple-haunting martlet," what do they where there are no temples, and the very houses are as bad as need be? If they

> "—do approve,
> By their loved mansionry, that the Heaven's breath
> Smells wooingly"

there, they have degenerated strangely; for the air is ever full of dust, strongly mephitic, and inclined to fishy smells! In Spanish Andalusia—where they dwell about old churches, and circle round gray, lofty towers, or fill the evening air above the green *paseos*, or make themselves merry where the Moor was glad before them, in his day—there is some reason in them, and they do not bring discredit on their family. But in Gibraltar? They are martlets, surely, not of romance, but "progress"—birds of business, not of sentiment; working for their living like the Jews; flying out to hunt musquitoes! Of nights, I trust they go out wisely to the old Moorish fortress on the hill, and sleep at villas, like the cockney merchants. So should, at least, all reasonable creatures in Gibraltar, that have wings and taste.

Although, in former times, it was believed that all the art of war had been exhausted on Gibraltar, they were still, during my stay, advancing rapidly with new and heavy works. Indeed, it was impossible to look around you, without admiring the perfect, magnificent, and thorough style, in which all things were done that had relation to defense. Wealth, science, skill, and liberality were visible at every turn. The chambers, hewn out of the solid rock, are wonderful as monuments of labor—though, perhaps, ill-spent, if it be true, as is asserted, that the smoke and the reverberation are almost as

fatal to the garrison as the shot to the enemy. The barracks, bomb and ball-proof, are of stone, well built, commodious and airy. The men, however, though well-clad and clean, did not impress me as particularly martial in their bearing; excepting always the fine Highland regiments, whose manly, gallant style could pass unnoticed nowhere. The Spanish peasant makes a prouder-looking soldier than the Englishman. He has more lightness and elasticity of muscle; more spirit in his step; more fire in his eye. The English troops, however, that I saw, must have been raw recruits, for they were, many of them, very young, and had not yet been caned, as usual, into a proper carriage. Brandy was in too many of their faces. Occasionally, as you passed their barracks, you might see them, when off duty, reading quietly—a thing the Spanish soldier rarely meddles with: but then you met them, oftener, reeling through the streets, an accident so rare among the Spaniards that it may be said never to happen. The strange contrast in this matter, was indeed one of the things that struck me, first, on my arrival. During three months in Spain, I had not seen more than three persons, I imagine, who had shown signs of intemperance in drinking. During the first day at Gibraltar, I certainly met scores, whose eyes and noses bore unquestionable evidence against them. There was a dram-shop within two doors of the office of the "Religious Tract Society," and one of its customers was leaning drunk against the latter building, on the first day that I passed it!

Perhaps it is with reference to these habits, that the British soldiers are so carefully protected from the sun. By every sentry-box, where there is any thing like exposure, you see a

large, thick mat, or screen, raised on a staff, and placed so that the soldier can, at all times, arrange himself a comfortable shelter. The Spanish soldier, at the Lines, has no such trouble taken for his health. He lights his *cigarrito*, notwithstanding, shoulders his musket, and says "*bien!*" Well for him is it that his rations are so frugal. The sunshine bronzes him—the Briton dies of fever.

Of course, I had no opportunity of judging of the garrison, except by what I saw in public. I was struck, however, by an article I read, while at the Club-house, which gave me new ideas with reference to the army of Great Britain. It appeared editorially in the "Naval and Military Gazette" of May 22, 1847, and proceeded after this wise. "Morals are low in the army. There are few officers, and fewer of those under them, who consider it disreputable to overindulge in drinking, the coarse vices, &c. Two-thirds, at least, of the officers in every corps, may be said to be men without much education, whose minds are uncultivated—who seldom read and never study—to whom, even the very few books required for learning their military parade-duties are sealed volumes." The writer then went on to recommend a more rigid system of examination, and added, "By this device we should no longer have young men joining regiments, unable to spell, or write the most ordinary letter, ignorant of common arithmetic, and guiltless of geometry and algebra! . . . Though there are some of the most accomplished and best informed men to be found in the service, they are the exceptions, which prove the general remark true."

The reader may imagine how strange such things appeared, to one who, but a week before, had read in the same journal

an article referring to the siege of Vera Cruz, in which the editor observed—"Although our cousins across the water possess bravery and have made much progress in the art of war, chiefly from the instruction given to their officers, they have not yet learned to fight like gentlemen!" I could not avoid thinking that our red-coat "cousins" might possibly be deemed odd judges of the soldier and the gentleman, if their description of themselves were true. Journalists, however, are fond of ample generalities, and we may charitably hope that there was quite as much exaggeration in the British picture, as there was flippant arrogance in the pert fling at Jonathan.

The Club-house, where I lodged, was near the water, and just in front of the Exchange. Upon the open space, between it and the latter building, the chief public trafficking went on; and there, at early morning, you might hear the voice and hammer of the auctioneer, and see the money-hunting sons of Israel peering in search of bargains. The commerce of Gibraltar, now however—though still contrasting briskly with the slow movement of many of the Spanish towns—has fallen far below its ancient mark. In fact, the Rock and all that thereon lies, are but a huge contrivance for the smugglers; and since the Spanish *guarda-costas* have called in the aid of steam, and the *carabinero* system has been fully and completely organized, there has been a check, by land and water, which has closed large numbers of the dépôts in Gibraltar, and sent the shrewd *Ingleses* to the safer frontier of their colony of Portugal.[1] The hardy rascals in the Ronda Mountains would

[1] It is estimated that £375,000 annually, have been realized, of late years, in Portugal, from duties on the British goods imported to be smuggled into

sigh and tell you, when I was among them, that the times were very hard, and all things going very much to ruin. "*No hay contrabando!*" they would say, "*y que se hace?*" (There is no smuggling! What's to be done?)

I have already spoken of the British share in plundering the revenue and illegally stocking the markets of the Peninsula—but the scandalous and open violation of all national decency, in that particular, about Gibraltar, is really so heroic, as to deserve further notice. "Gibraltar," says Ford, "is the grand dépôt for English goods, especially cottons, which are smuggled into Spain, along the whole coast, from Cadiz to Benidorme, *to the great benefit of the Spanish authorities*, placed nominally to prevent what they really encourage. The south of Spain is thus supplied with as much of our wares as it is enabled to purchase. No treaty of commerce would much increase the consumption." Of the way in which the thing is done, Lord Londonderry gives the following modest and explicit account:—"The goods," he says, "are forced in, by scores of large and small smuggling boats, who watch their time when the Spanish *guarda-costas* are not on the alert; steal from under the Rock, run along the shore, and land their goods by previously planned stratagems. If chased, they retire under cover of Europa Point, and our guns do not hesitate to fire on any Spanish boat chasing within range of the fortress: our policy being, to give every encouragement and protection to the smugglers!" In the spring of 1844, a Spanish revenue vessel,

Spain. The late reform in the Spanish tariff is considered by the Portuguese as a death-blow to their revenue, inasmuch as the English will now find it cheapest to ship directly and honestly to the Spanish ports.

in hot pursuit of a contrabandist, was sunk by one of the Gibraltar batteries. Assistance was sent out to her from the garrison; but the gallant officer who had command indignantly refused all aid from those who had perpetrated the outrage. Several of her crew were lost, and the affair created a very natural excitement.

After the decisions of the English courts, that a contract to defraud the revenue of a foreign country is sufficiently moral to be enforced, while a similar contrivance, in violation of their own system, is utterly unrighteous and abominable, there was not much to be hoped, certainly, from the national comity in such matters. But, really, that any nation—after exhibitions, so public, practical, violent, and shameless, as Lord Londonderry describes—should send missionaries out, to preach free-trade on principles of universal philanthropy, and expect to be believed—does seem to indicate a faith in the infinite expansibility of humbug, which sets imagination at defiance! Lord Brougham has recently had the candor, in the House of Lords, to avow that the chief value of Canada to the mother country is derived from the facilities which its ample frontier affords for smuggling into the United States. All honor to his Lordship's truthfulness! It only remains for us to have an essay, from the same noble and philosophical hand, upon the difference, in point of "natural theology," between thieving, of the sort which he defends, and what they call, in England, "Pennsylvania ethics."

As Dr. Johnson said of Scotland, so it is true of Gibraltar —the finest views in it are the views out. In the noble harbor, there are fleets always at anchor, ships of the line and cannon-belted steamers lying among peaceful merchantmen—

the lion and the lamb! Inland, beyond the lines, the Spanish city of San Roque crowns a graceful hill. Opposite Europa Point, you see the lofty cliff of Ceuta, the twin column of Hercules, its castle readily distinguishable, when the atmosphere is clear. Over the bay, directly opposite the town, the white houses of Algeziras cluster on the water's edge. Up and down the Straits, innumerable vessels pass, and if you have a speculative turn, their comings and their goings will give you loops enough to hang your meditations on. I remember how beautiful the scene appeared, one breezy afternoon, when I followed a military funeral beyond the southern gate. The procession passed, imposingly, along the road which skirts the batteries beside the sea-wall, and as it drew more near the cemetery, I mounted to a high point of the Alameda, whence the train was visible, across a deep ravine. The soldier they were burying was a veteran, who had resided at Gibraltar more than thirty years, and they bore him, proudly, to the grave, with all the pomp and honors of his calling. Yet as the mournful notes of the rich music came swelling back, in echoes from the cliffs, and the quick volleys of the musketry announced that all was over—I could but wonder that a man, who had a home across the waters, should live and die, in his old age, away from it, on such a cheerless spot as that! Still, however, they keep their nationality alive, by making the wild rock and sands as much like Britain as they can, despite the climate, and the Moors, and Jews, and monkeys. You may hear the bagpipes, at all reasonable hours, and often at the most unreasonable. Go by the Highland barracks, now and then, and you will stumble on a chiel, parading up and down in solitary grandeur, with his

pipes tight-squeezed beneath his arm, making them squeal in agony, and seeming to enjoy the sport, in the most cruel and excited manner. Who will wonder, after seeing, and more particularly after hearing, such performances, that an Indian should spend hours at rattling a stone within a gourd, quite ravished by the harmony?

I left Gibraltar, on the afternoon of June 27th, in the peninsular packet, *Jupiter*, a moderately comfortable steamer, as such things go, out of the land of Fulton. The Straits were full of vessels steering out with a fine easterly wind. Our purser told me that he had counted over three hundred from the Rock Signal-house that morning. He overtasked his memory, perhaps, but they were very numerous, and it was a beautiful spectacle in the fine moonlight, as we went by them, one by one, not always easily, so bouncing was the breeze. I did not go below, till we had passed the lofty light-house of Tarifa, and I woke next morning when we were in Cadiz harbor. Our passengers, as they came out to us, brought with them troops of friends, and we went on our way again, with cheerful wishes of "*feliz viaje!*" ("happy voyage") echoing around us. On the afternoon of the 29th, we were at Lisbon, where we remained a day. It is a stately city, at a distance, but I found it wholly given up, within, to noxious smells and all conceivable uncleanliness. The allied fleets lay broadside on the town; the proud British three-deckers looking powerful enough to annihilate half a dozen nations like the kingdom of Doña Maria de Gloria. Her Majesty's own royal navy, worthless and dismantled, composed of a few shabby ships and dirty hulks, might have quelled the revolution, by breeding a pestilence—but did not appear formida-

ble, otherwise, though spreading out more banners than would have been enough for the Armada.

We anchored off Oporto, on the 30th, the day that Concha, the Spanish General, made his entry into the city. Unless our glasses very much deceived us, we could see the troops crossing a hill, upon their way. One would have thought that memories of the Duc d'Angoulême, and other visitors, would have taught a Spanish cabinet some lessons, on the policy and moral of foreign interventions. Some people, however, it appears, can never learn. John Bull had his own reasons for his course. When popular institutions and free principles come into conflict with port wine, John knows his cue; and he would have bombarded Oporto and dispersed the revolutionary windbags (as Carlyle would call them) in a trice, had it not been that British subjects owned, perhaps, more property about the city than the Portuguese.

On the first day of July, we made our entry into the magnificent Bay of Vigo, where it seemed to me that all the navies of the world might safely ride. It is surrounded by high hills, on all sides save the entrance, which is guarded by two rocky islands that almost complete the circle. The town is built upon a hill-side, which is crowned by an old castle, all looking dingy, dirty, and forlorn enough. Outside the town, however, all is green and beautiful, and we were anchored at so short a distance from the beach, that we could readily perceive the traces of admirable cultivation every where. There were sent on board a dozen fine large beeves for England—a strange thing, I thought, considering the philippics of the English against the Spanish cow-meat (*carne de vaca*), which, in truth, is not the choicest always. I took the trouble to make some

inquiries, and the captain told me that he rarely made a homeward voyage, without a shipment of the like, and that although the freight upon each bullock was three pounds sterling, to Southampton, and the cost of transportation up to London not a trifle, the speculators were still able to sustain a profitable competition with the domestic breeders in the London market. What a lesson to the Spaniards—if their government would but encourage cows instead of brigadier-generals, and substitute prize medals for stars and crosses of honor!

The *Gallegos*, under wiser institutions, might rival any people in rural and commercial industry. Their province, though quite mountainous, is stocked with admirable timber; their coast abounds with ample, well-protected harbors; and their soil is fruitful in the best productions of a temperate climate. They, themselves, are honest, patient, frugal, and industrious, and yet, at home, they do not prosper greatly. Every year large numbers of them are compelled to seek their humble fortunes in the other provinces. Meet them where you may, though in the lowest and most menial stations, you find them noted, always, for probity and independence. As porters, muleteers, and carriers, you may trust them, literally, with untold gold. They are not intellectually bright, in general, or very notable for manners or appearance. Their heavy, uncouth persons are, indeed, a theme of constant and proverbial ridicule, among their livelier brethren, with whom the very word *Gallego* is a synonym for all things rude and loutish:

"Es el Gallego un animal,
Descanso de caballerias
Mayores y menores,
Cuya pisada no tiene cura!"

Yet, in despite of gibes and proverbs, their steadiness and manly energy of purpose make them prosper, where their gay revilers starve. Like the Savoyards, they carry back their earnings with them, to their native mountains, which no one has ever known them to forget or cease to love. What elements of vigorous and prosperous nationality there are in such a people! What a "land of steady habits" theirs might be, if wisely and beneficently governed! What a blessing, if, in the spread of liberal and just opinions now going through their country, some seeds should fall on fertile ground among them, and spring up to happy fruit!

CHAPTER XXXII.

Conclusion—French, English, and American Views of Spain—Spirit of Travellers—Spanish Character, Social, Political, and Religious—Origin, Condition, and Remedy of their Political System—A Moral for Ourselves.

THE midday sun was high above the hills of Vigo, when we started, once again, upon our way; and as I gazed my last, regretfully, upon the pleasant land of Spain, the ocean and the deep-green shores looked beautiful and glad. The little period within which my visit had been narrowed, unexpectedly, might have been devoted, I felt conscious, to studying, in other lands of better fortune, a higher scale of national development and cultivation, yet in no country could I have enjoyed more fully the charm of novelty and freshness; from none could I have parted with kindlier or more pleasant recollections.

The traveller who visits Spain, for pleasure or improvement, will fail egregiously, he may be sure, of both, unless he makes his mind up to forget the fables and the follies he has read and heard—the prejudices of his social, political, and religious education. A Frenchman, for example, must work a revolution in himself—the only revolution, by-the-by, which he is not willing to undertake. France has, as yet, sent no De Tocquevilles into Spain. The better class of her travellers

have generally carried with them that systematic devotion to their own "*idées*" and national "*prescriptions*," which so frequently interferes with a Frenchman's judgment, and nowhere so decidedly as in the Peninsula; for France and Spain, like

> "Oil and water, woman and a secret,
> Are hostile properties."

Joined with this usual disqualification, there is also the notion so prevalent in France, that the Peninsula is but an appanage of hers, and should be judged and dealt with on that theory. Of the less grave and philosophical French travellers, the great majority have their ideas of the Spaniards chiefly from the Barber of Seville. They find you, every where, "*des Figaro, des Almaviva*," and seem to think that they are wandering among the heroes of an opera or melo-drame, who disappoint them, hugely, when they fall below the Paris standard of stage-scenery and decorations. In cookery, too, the Gaul holds his neighbors to be merely savages. He could endure them as cut-throats and banditti, but then they villainously feed on garlic and *garbanzos*, the moral obliquity of which he can not tolerate. With feelings and ideas such as these, of course, he travels pleasantly and usefully. The Spaniards call him a "*gavacho*," and he writes that they are "*des barbares!*" The reader who may think this highly colored, will change his mind, perhaps, on reference to Dumas.

The English traveller, though less abstract and artificial, and more practically sensible than his mercurial rival, is more impregnable, if possible, in his personal prejudices and social and individual habitudes, than the Frenchman in his theories and fanatical generalizations. He has, in a ten-fold

proportion, what might be called the travelling-carriage-propensity—a sort of congenital affinity with the snail, in that turn of mind which suggests to him the necessity of carrying his own home, bodily, with him, wherever he goes. Educated and clever as he may be, his prejudices are a portion of his mind and education. Protestantism is the part of his moral wardrobe which he especially furbishes and puts on, for a jaunt to Catholic countries. To Spain, in particular, he carries a few of the notions and impressions which have come down from the days of the invincible Armada; not diminished, perhaps, by the view he has had, in his childhood, of the captured instruments of torture still on exhibition at the Tower. Comfort, of all the *Dii minorum gentium*, is the deity whose image he specially packs up among his valuables, when he goes to see a people whom climate and circumstances have taught to despise it. To Spain, he carries the persuasion also, that he ought to be regarded by the natives as one of their national patrons and benefactors, for his services and those of his compatriots, during the war of the Peninsula; forgetting that England selected Spain as a battle-ground, for her own salvation not that of the Spaniards, and that she has endeavored, as far as she has been able, to make Spain pay the piper. More than that, too, he forgets that the last way in the world to excite the gratitude of a proud and sensitive people, is to throw their obligations always in their teeth, and to demand as tribute, what is contemptible, unless it spring from a spontaneous sentiment. That a traveller, in such a frame of mind, is hardly a fair or candid judge of what he sees, it needs no ghost to tell. That he is not likely to elicit from the people whom he visits, a display of their

most excellent or pleasant qualities, seems just as obvious, on every rational theory of human nature.

The book of Mr. Ford is a perfect illustration of what has just been said. It is learned, able, humorous, and full of a profound acquaintance with Spanish politics, society, and history. Yet it views every thing through an exclusively English medium. It judges every thing by English tastes, maxims, and prejudices. It is full of English passions, grudges, and partialities. The Peninsular war is its absorbing theme. Like the unhappy gentleman in Punch—who was persecuted by the migrations of the Wellington statue, which haunted him all night and looked awfully in at his chamber-window in the morning—Mr. Ford sees the sempiternal "Duke," in highways and by-ways, on land and on water, in town and country. What "the Duke" said is an oracle; what he did, is the standard of right. As the Spaniards agree or disagree with that standard, so are they held worthy or unworthy. They and their country are made merely secondary objects, in the background of the picture, and are dwarfed and draped according to the effect which is sought for the principal figure. This may be all right, in a patriotic point of view, but, as to its being sensible or just to the Spaniard, it can hardly be deemed impertinent for one to entertain his own opinion.

In our country, the common opinion of Spain is mostly based upon the English notion, which we principally read and follow, as indeed we very frequently do, in regard to other countries and matters, to our manifest stultification. We have added to it some trifling improvements of our own, predicated upon our experience of the half-breed Indians and negroes in Mexico and South America, whom we call

"Spaniards," and take to be types of the race. Seeing but few of the natives of the Peninsula among us—knowing but little of their language, and still less of their literature—rarely visiting their country, too—we have a sort of indefinite idea of the Spaniard, which places him about half-way between a bloody-minded grand-inquisitor and an "illustrious hidalgo" of Major Monsoon's Portuguese regiment. I speak of vulgar opinion, merely, as it shows itself, upon occasions, in Congress, in "literary essays," school-books, and the less cultivated branches of the periodical press. A literature, of which Prescott's and Irving's productions are a portion, is least of all obnoxious, in its higher walks, to any such imputations of ignorance or injustice.

Be the traveller Frenchman, Englishman, or from among ourselves, he must remember, if he would do justice and have pleasure, that he goes among a people whose manners, customs, tastes and thoughts, are different from all that he has seen. If he should be disposed to think them barbarous and benighted, because of that difference, he had better stay at home. They are proud, sensitive, and quick to feel an insult or a slight. If he is determined to square them by his standard, not their own; to laugh at what they venerate, and violate or ridicule the maxims they respect; he and they will soon cordially despise each other, and no good will come of their contact. If he plays the Pharisee upon them, and thanks Heaven perpetually, in their presence, that he is not like such publicans, he will only harden their hearts, and stiffen their necks against him. Let him meet them, however, in a tolerant and kindly spirit, and there is no people whose confidence and friendship he can more thoroughly or

promptly win. Let him feel and manifest an honest and a liberal wish to understand their country fairly, and they will open their bosoms to him. They will speak to him of what is bad as well as what is worthy, and though he may discover that they prize their country more than all the world, it is not, he will find, because they close their eyes upon its weaknesses, but that they love and venerate it, notwithstanding. In dignified and manly courtesy—the bearing which can only spring from a just sense of what is due to others and one's self—they have their rivals nowhere. With few appliances of luxury or wealth (comparatively speaking), they will bid him cordially and kindly welcome to the much or little that they have. Among them he will meet, wherever he may go, intelligent and educated persons, whose society a man might profitably cultivate in any country. In almost all of them, in every rank, he will discover, particularly prominent, a quick perception and a striking power of shrewd and ready observation. Exclusive as their system of religion still continues, in its connection with their politics and laws—in private life it does not enter to disturb or irritate. At this day, indeed, there is more indifference than intolerance. Decorum is exacted, where a stranger bears a part in public demonstrations; but it is only the respectful observance, to which no gentleman needs prompting. His private ways of thinking, they as little pry into or care for, as any people that I know. If allusion be made to them, they dismiss the subject with the charitable, quiet proverb, "*su alma, su palma*"—(as his soul is, so shall his reward be). In conversation, they are fluent, sprightly, and acute; tolerant and affable in social intercourse; tender and affectionate in their

domestic relations. Yet these things, and all the other good that may be in them, are a sealed volume, never to be opened by one who will insist on taking the people upon his own terms. Their good-will is essential to any thing like a fair opportunity of comprehending or appreciating their character. "From the prince to the beggar," says Captain Widdrington, "possessing it, you do every thing, and without it, nothing."

Writers who are in the habit of defining the Spaniards with a dash of the pen, forget or do not know that the nation is made up of provinces, which, with some general similarity of characteristics, are, in many things, as utterly unlike as separate countries. They forget that these provinces have grown old, with laws and institutions often totally dissimilar, and under the operation of physical and geographical influences, producing the most contrary effects on character and customs. What is true of Catalonia is a libel on Andalusia—what is reasonable in Castile or Estremadura is ridiculous in Biscay. A man who travels, writes, or thinks, in view of any other or imaginary state of things among them, might as well publish a supplement to Gulliver. The limited sphere of my own observation would make it quite ridiculous for me, therefore, to set up my judgment or the results of what I saw, as any thing but very partial and imperfect. The reader has had the few facts of my journey: he may draw his own conclusions, so far as the limited premises go. I may commend him, however, if he has a real interest in the matter, to the works of Captain Widdrington, so often cited. I have nowhere seen, in any books of travel, a more candid, honest, and impartial spirit, coupled with better judgment, or more liberal intelligence. So far as I had opportunities of testing, I found him

always sensible and accurate; and I have no doubt that his books contain a fairer and a juster view of Spain and Spaniards than any volumes extant.

Whatever may have been the case, heretofore, there is no room for doubt, that, now, the face of things in Spain is changing, steadily and surely, for the better. This is not only obvious, from a comparison with what trustworthy travellers have written, but from what is daily going on before one's eyes. It may be, that the movement is a slow one, compared with what we see in other countries, and especially our own. It may be, that there are impediments not easy to surmount—delays, protracted and vexatious, demanding more than common energy and patience. But both of these are elements that enter largely into Spanish character; and when we think on all the past, and see what has been done in spite of it, instead of fearing for the future, we should see it full of hope and promise. For centuries, the Peninsula has been the prey of despots or the scene of strife. Eternally in conflict, she has had no time to build again what every struggle has but aided to pull down. Her treasury drained—her resources dried up—her population wasted, and her industry palsied by misgovernment and war—she has been assailed, from without and within, by all the engines of violence and demoralization. To the evils of foreign hostility, she has seen added the worse evil of foreign friendship; and has found herself the prize for which foreign interventions and diplomacy have made her own soil the theatre of contest. Broken into separate states by natural divisions—mountains almost impassable furnishing a barrier to the progress, as well of sound and national sentiment as of equalizing commerce—the

central government perpetually faithless to its duty of providing for the general weal—what marvel that she should have found herself distracted in her counsels, impoverished, and oppressed? The sympathy of other nations converted into speculation, and the foundations of her own self-reliance broken and uprooted—what wonder that she should have shrunk within herself, in melancholy, morbid torpor? When Ferdinand VII. died, there was a momentary glimpse of sunshine, soon to be hidden by the smoke of civil war. That ended, her elastic spirit still had life enough for a rebound, and from that time, through chance and change, *pronunciamiento* and intrigue, sometimes well and sometimes ill, in spite of Salvandy and Bulwer, she has been, always, moving forward.

When I was in Spain, the royal quarrel was the theme of all political vaticination. The king and queen and General Serrano were in every body's mouth. Who was right; who wrong; what was to come of it, and who was to be sacrificed; were matters puzzling the quidnuncs. The Pacheco or Salamanca ministry was then in power, though, as it seemed to me, with but a moderate popularity. What struck me, most of all, was the strange unanimity, with which, in private, all persons of intelligence with whom I spoke expressed their utter want of confidence in all the politicians, of all parties. The capital, all seemed to think, was but a store-house of corruption and intrigue, and every man a huckster for himself. Lord Brougham, in one of his books, has stated, as his grave conclusion from the history of British parties, that all their struggles have been moved and kept alive, by private interest and personal ambition. The Spanish people, not pausing to philosophize, seemed to have reached the same

conclusion, by plain inference of fact. With such impressions on the public mind, strengthening and widening daily, sooner or later there must come a reformation. Existing interests and institutions, old ingrained habits and prescriptions, may impede it; political and physical divisions and obstructions may delay it; but the day must come, at last, when those who rule must serve the public welfare, as the sole condition upon which they wield the public power. An intelligent and high-souled people, teeming with resources and conscious of strength, can not be, possibly, prevented long from thoroughly reforming evils, whose oppressiveness they feel, and whose causes they can not but know.

The vices of the present Spanish system are relics of the past. The nobles, carried by their politic monarchs to Madrid, in order to destroy their power and influence in the provinces, soon dwindled, necessarily, into mere court-intriguers. The favor of the throne becoming, soon, sole arbiter of place and greatness, all those who sought the prizes and the profits of ambition gathered round it. A class of "waiters upon Providence" was formed; men, looking to the throne, not merely for its honors, but for bread. Intrigue became a trade; corruption a familiar road to fortune; and, for corruption and intrigue, the youth and talent of the nation deserted the paths of toil and honorable independence. Place —*un empleo*—grew to be every man's goal, and *empleomania*, or the mania for place, became, as it still is to a degree, the national misfortune and disease. Of later days, the military element has been introduced, to make bad worse. Officers of the army, stationed at Madrid, comfortably idle and on pay, have found back-stairs intrigues and paltry revolutions a sure

and more rapid method of promotion and distinction, than the honest, ordinary duties of their calling. Hence, nowadays, so many ministers are generals; hence, now, so much depends upon the army and its temper; hence the caprice, and suddenness, and folly of so many of the changes, which have made the Spanish government, of late, a by-word and a jest. Hence, and from all combined, has sprung the almost total extinction, among the politicians, of even ordinary patriotism—selfishness, venal and unblushing, standing naked in its place.

To remedy these evils, much is to be done, and yet the way is simple. The nation must govern itself, and not be governed by the capital. Every analogy seems to suggest a federal system, as the only one by which this end can be thoroughly compassed. The very separation of the Peninsula, by nature, into provinces, and the historical, deep-rooted difference of laws and customs among these, would seem to negative (if experience did not) the possibility of a consolidated government worthy of the name. The very community of interests existing among the various divisions, appears, upon the other hand, to demonstrate the necessity and propriety of a common system. A federation is the only form, by which the independence and prosperity of the parts can be blended with the power and efficient nationality of the whole. The idea has, already, occupied the minds and hearts of some of the best and purest of the Spanish statesmen. Now, that royalty has lost, and never can regain, the prestige of omnipotence and sanctity—now, that the irrepressible instincts of the popular intelligence have begun to make themselves manifest, in imperative demands upon the government to do its part,

not merely to the letter, but in substance and in spirit—the suggestions of physical nature and political experience must begin to have their weight. How far the separate national existence of Portugal is destined to thwart these plans, or whether the two nations, combined, are to take their place among the liberal powers of Europe as a mighty and prosperous confederacy, are matters which depend upon contingencies too complicated and too numerous for present calculation. That it should be the policy of France and England—instead of squabbling for the pickings of the Spanish custom-house—to aid and foster every effort of the Peninsula to reassume its ancient rank, seems too obvious to require a second thought. Nations were meant for something more than markets, and it is a vulgar and peddling political economy which takes no higher note of them. The time may come—perhaps is not far distant—when rational progress and liberal institutions may have need of allies in the west of Europe, and when it may be found that even Spain is worth regarding, by the proudest, in some other than the "cotton" point of view.

Looking from the vantage-ground of our political position, we are apt to be persuaded, here at home, that we are fit to teach the world, having ourselves now nothing left to learn. Strange, nevertheless, as it may appear to some, there are grave lessons in the history of Spain, which point a moral for no nation half so justly as for ours. I do not now refer to the more common topics of extended empire and possessions too remote, or even to the lust and search for gold; though these and each of them are worth some thought, unless our country bears a charmed life, and has some Mithridatic and mysterious

exemption from the natural effects of poisons, social and political. More dangerous than all these, and more insidious, is the selfish principle, which makes the state and the emoluments and honors of its service a scheme of prizes, to be fought for and enjoyed by private men, with other aims and objects than the public weal. More dangerous, in republics than monarchies, must ever be a class which speculates and hangs on government; which segregates itself from all productive labor, and traffics in mere place. *Empleo-mania* may be found beyond the limits of Madrid; and where it once has taken root, effectively and firmly, the purity and honesty have gone, without which a republic is a whitened sepulchre.

Things, seen far off, look strange to us, which, seen more near, are every day's occurrence. A change of ministry, in Spain, is often less productive of confusion than a change of cabinets, and always less so than a change of Presidents, with us. A *pronunciamiento* (without the soldiers) is often hardly above the importance of a "mass indignation-meeting," and a new constitution is, frequently, of no more practical innovation, than one of our conventional "platforms" of constitutional construction. The machinery goes by a different name, but if the same lack of patriotic sympathy, the same self-seeking and self-making be, or should become, the moving principle with us, what Providence have we a right to call on, to alter the results? A small and scattered population may afford some temporary safeguard; a new and boundless territory, teeming with riches unexplored, may furnish outlets, for a time, to restlessness, ambition, and cupidity; but the laws of the moral world are as inexorable as those which rule the tides, and turn the wheel of the seasons. Nations, as

well as individuals, must bend to them, and the evil day will come, at last, if there be causes for its coming.

But lay-preaching is no part of the reader's contract, or of mine. If I have managed to correct some errors in regard to a noble and much-injured country, I have done quite enough, without pretending to set up reforms at home. Let me, then, commend the Spanish people to the reader. He will like them better, on acquaintance. He may travel, if he will, among them, generally with comfort, always with pleasure. If they rob or murder him on the highways, poison him in the kitchens, or burn him in a Plaza, as a heretic, he will have worse luck, I can assure him, than has befallen any body, lately, out of the pages of a traveller's story.

APPENDIX.

I. (Pp. 234, 237.)

THE Spanish epitaph of Ferdinand Columbus is, word for word, as follows:—

Aqui yaze el m. magnifico S. D. Hernando Colon, el qual aplicó y gastó toda su vida y Hazienda en aumento de las letras, y juntar y perpetuar en esta ciudad todos sus libros de todas las ciencias que en su tiempo Halló y en reducirlos á quatro libros. Falleció en esta ciudad a 12 de Julio de 1539 de edad de 50 años 9 meses y 14 dias. Fué hijo del valeroso y memorable S. D. Christ. Colon primero almirante que descubrió las Yndias y nuevo mundo en vida de los cat^{s}. r. d. Fernando y D. Ysabel de gloriosa memoria A 11 de Octubre de 1492 con tres galeras y 90 personas, y partió del puerto de Palos á descubrirlas á 3 de Agosto antes y bolvió á Castilla con victoria á 7 de Maio del año siguiente y tornó despues otras dos veces, á poblar lo que descubrió. Falleció en Valladolid á 20 de Agosto de 1506 años.

Rogad á Diós por ellos.

Which may be literally translated:—

"Here lies the very magnificent Lord, Ferdinand Columbus, who applied and spent all his life and treasure in the increase of letters, and in collecting and perpetuating in this city all his books of all the sciences which in his time he found, and in reducing them to four books. He died, in this city, the 12th day of July, 1539, aged 50 years, 9 months and 14 days. He was son to the valorous and memorable Lord Christopher Columbus, first admiral, who discovered the Indies and new world, in the life of the Catholic sovereigns, the Lord Ferdinand and Lady Isabella of glorious memory, on the 11th of October, 1492, with 3 galleys and 90 persons, and he set forth from

the port of Palos, on the 3d of August preceding and returned to Castile with victory, on the 7th of May of the following year, and went back afterward two other times, to people what he had discovered. He died in Valladolid, on the 20th of August, in the year 1506.

Pray to God for them."

The Latin inscription, at present, is as follows.

"Aspice quid prodest totum sudasse per orbem
Atque orbem patris ter peragrasse novum,
Quid placidi Bœtis ripam finxisse decoram
Divitias genium post habuisse meum,
Ut tibi *Castallire serarem* numina pontis
Offerrem que simul quas Tholomeus opes,
Si tenui saltem transcurrens murmure saxum,
Nec patri, salve, nec mihi dicis, ave."

(The words italicized, have, as the reader will have observed, neither prosody nor sense. Zuñiga gives them "Castalii reserarem," which must have been what was meant. My copy, however, is exact, from the tomb.)

In the Appendix (No. 3) to Mr. Irving's Life of Columbus, we find the following sketch of Fernando's literary labors. "Don Fernando devoted himself much to letters. According to the inscription on his tomb he composed a work in four books or volumes, the title to which is defaced on the monument, and the work, itself, is lost. This is much to be regretted, as, according to Zuñiga, the fragments of the inscription specify it to have contained, among a variety of matter, historical, moral, and geographical notices of the countries he had visited, but especially of the New World, and of the voyages and discoveries of his father."

The reader will perceive, by reference to the epitaph, that it says nothing whatever of Fernando's having "composed a work in four books or volumes"—but simply that he spent his time and means in collecting works of science, and "reducing them to four books." The epitaph, given by Zuñiga, differs in nothing from the one I have transcribed, except in the insertion of the words "*segun están aqui señalados,*" after "*quatro libros,*" making

it read thus—"in reducing them to four books, as they are here designated." There was no trace upon the monument of any of the words so added, or of the designation of the books—indeed, there was no space where such things could have been inserted, and I have been unable to find any statement, anywhere, that the present monument and inscriptions are any other than those originally placed over Fernando's remains. They bear, upon the contrary, intrinsic evidence of an antiquity which may well go back three hundred years.

After quoting the inscriptions and translating the Latin portion, Zuiñga proceeds to speak of the library which the deceased bequeathed to the Cathedral.

"La libreria, famosa en numero y calidad púso el cabildo de la Santa Iglesia en una pieça que antes hauia seruido de Capilla Real, sobre las capillas de la naue del Lagarto en el claustro, adornandola con estantes de Caoba de linda traza y en sus paredes y bouedas de pinturas al fresco, al proposito, en que permanece despojo del tiempo, mas olvidada y menos frequentada que la quiso su dueño, dificil de gozar y facil de consumirse. Y de los quatro libros originales, cuyos titulos estan borrados en la losa de D. Fernando, solo he hallado yo en ella algunos fragmentos, que muestran contenian variedad de materias Historicas, Morales y Geograficas de las tierras que peregrinó y de las Indias, descubrimientos y conquistas de su padre," &c.—*Anales de Sevilla*, lib. xiv. p. 477 (Ed. Mad. 1677, fol.)—in the Library of Harvard University.

Which may be translated, thus:—

"The library famous for its size and quality was placed by the Chapter of the Holy Church, in a portion of the building which once served for the Royal Chapel, above the chapels of the aisle of the Crocodile, in the cloister." [The stuffed remains of a huge animal of the crocodile family, still hang beneath the gallery of the Columbian Library, in front of the entrance to the northern transept of the Cathedral. Some say that the creature was taken, alive, in Seville: others that it was sent to Alonzo the Wise, by the Soldan of Egypt, when he invited the Infanta to become a Sultaness. It gives its name to the entrance before which it is to be seen, and which is known always as *la Puerta del Lagarto*—the Door of the Crocodile.] "It has been adorned with book cases of mahogany, of graceful design, and the walls and ceilings are ornamented with appropriate paintings in fresco. There it remains, the spoil of time, more forgotten and less frequented than its master wished it; difficult to be enjoyed and easy to decay. And of the four original

books, whose titles are obliterated on the tomb of Don Fernando, I have only found in it some fragments which show that they contained a variety of matter, historical, moral, and geographical, relating to the lands which he had visited, and to the Indies, the discoveries and conquests of his father," &c.

It was not, therefore, from "the fragments of the inscription," but from fragments found in the library, that Zuñiga derived his idea of the contents of the "*quatro libros.*" Mr. Irving has fallen into the natural mistake of making the words "*en ella*" refer to the monument—not to the library—and of translating them "on it," instead of "in it." So, at all events, it is with deference suggested. The difference is by no means unimportant; for if the contents of the books could have been gathered from the inscription, there would have been no room for question, whereas, if they depend upon Zuñiga's researches in the library, we have a better right to our own investigations and opinions. The large volumes which the librarian showed me, as related in the text, answer in character and number to the description on the epitaph. They contain, in fact, a reduction of all Fernando's collection within the compass of four books. They constitute a summary or digest of the whole library, and must have required no small expenditure of learning, intellect, and labor. In a note to the smaller or mere index, Fernando speaks, himself, thus, of them: "In inventorio, per facultates seu materias . . . libri hic contenti inveniri valeant." Saying, on his tomb, that he had "reduced them all to four books," and in this passage that they might "all be found" in the "inventory," according to their subjects or topics—he may without straining, be supposed to fix the identity of the "inventory" and the "*quatro libros.*"

II. (P. 239.)

THE first of the old books referred to in the text, is called "Opuscula Petri de Aliaco, Cardinalis, et Joan. Gerson." Attached to one of the blank leaves, is a passage from Las Casas, said by the librarian to be in Mr. Irving's handwriting, which identifies the

work as one belonging to the admiral, and of which he made familiar use, filling the margins with notes of his reflections and things which he had read elsewhere. The work is without date, though obviously one of the earliest efforts of the press. Pedro de Aliaco, Archbishop of Cambray, lived at the close of the fourteenth, and beginning of the fifteenth century, and was, Las Casas mentions, at the Council of Constance, in 1416. The opening of the volume tells us that he was "inter omnes evi sui facile doctissimus," as Cicero wrote of Varro, "and that he suffered himself to be ignorant of nothing, which could be comprehended by the human mind." The work is divided into thirteen treatises or "tractaculi," by Aliacus, and several by Gerson, relating generally to cosmography, geography, and astronomy, with occasional historical, moral, and theological episodes. The blank leaves are filled with tables of solar phenomena, projections of the sphere, and sundry mathematical and astronomical figures and calculations drawn in black and red ink. The marginal notes are so full of the abbreviations in which Columbus delighted, that it is quite a study, often, for one who is unfamiliar with them, to find out their meaning.

The first treatise is "de Ymagine mundi," and it may be interesting to translate a passage, from the eighth chapter "de Quantitate terre habitabilis." It is to this effect:—

"In the investigation of the quantity of habitable earth, it must be understood that habitableness is to be regarded in a double point of view. First, with respect to the heavens, and as to how much can be inhabited, on account of the sun, and how much can not be. Concerning this, however, enough has been already said. The other point of view has respect to the waters, and how much they may hinder habitation. Concerning this, it is now to be considered. There are various opinions, among wise men, on the subject. Bartholomæus, in his book "de Dispositione sphere," insists that nearly the sixth part of the earth is habitable, in respect of water, and that all the rest is covered with water. And so in Algamestus, lib. ii., he says that habitation is not known, except in a fourth part of the earth we occupy; which fourth part runs in length, from east to west, and is half the equinoctial line, its breadth being, from the equator toward the pole, the fourth part of a colure. But Aristotle, at the end of his book on the heavens and earth, insists that more than the fourth part is inhabited, and

Averroys confirms this. And Aristotle says that the sea is inconsiderable, between the extremity of Spain on the western side, and the beginning of India, on the eastern side. [Here is the marginal annotation—"*Inter fines Ispanie et principium Indie, est mare parvum et navigabile in paucis diebus.*"] And he does not speak of Spain, on this side (citerior), which is now commonly called Spain, but Spain on the other side (ulterior), which is now called Africa, concerning which, certain authors speak, as Pliny, Drosius, and Ysidorus. Moreover, Seneca says, in the fifth book of his "Naturalia," that the sea is navigable in a few days, if the wind be suitable. And Pliny also says (in Naturalibus, lib. ii.), that men have navigated from the Arabic Gulf to Cadiz (Gades Herculis) in no very long time. [Here the note upon the margin, is, "*Plinius. Navigatum est a sinu Arabico usque ad gades herculis, non multum magno tempore.*"] Wherefore, from these and many other reasons, which I shall touch more closely, when I shall speak of the ocean, some persons conclude, apparently, that the sea is not so large as to be able to cover three-fourths of the earth. This is supported by the authority of Esdras, in his fourth book, wherein he says that six parts of the earth are inhabited, and the seventh is covered with water [Marginal note—"*Esdre. Sex partes terre sunt habitabiles, et 7ª est co-operta aquis*"], the authority of which book the saints have held in reverence, and have confirmed the sacred truths thereby. And so, it seems, that although the habitable part of the earth known to Bartholomæus and his followers was confined within the limits of one-fourth, a greater part is nevertheless habitable. And Aristotle, in regard to this, was able to know more by the aid of Alexander, and Seneca by the aid of Nero; both of which princes were very curious in investigating the doubtful things of this world, as Pliny testifies in regard to Alexander, in his eighth book, and Solinus also. And Seneca so narrates of Nero, in his book de Naturalibus. Wherefore it appears more proper to adopt that belief, than that of Bartholomæus, or that of Albategnus, who thinks still less of the earth to be habitable, namely the twelfth part only. He (Albategnus), however, is wanting in proof, as might be shown, but I pass on for the sake of brevity: the rather that this matter will more fully appear in the sequel.

"From the premises, and from what will hereafter be said, it will appear, that the habitable earth is not round, after the manner of a circle, as Aristotle says, but rather like unto the fourth part of the surface of a sphere. Of this fourth part, two portions are slightly cut off toward the extremities, that is to say, the portions which are not habitable on account of excessive heat or excessive cold. This can not be as conveniently delineated upon a plane as upon a spherical surface."

In the same essay, pursuing the same subject, the author speaks (fol. 18) of "a great branch of the sea, descending from the ocean,

which is between India and lower Spain or Africa." Upon this, the marginal note is "*Ambit brachium maris inter Indiam et Ispaniam.*"

Further on, the same essay speaks of India and its mountains, and there are two marginal notes, both of which would seem to indicate a more decided hankering after filthy lucre, than is generally attributed to the philosophical mind of the Discoverer. The first is carefully prefixed by an index—"☞ *Inter montes istos, sunt insulæ innumerabiles, inter quas sunt quædam plenæ margaritis et lapidibus preciosis.*"

The second is of similar burden. "*India, multas fruges habet, et species aromaticas, et lapides preciosos plurimos, et montes auri. Ipsa est tertia pars habitabilis.*"

In the "Tractatus Cosmographie" (f. 80) the text runs thus:—

"According to the philosophers and Pliny, the Ocean which extends between the extremity of further Spain or Africa, on the West, and the beginning of India on the East, is of no great breadth. For it has been found, by experiment, that this sea is navigable in a few days, with a prosperous wind; wherefore that beginning of India on the East can not be at any great distance from the end of Africa, under the earth: that is, under the half of the earth which is here described in the figure. Whence it follows that the sea is not so great as to be able to cover three-fourths of the earth, as some think." It is to be hoped that Columbus felt the force of the logic.

The marginal note is—"*Finis hyspanie, et principium Indie non multum distant, hiis partibus, et expertum est quod hoc mare est navigabile, in paucis diebus, ventis convenientibus. Mare non potest co-operire ¼tas terre.*"

These extracts will suffice to give some idea of the philosophy of the day, and of the impressions which it fixed upon the mind of the great Discoverer. That the passages of Aliacus which I have quoted sank deeply into his thoughts, will be seen by the careful and almost literal reference to them and the authorities by which they are illustrated, which he makes in his letter to the Sovereigns, written from Hispaniola in 1498 and containing the history of his third voyage. This profoundly interesting document may be found in Navarrete's *Coleccion de Viajes*, vol. i., p.

242 (Madrid, 1825), and the part I allude to, on pp. 260, 261. The reader who is curious, will find the subject further pursued in Humboldt's *Cosmos*, vol. ii., p. 621 (London, 1849), and in other dissertations of the same author to which he there refers. Neither the work of Aliacus nor the Book of Prophecies had been seen by Mr. Irving, until after the publication of his first edition of the Life of Columbus. A notice of the one, however, will be found in a note to Book viii., Ch. i., and of the other, in a note to Book xiv., Ch. v., in the subsequent editions of that work.

The Book of Prophecies, or the "Jerusalem," as it is sometimes called, is noticed, at large, by Navarrete, in his *Coleccion de Viajes*, &c. and many copious and interesting extracts from it will be found in his second volume (p. 260, Num. cxl.) The greater part of the manuscript is said to be in the handwriting of the Friar Gaspar Gorricio, who aided Columbus in the preparation of the work. But a small part of the copy is attributed to the actual handiwork of the Discoverer himself. At the head of the inner margin of the first page, is the following title, which is said to be in the handwriting of Ferdinand, his son:—

"Profecias que juntó el Almirante Don Christoval Colon, de la recuperacion de la santa ciudad de Hierusalem y del descubrimiento de las Indias, dirigidas á los Reies Catholicos."

("Prophecies which the Admiral Christopher Columbus, collected, concerning the recovery of the the holy city of Jerusalem and the discovery of the Indies: directed to the Catholic Kings.")

The work opens with a letter, from "the very magnificent and most prudent Sr. D. Christobal Colon, Admiral, &c., to the Rev. Father Don Gaspar Gorricio," bearing date, September 13, 1501. This letter is prefaced by the pious jingle—

Jesus, cum Maria, sit nobis in via. Amen."

It then proceeds to state, that when the writer arrived at Granada (whence it is written) he had commenced collecting the authorities which seemed to him to relate to Jerusalem, in order that he might afterward review them and put them suitably into rhyme. His occupations, however,

had prevented him from prosecuting the work farther, and he commends it to Don Gaspar to be finished, praying that the Lord may enlighten him with "*autoridades muy autenticas.*"

Don Gaspar replies: That he has received the admiral's letter and book of "prophecies, touching the case of Mount Sion and Jerusalem, and the people of the Islands and Universal nations," and has labored upon the work as a very holy exercise, "*salutifera, consolatoria, admonitoria, y provocativa al servicio de nuestro Señor Dios*" &c. Wherefore he adds, "by the grace of the Holy Spirit, and the guidance of the admiral's labors, who has gathered the flower of such numerous and truthful authorities, sentences, sayings, and prophecies, he (Don Gaspar) has interposed and added some remaining ones, as a man may gather the gleanings of the grape, the olive, and the wheat-harvest." He has not (he prudently adds) taken the trouble to establish any "concord among the sayings and matters, &c.," but has merely added a few rules, &c.

The letter is dated from "the holy house of the Caves, March 23d, 1502."

Then follows:—

"Incipit liber, sive manipulus de auctoritatibus, dictis, ac sententiis, et prophetiis circa materiam recuperandæ sanctæ civitatis et montis Dei, Sion: ac inventionis et conversionis insularum Indiæ, et omnium gentium atque nationum. Ad Ferdinandum et Helizabeth Reges nostros Hispanos," &c.

After a few preliminary pages, comes a letter of the admiral to the king and queen, of which the reader may find interest in the opening paragraphs:—

"Most Christian and very high Princes:

"The reason which I have for the restitution of the holy habitation to the holy church militant, is the following:—

"Very high Sovereigns:

"From very early years I entered upon the navigation of the sea, and I have continued it to this day. That art inclines whoever follows it, to wish to know the secrets of this world. For more than forty years, such has my custom been. Whatever is navigable, down to this day, I have gone over. Intercourse and conversation I have had with wise people, ecclesiastics and laymen, Latins and Greeks, Jews and Moors, and many others of other sects.

"To this my desire I have found our Lord bountiful, and I have had for it, from him, the spirit of intelligence. In seamanship he made me abounding: of astrology he gave me a sufficiency, and likewise of

geometry and arithmetic: also ability in my mind and hands to draw the sphere, and on it, cities, rivers and mountains, islands and ports, all in their proper places.

"During this time, I have seen and studied to see, all writings, cosmography, histories, chronicles, and philosophy, and other arts; so that our Lord opened to me, with palpable hand (*con mano palpable*) the understanding that it was practicable (*hacedero*—do-able) to navigate from here to the Indies, and opened my will to perform it; and with this fire I came to your Highness. All those, who knew of my enterprise, refused it with laughter and scorn; all the sciences, of which I have spoken above, and their authorities, availed me nothing; in your Highnesses only, was faith and constancy. Who doubts but that this light was from the Holy Spirit, as well as from me?" &c.

The same Holy Spirit, he adds, now urges him to the rescue of the holy habitation in Jerusalem, and he enters upon the Scriptures for authority and reasons. Various and long citations follow, from sacred writers and learned Jews, &c., which, though curious, would require too much space here.

Occasional specimens of his versification appear, which are not particularly poetical, as an example will show:

REJOICINGS ON THE BIRTH OF ST. JOHN, THE BAPTIST.

"Gozos den mas regocijo,
Este dia que otros dias,
Que hoy nasció el muy santo hijo
De Ysabel y Zacharias.
Gozose el verbo divyno
Quando su primo saltava
En el vientre viejo digno
Que su madre visitava:
Y tu, Virgen que estavas
Al parto de tal sobrino,
Gozo sin tiento ny tino
Recibe con Zacharias."

Upon fol. 59, in the handwriting of Columbus, is inserted the oft-repeated passage from the Medea; the orthography and translation of which, by the admiral, are rather singular; thus:

"Seneca in 7° tragetide
Medee, in choro, audax nimium.
Venient annis

Secula seris, quibus Oxeanus
Vincula rerum laxet, et ingens
Peteat telus, tiphisque nobos
Detegat orbes, nec sit terris
Ultima tille—

"Vendrán los tardos años del mundo, ciertos tiempos, en los quales el mar oceano aflojará los atamientos de las cosas y se abrirá una grande tierra, y un nuebo marinero como aquel que fué guia de Jason, que tubo nombre tiphi, descubrirá nuebo mundo, y entonces no sera la yela tille la postrera de las tierras."

Literally done into English, this may read as follows:—

"There will come (in) the slow years of the world, certain times, in which the ocean-sea will loose the fastenings of things, and a great earth will open itself, and a new mariner, like him who was guide of Jason and had for name Tiphi, will discover a new world, and then the Island Tille will not be the last of the lands."

Then follow notices of two eclipses of the moon which he had seen in the West Indies in 1494 and 1504—the latter of which dates proves that the entry was made, subsequently to the rest of the manuscript and to his return from his fourth and last voyage.

III. (P. 248.)

Prohibitio, ne in Ecclesiis Civitatis et Diœcesis Hispalensis sumatur Tabacum.

URBANUS PAPA OCTAVUS.

Ad futuram rei memoriam.

Cum ecclesiæ divino cultui dicatæ, domus sint orationis, easque propterea omnis sanctitudo deceat, merito Nos, quibus cunctarum per orbem universum Ecclesiarum cura a Deo commissa est, advigilare convenit, ut ab eisdem Ecclesiis quicumque actus profani et indecentes procul arceantur: itaque cum sicuti pro parte dilectorum filiorum, Decani et Capituli Ecclesiæ Metropolitanæ Hispalensis, nobis nuper expositum fuit, pravus in illis partibus sumendi, ore vel naribus, tabacum vulgo nuncupatum, usus adeo invaluerit ut utriusque sexûs personæ ac etiam sacerdotes et clerici, tam seculares quam regulares, clericalis honestitatis immemores, illud passim in

Civitatis et Diœcesis Hispalensis Ecclesiis, ac quod referre pudet etiam sacrosanctum missæ sacrificium celebrando sumere, linteaque sacra fœdis quæ tabacum hujusmodi projicit excrementis, conspurcare, Ecclesiasque prædictas tetro odore inficere, magno cum proborum scandalo rerumque sacrarum irreverentia non reformident.

Hinc est, quód nos . . . ne de cætero in quibusvis Civitatis et Diœcesis prædictorum Ecclesiis earumque atriis et ambitu tabacum, sive solidum, vel in frusta concisum, aut in pulverem redactum, ore, vel naribus aut fumo per tubulos. et alias quolibet, sumere audeant vel præsumant, sub excommunicationis latæ sententiæ, eo ipso, absque aliquâ declaratione per contrafacientes, incurrendo pœnâ, auctoritate apostolicâ, tenore presencium interdicimus et prohibemus."

IV. (P. 366.)

"Haviendo Muley Boaudeli, ultimo rey moro de Granada, entregado las llaves de esta dha. ciudad, el viernes 2 de Enero de 1492, à las tres de la tarde, en la puerta de la Alhambra, à nuestros catolicos monarcas Don Fernando V. de Aragon y Doña Ysabel de Castilla, despues de 777 años que esta ciudad sufria el yugo Mahometano, desde la perdida de España acaecida Domingo 11 de Noviembre de 714, salió dho. catolico rey à despedir al espresado Boaudeli, hasta este sitio, antes mezquita de Moros y entonces erigida en Hermita de San Sebastian, donde dieron graci(a)s à Dios nuestro Señor el glorioso conquistador y su ejercito, entonando la real capilla el te deum, y tremolando en la torre de la vela el estandarte de la Fée, en cuya memoria se toca à dha. ora la plegaria, y se gana indulgencia plenaria, rezando tres padres nuestros y tres avemarias."

THE END.

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